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FROM MY LIFE.  
TRUTH AND POETRY.



THE  
AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF GOETHE.

TRUTH AND POETRY: FROM MY LIFE.

EDITED

BY PARKE GODWIN.

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FIRST PART.

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*Ὁ μὴ δαπέδῃ ἄνθρωπος οὐ παιδεύεται.*

LONDON:  
WILEY AND PUTNAM.

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1847.



## PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR.

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As a preface to the present work, which more, perhaps, than any other, may require one, I here adduce the letter of a friend, by which this serious undertaking was occasioned.

"We have now collected, dear friend, more than twelve parts of your poetical works, and on reading them through, find a good deal that is familiar to us, and a good deal that is unfamiliar, while much that has been forgotten is revived by the collection. These twelve volumes, standing before us, in uniform edition, we cannot refrain from regarding as a whole, which readily suggests throughout some image of the author and his capabilities. But it cannot be denied, considering the vigour with which he began his literary career, and the length of time that has since elapsed, that a dozen little volumes seem insufficient results. Nor can we conceal, in respect to particular works, that the most of them have been produced under special incitements, and reflect certain external objects, as well as the distinct steps of your inward culture, and the various temporary moral and esthetic maxims and convictions that prevail in them. As a whole, however, these productions remain without connection, and it is often hard to believe that they have come from the same writer.

"Your friends, in the meantime, have not relinquished



the inquiry, and try, as they are more closely acquainted with your modes of life and thought, to guess many a riddle, to solve many a problem ; indeed, with the assistance of old likings and long-continued ties, they find considerable charm in the very apparent difficulties. Yet a help here and there would not be unacceptable, and you cannot well refuse it to our friendly solicitations.

“The first thing, then, that we require, is that your poetical works, arranged in the latest editions, according to some internal rule of order, should be presented in chronological sequence, and that the states of life and feeling, which have supplied the materials, as also the examples which affected you, not less than the theoretical principles you followed, might be exposed in some kind of connection. Yield this favour to a small circle, and perhaps it will give rise to something that may be entertaining and useful to a larger one. The author, even at the most advanced period of his life, should not relinquish the advantage of communicating with those whom affection binds to him, and if it is not granted to every one to step forth anew, at a certain age, with unexpected and powerful productions, yet just at that time of life, when knowledge is most perfect, and consciousness clearest, it must be a very agreeable and lively task to treat former creations as new matter, and work them up into a kind of Last Part, which may answer once more for the cultivation of those who were previously cultivated by and from the artist.”

This request, so kindly expressed, awakened within me directly, a desire to comply with it ; for, if in our earliest years we go passionately on our own way, and, in order not to err, impatiently repel the requirements of others, so, in our later days, it becomes highly desirable for us, if any

sympathy can excite us and determine us cordially to new activity. I therefore instantly undertook the preparatory labour of separating the poems of my twelve volumes, both great and small, and of arranging them by years. I strove to recall the times and circumstances under which each of them had been produced. But the affair soon grew more difficult, as explanatory notes and illustrations were found necessary to fill up the chasms in parts already made known ; for, in the first place, all on which I had originally exercised myself was wanting, much that had been begun and not finished was wanting, and, in fact, the external form of a great deal even of that which was finished had disappeared, having been entirely worked over again in the course of events, and cast into another shape. Besides, it behoved me to think how I had laboured in the sciences and other arts, and of what, in these foreign departments, either alone, or in conjunction with friends, I had partly practised in silence, and partly revealed to the public.

All these I desired to interpolate by degrees for the satisfaction of my well-wishers ; but my efforts and reflections always led me further on, and while I was only anxious to comply with a considerate request, and laboured to set forth my internal impulses, external incitements, and the successive steps of my theoretic and practical advancement, I was withdrawn from my narrow, private sphere into the wide world, the images of a hundred famous men, who had more or less directly influenced me, came on the scene, and even the prodigious fluctuations of general politics, which upon me, as upon the rest of my contemporaries, had made a profound impression, were to be particularly noticed ; for the main point in biography is, to present the man in all his relations to his time, and to show to what extent it may

have opposed or prospered his development, what view of mankind and the world he has shaped from it, and how far he himself, if an artist, poet, or author, may be an external reflection of its spirit. But to this there is required what is almost unattainable, viz., a knowledge of the individual himself and of his age : of himself, so far as he has remained the same under all circumstances ; and of his age, as that which bears along with it the willing and the unwilling, and so determines and shapes them, that one may safely say, that any person born ten years earlier or later, would become quite a different being, as it concerns his peculiar culture and influence on others.

In this mode, from such considerations and efforts, and with such remembrances and associations, the present delineation has arisen, and from this point of view, as to the occasions of it, will it be best enjoyed, used, and impartially estimated. But what it may be further needful to say, particularly in regard to its half-poetical, half-historic mode of handling the subject, will doubtless find its place in the course of the narrative.

## PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

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It is a little singular, with all that has been said about Goethe, both in England and the United States, that no translation into English should have been made of the famous *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, in which he gives such graphic accounts of himself and his contemporaries. Several years since there was what purported to be a translation published in London ; but this was a disgraceful imposture. Mrs. Austin speaks of it as the most flagrant piece of literary dishonesty on record, not without justice ; and Mr. Carlyle refers to it much in the same spirit. It was a poor copy of a wretched French version, in which frequently twenty pages of the original are omitted at a time, and hardly a sentence is rendered with fidelity. Yet a great many people have read this book, never suspecting but that they were reading a translation from Goethe.

The present attempt, therefore, has been undertaken by the editor and some friends, to supply what may be considered a great deficiency in English literature. They could not, of course, aim at the grace and ease of style, which is one of the finest characteristics of their author ; but they have endeavoured to be faithful to his meaning. Goethe is the hardest of all Germans to translate, because he is such a consummate master of *form*, which nothing but a genius equal to his own could convey to another language.

The names of the persons who have assisted in the translation are prefixed to their respective parts; but the Editor has carefully reviewed and compared the whole, to produce, as far as was needful, uniformity of style and manner. The translators are not of course to be held responsible for any opinions expressed in the course of the work. Notes will be given at the close of the volume—which, however, as they are meant to explain several passages at once, are not directly referred to from the text. The reader is requested to look at these in case he finds any difficulty in particular allusions, phrases, or names.

Goethe has taken his place, by pretty general consent, as the First European Poet and Literary Man of the Nineteenth Century. A book, then, in which he describes the process of his peculiar development, and the way in which he regarded the facts of existence and his own times, deserves to be read, even through the imperfect medium of translation, by those who can get no better. In the original it is a master-piece of writing. It is a series of quiet but striking pictures, showing the growth of the greatest of German minds, and at the same time the whole progress of German Literature.

If the English reader, who is qualified to judge in such matters, does not find it as we say, the reason must be, that the translators have mistaken their vocation.

The same persons have in preparation other works of Goethe, which will be published, if the success of this book should warrant the expense. His "Annals or Day and Year Book," his "Italian Journey," &c., and his Dramas, will form part of the series.

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**BOOK FIRST.**



# TRUTH AND POETRY;

FROM MY OWN LIFE.

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## FIRST BOOK.

On the 28th of August, 1749, at mid-day, as the clock struck twelve, I came into the world, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My horoscope was propitious ; the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day : Jupiter and Venus looked on with a friendly eye, and Mercury not adversely ; while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent ; the Moon alone, just full, exerted her reflex power, all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed.

These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the causes of my preservation ; for, through the unskilfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after a great many difficulties was enabled to see the light. The event, which had put our household into sore straits, turned to the advantage of my fellow-citizens, inasmuch as my grandfather, the *Schultheiss*,\* John Wolfgang Textor, was induced by it to make provision for a man-midwife (*Gebürtshelfer*), and to introduce or revive the tuition of midwives, which may have done some good to those who were born after me.

When we desire to recall what befell us in the earliest seasons of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with what properly belongs to our own direct experience. Without instituting a very close investigation into the

\* A chief judge or magistrate of the town.

point, which might after all lead to nothing, I am pretty sure that we lived in an old house, in fact consisting of two adjoining houses, that had been opened into each other. A spiral stair-case led to rooms on different levels, so that the unevenness of the stories had to be remedied by steps. For us children, a younger sister and myself, the favourite resort was a spacious floor below, near the door of which was a large wooden lattice that allowed us direct communication with the street and open air. A bird-cage of this sort, with which many houses were provided, was called a Frame-work (*Geräms*). The women sat in it to sew and knit; the cook dressed her salad there; female neighbours chatted with each other, and the streets consequently in the summer season, wore a southern aspect. One felt at ease while entrusted to the public. We children, too, by means of these frames, were brought in contact with our neighbours, of whom three brothers, named Ochsenstein, the surviving sons of a deceased chief justice, living on the other side of the way, won my love, and occupied and diverted themselves with me in many ways.

Our family liked to tell of all sorts of waggeries to which I was enticed by these otherwise grave and solitary men. Let one of these pranks suffice for all. A crockery fair had just been held, from which not only our kitchen had been supplied with wares for a long time to come, but a great deal of small gear had been purchased as playthings for us children. One beautiful afternoon when every thing was quiet about the house, I whiled away the time with my pots and dishes in the Frame, and finding that nothing more was to be got out of them, hurled one of them into the street, vastly tickled to hear the clatter it made in breaking. The Von Ochsensteins, who saw me relishing the sport till I clapped my hands with delight, cried out "Another." I did not withhold a kettle, and as they made no end to their calls for more, in a little while the whole collection, platters, pipkins, mugs and all, were dashed to pieces on the pavement. My neighbours continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted, "More." I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought the earthen ware, which produced a still livelier specta-

cle in breaking, and thus I kept running back and forth, fetching one vessel after another as I could reach it from where they stood in rows on the dresser. But as that did not satisfy my audience, I devoted all the ware that I could drag out to similar destruction. It was too late when some one appeared to hinder and save. The mischief was done, and in place of a large amount of crockery, there was only a ludicrous history of its loss, in which my roguish accomplices took special delight to the end of their days.

My father's mother, in whose house properly we dwelt, lived in a large back room directly on the ground floor, and we were accustomed to carry on our sports around her chair, and when she was ill, at her very bedside. I remember her, as it were, a spirit,—as a handsome, thin woman, always neatly dressed in white. Mild, gentle, and kind, her image will ever remain in my memory.

The street in which our house was situated passed by the name of the Stag-Trench ; but as neither stags nor trenches were to be seen, we naturally wished to have the expression explained. They told us that our house stood on a spot that was once outside the town, and that where the street now ran had formerly been a trench in which a number of stags were kept. The stags were preserved and fattened here because the senate every year, according to an ancient custom, feasted publicly on a stag which was always at hand for such a festival in the trench, in case princes or knights interfered with the city's right of chase outside, or the walls were encompassed and besieged by an enemy. This pleased us, and we wished that such a lair for tame wild-animals could have been seen in our times.

The back of the house, from the second story particularly, possessed a pleasant prospect over an almost immeasurable extent of neighbouring gardens, stretching to the very walls of the city. But, alas ! in transforming what were once public grounds into private gardens, our house and several others lying towards the corner of the street had been very much hemmed in, while the houses towards the horse market had appropriated spacious back buildings and courts to themselves, and a tolerably high wall shut us out from a sight of these adjacent paradises.

On the second floor was a room which was called the garden chamber because they had there endeavoured to supply the want of a garden by means of a few plants placed before the window. As I waxed older, it was there that I made my favourite, not sorrowful indeed yet somewhat sad, retreat. Over these gardens, out beyond the city's defences and walls, might be seen a beautiful and fertile plain; the same which stretches towards Höchst. In the summer season, I commonly learned my lessons there, and watched the thunder-storms, but could never look my fill at the setting sun, which went down directly opposite my windows. And when, at the same time, I saw the neighbours wandering through their gardens taking care of their plants, the children romping, the little knots of friends enjoying themselves, and could hear the bowls rolling and the nine pins dropping, it excited within me a feeling of solitude, and, consequently, of melancholy (*sehnsucht*), which, conspiring with the seriousness and awe produced by Nature, left traces of its influence even at that early age, but showed itself more distinctly in after years.

The old, intricate, and gloomy structure of the house was especially adapted to awaken dread and terror in childish minds. Unfortunately, too, the principle of discipline that young persons should be early deprived of all fear for the awful and invisible, and accustomed to the terrible, still prevailed. We children, therefore, were compelled to sleep alone, and when we found this almost impossible, so that we slyly slipped from our beds to seek the society of the servants and maids, our father with his night-gown turned inside out, which disguised him sufficiently for the purpose, placed himself in the way, to frighten us back to our resting-places. The evil effect of this any one may imagine. How is he who is encompassed with a double terror to be emancipated from fear? My mother, always serene and cheerful, and willing to render others so, discovered a much better pedagogical expedient. She managed to gain her ends by rewards. It was the season of plums, the luscious taste of which she promised us every morning if we should overcome our fears during the night. In this way she succeeded, and both parties were satisfied.

In the interior of the house my eyes were chiefly attracted by

a series of Roman Views, with which my father had ornamented an ante-room. They were the work of some of the accomplished predecessors of Piranesi, who were skilled in perspective and architecture, and whose touches were firm and excellent. There I saw every day, the *Piazza del Popolo*, the *Colosseum*, the Place and Church of *St. Peter's*, within and without, the castle of *St. Angelo*, and many other places. These images impressed themselves deeply upon me, and my at-other-times very laconic father was often so kind as to furnish descriptions of the objects. His partiality for the Italian language, and for every thing pertaining to Italy, was very decided. A small collection of marbles and natural curiosities, which he had brought with him thence, was sometimes shown to us; and he devoted a greater part of his time to an Italian version of his travels, the copying and correction of which he laboured on alone, sheet by sheet, with diligence and precision. A lively old teacher of Italian, who was called *Giovinazzi*, was some help to him in this work. The old man also did not sing badly, and my mother was compelled to accompany him and herself upon the clavier,\* and thus I speedily learned the *Solitario bosco ombroso* so as to know it by heart before I understood it.

My father, indeed, was altogether of a didactic turn, and in his retirement from business liked to communicate what he knew or was able to do to others. Thus during the first years of their marriage, he had kept my mother busily engaged in writing, playing the clavier, and singing, by which means she had been laid under the necessity of acquiring some scanty knowledge and readiness in the Italian tongue.

Generally we passed all our leisure hours with my grandmother, in whose spacious apartment we found plenty of room for our sports. She contrived to engage us with various trifles, and to refresh us with all sorts of nice morsels. Yet, on one Christmas evening, she capped the climax of all her kind deeds, by placing a puppet show before us, and thus unfolding a new world in the old house. The unexpected drama attracted our young minds with great force; but upon the Boy particularly it

\* A kind of instrument that preceded the harpsichord and piano.



made a very strong impression, the effects of which continued for a long while.

The little stage with its speechless personages, which at the outset had only been exhibited to us, but was afterwards given over to our own dramatic use and management, was prized more highly by us children, as it was the last bequest of our good grandmother, whom encroaching disease first withdrew from our sight, and death next tore away from our hearts forever. Her departure was of still more significance to our family, as it was followed by a complete change in our condition. As long as my grandmother lived, my father had refrained from any general attempt to change or renovate the house, though it was known that he had pretty large plans of building, which were to be begun immediately after her death. In Frankfort, as in many other old towns, when anybody put up a wooden structure, he allowed the second and third stories to project over the lower floor, by which means space was gained, though the narrow streets were rendered more dark and disagreeable. At last a law was passed, to the effect, that every one putting up a new house from the ground, should confine his projections to the first upper story, and carry the others up perpendicularly. My father, that he might not lose any room in the second story, caring little for outward architectural appearance and anxious mainly for the convenient arrangement of the interior, resorted to the expedient which others had tried before him of propping the upper part of the house, until one part after another had been removed, and a new house inserted in its place. Thus, while comparatively none of the old structure remained, the new merely passed for a repair. But as the tearing down and building up was a thing to be done gradually, my father determined not to quit the house. He supposed he could better direct and give his orders—for he possessed some knowledge of the technics of carpentry—if he and the family should remain. This was a novel and curious epoch for the children. To see the rooms in which they had so often been prisoned and pestered with wearisome tasks and studies, the entries they had played in, the walls always kept so carefully clean and fresh, all falling before the mason's hatchet and the carpenter's axe—the whole upper part, in fact, though supported

by beams, apparently hovering in the air, while we were nailed to our prescribed lessons below,—produced a degree of confusion in our young heads that was not easily settled. But the young sters felt the inconvenience less when they found that they had a larger play-room than before, and that new means were furnished them for swinging on beams, and playing see-saw with the boards.

At first my father obstinately persisted in carrying out his plan ; but when the roof was partly removed, and the rain reached our beds, in spite of the carpets that had been taken up, converted into oil-cloths, and stretched over it as a defence, he reluctantly consented that the children should be entrusted to friends, who had already offered their services, to be sent to a public school.

This turn in affairs was rather unpleasant ; for when children who have all along been kept at home in a strict, yet pure, refined and secluded manner—are suddenly thrown among a rude mass of young creatures, they are compelled to suffer every thing from those who are vulgar, bad, and even base, while they want both weapons and skill to protect themselves from attack.

It was about this period I first became acquainted with my native city, which I strolled over from time to time, in every direction, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of lively companions. To convey to others in any degree the impression made upon me by this grave and important event, requires that I should sketch an outline of my birth-place, as its different parts were gradually unfolded to me. I loved more than any thing else to promenade on the great bridge over the Maine. Its length, its firmness, and its fine appearance, rendered it a notable structure, and it was, besides, almost the only memorial left from ancient times of the precautions due from the civil government to its citizens. The beautiful stream above and below the bridge, attracted my attention, and when the gilt weathercock on the summit glanced in the sunshine, it seemed to me perfectly delicious. Generally I extended my walk through Saxenhausen,\* and for a penny (*kreutzer*) procured a comfortable passage across the river. Returning, I stole along to the wine market, and admired the

\* One of the suburbs of Frankfort.

mechanism of the cranes where goods were unloaded. But it was still more entertaining to watch the arrival of the market-boats, from which so many and such extraordinary figures disembarked. Then entering the city again, the Saalhof, standing on the spot where the Castle of Emperor Charlemagne and his successors had been, was greeted every time with profound reverence. I liked to lose myself in the old trading quarter of the city, particularly on market days, when crowds were collected about the church of St. Bartholomew. From the earliest times, throngs of buyers and sellers were used to gather there, and the place being thus occupied, it was not easy in later days to bring about more suitable and convenient arrangements. The booths of the so-called *Pfarreisen* were very famous places for us children, and we carried many a penny (*batzen*) to them in order to purchase sheets of coloured paper stamped with little gold animals. But it was difficult for one to make his way through the narrow, crowded, and dirty market-place. I call to mind, also, that I always flew past the adjoining meat-stalls, close and filthy as they were, in perfect horror. On the other hand, the Roman Hill (*Römerberg*) was a most delightful place for walking. The way to the New-Town, along by the new shops, was always agreeable and lively; yet we regretted that a street did not go directly towards the Church of the Holy Virgin, as we always had to make an out-of-the-way circuit by the Hassengasse, or the Catherine Gate. But what chiefly drew the observations of us children, were the many little towns within towns, the fortresses within fortresses; viz: the walled monastic enclosures, and several other castle-like precincts, remaining from earlier times,—as the Nuremberg Court, the Compostella, the Braumfels, the ancestral house of the family of Stallburg, and other places, in later days transformed into dwellings and warehouses. No architectural skill was then to be seen in Frankfort, and every thing pointed to a long past and unquiet period, both for town and country. The gates and towers, which defined the bounds of the city,—then further on again, the gates, towers, walls, bridges, ramparts, moats, wherewith the new city was encompassed,—all showed, but too plainly, that a necessity for guarding the common weal in disastrous times had induced these arrangements. In fact all

the squares and streets, even the newest, broadest, and best laid out, owed their origin to chance and caprice rather than to any regular method. A certain liking for the antique thus seized the Boy, which was specially nourished and promoted by old chronicles and wood cuts, like those of Grave relating to the siege of Frankfort. At the same time a quite different taste was developed in him for observing the actual conditions of mankind, in all their manifold variety and naturalness, without regard to their importance or beauty. One of our favourite walks, therefore, which we contrived to take several times a year, was along the path which skirted the city just inside the walls. Gardens, courts, and back buildings stretch themselves to the very citadel; and we saw many thousand people amid their little domestic and secluded circumstances. From the ornamental and flower gardens of the rich, to the kitchen gardens of the citizen, anxious only about his necessities—from the factories, bleaching-plots, and similar establishments, even to the grave-yards—for a whole little world lies within the limits of a city—a many-coloured, wonderful, ever-changing spectacle passed before us, with the enjoyment of which our childish curiosity was never satisfied. In fact, the celebrated Devil-upon-two-sticks, when he lifted the roofs of Madrid at night, scarcely did more for his friend, than was done for us by the bright sunshine, in broad daylight. The keys that were to be made use of in this journey, to gain us a passage through tower, stair and postern, were in the hands of the authorities, whose subordinates we never failed to coax into good-humour.

But the most important, and in one sense most fruitful place for us, was the Council House, which had taken its name from the Romans. In its lower and vault-like halls we were all too easily absorbed. We obtained an entrance, too, into the great, plain session-room of the Council. The walls as well as the ceilings were white, though wainscotted to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any kind of carved work; only, at the top of the middle wall, might be read this brief inscription:

“One man’s word is no man’s word,  
Justice needs that both be heard.”

Benches were ranged around the wainscoting, raised after the most ancient fashion one step above the floor for the accommodation of the members of the assembly. This readily suggested to us why the order of rank in our senate was distributed by benches. To the left of the door, towards the opposite corner, sat the *Schöffen*; in the corner itself the *Schultheiss*, who alone had a small table before him; the *Herren* of the second bench occupied the space to his left where the windows were; while along the windows ran the third bench, which the craftsmen took possession of; and in the midst of the hall stood a table for the chief clerk or register (*Protoculführer*).

Once within the *Römer*, we mingled with the crowd at the audiences of the burgomasters. But whatever related to the choice and coronation of the Emperors possessed the greatest charm. We managed to gain the favour of the keepers, so as to be allowed to mount the new imperial staircase, which was painted in fresco, and closed with a grating. The election-chamber, with its purple hangings and admirably-fringed gold borders, filled us with awe. The door-pieces on which little children or genii, clothed in the imperial ornaments and sustaining the insignia of the empire made a curious figure, were observed by us with great attention; and we even hoped that we might live to see, some time or other, a coronation with our own eyes. They could scarcely get us out of the great imperial hall, when we were once fortunate enough to steal in; and we reckoned him our truest friend who, while we looked at the busts of the collected emperors painted around at a certain height, could tell us something of their deeds.

We drank in many a legend of Charlemagne. But that which was historically most important for us began with Rudolph of Hapsburg, whose manliness put an end to such violent commotions. Charles the Fourth also attracted our notice. We had already heard of the Golden Bull, and of the dreadful statutes for the administration of criminal justice. We knew too that he had not held the Frankforters responsible for their adhesion to his noble rival, Emperor Gunther of Schwarzburg. We heard Maximilian praised both as a friend to mankind, and to the townsmen, his subjects, and were also told that it had been prophesied of him he would

be the last Emperor of a German house ; which unhappily came to pass, as after his death the choice wavered between the King of Spain, Charles V., and the King of France, Francis I. It was seriously reported also, that a similar prophecy, or rather intimation, was once more in the wind ; for it was observable that there was room left for the portrait of only one more emperor—a circumstance which, though seemingly accidental, filled patriotic minds with concern.

Having once entered upon this circuit, we did not fail to repair to the cathedral, and there visit the grave of that brave Gunther, so much prized both by friend and foe. The famous stone which formerly covered it is set up in the choir. The door close by, leading into the conclave, remained long shut against us, until we at last managed, through the higher authorities, to gain access to this celebrated place. But we should have done better had we continued as before to picture it merely in our imaginations ; for we found this room, which is so remarkable in German history, where the most powerful princes were accustomed to meet for transactions so momentous, in no respect suitably furnished, but thoroughly deranged with beams, poles, scaffolding, and similar lumber, which ought to have been thrown away. The imagination, for that very reason, was the more excited and the heart elevated, when we soon after received permission to be present in the Council-House, at the exhibition of the Golden Bull to some distinguished strangers.

The boy heard afterwards, with much curiosity, what his own family as well as other older relations and acquaintances, liked to tell and repeat, viz. the histories of the two last coronations which had followed fast on each other ; for there was no Frankforter advanced in years who would not have regarded these two events, and their attendant circumstances, as the crowning glory of his whole life.

Magnificent as had been the coronation of Charles Seventh, during which particularly the French Ambassador had given a glorious feast at great cost and parade, the consequences were all the more afflicting to the good Emperor, who could not maintain his residence at Munich, and was compelled to sue for hospitality among his royal towns.

Though the coronation of Francis First was not so impressively splendid as that, it was dignified by the presence of Maria Therese, whose beauty appears to have created as much sensation among the men, as the earnest and noble form and blue eyes of Charles Seventh had among the women. At any rate, the sexes got into a hot rivalry, in order to produce a highly favourable opinion of both these personages in the mind of the attentive Boy. Their descriptions and narratives, however, were given in a serene and quiet state of mind; for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had, for the moment, put an end to all feuds; and they spoke at their ease of past contests, as well as of their former festivities—the battle of Dettingen, for instance, and other remarkable events of by-gone years; and whatever importance or danger these may have once possessed, they now seemed, as generally happens when a peace has been concluded, to have occurred only to afford entertainment to prosperous and unconcerned people.

Half a year had scarcely passed away in this patriotic indifference before the fairs began; which always stirred up an incredible ferment in the heads of all children. The erection, in so short a time, of so many booths, creating a new town within the old town, and the roll and crush, the unloading and loading of wares, excited an insatiable curiosity and a boundless desire for acquisition, which the growing Boy endeavoured to gratify, in one way or another, as far as his little purse permitted. And thus he obtained some notion of what the world produces, the nature of its wants, and the exchanges effected between the inhabitants of its different zones.

These great epochs, which came round regularly at spring-time and harvest, were announced by certain curious festivities, which seemed the more worthy of note because they revived the Past, and what it had done for us. On Escort day, the whole population were on their legs, thronging to the *Fahrgasse* or the bridge, as far out as *Sachsenhausen*; all the windows were crammed, though nothing unusual took place on that day; the crowd seeming to be there only for the sake of jostling each other, and the spectators merely to see themselves; whilst the real occasion of their coming did not begin till nightfall, and was then rather fancied than seen with the eyes.

In those old, unquiet times, it will be remembered, when every one did wrong according to his pleasure, or helped the right as his likings led him, traders on their way to the fairs were so wilfully beset and harassed by waylayers, both of noble and ignoble birth, that princes and other persons of power were compelled to accompany their people to Frankfort with an armed escort. Now the burghers of the city would yield no rights pertaining to their districts ; so they went out to meet the advancing party ; and thus contests arose as to how far the escort should advance, or whether it had a right to enter the city at all. But, as this took place, not only in regard to matters of trade and fairs, but when high personages entered, either in times of peace or war, and especially on the days of election ; and, as the affair came to blows whenever a train which the citizens could not endure strove to make its way in along with its leader, many negotiations had from time to time been resorted to, and temporary arrangements concluded, but with reservations on both sides. Yet no one relinquished the hope of finally composing a quarrel that had already lasted for centuries, inasmuch as the whole institution, on account of which it had been so often and so hotly contested might be looked upon as nearly useless, or at least as superfluous.

Meanwhile, the city cavalry in several divisions, each having a commander in front, rode forth from different gates to meet the knights or hussars belonging to those entitled to an escort, at an appointed place where with their leaders they were well received and entertained ; when, waiting till nightfall, the riders came back to the city, scarcely visible to the expectant crowd, and many of them not in a condition to manage their horses, or keep themselves in the saddle. This important band returned by the bridge-gate, where the pressure consequently became the strongest. Last of all, just as night fell, the Nuremberg post-coach arrived, escorted in the same way, and always containing, in pursuance of immemorial custom as the people fancied, one old woman. Its arrival was a signal for all the urchins to break out into an ear-splitting scream, though it was utterly impossible to distinguish one among the passengers. The throng that pressed after the coach through the gate was quite incredible, and perfectly



bewildering to the senses. The houses nearest the bridge were those, therefore, most in demand among spectators.

Another, and even more singular ceremony, by which the people were excited in broad daylight, was called the Piper's-court (*Pfeifer-gericht*), and commemorated those early times when the larger trading-towns endeavoured, not perhaps to abolish tolls altogether, but to bring about a reduction of them, as they increased in proportion as trade and industry increased. They were allowed this privilege by the Emperor, who needed their aid, when it was in his power to grant it, but commonly only for one year; so that it was to be annually renewed. The grant was solicited by means of symbolical gifts, which were presented at the opening of St. Bartholomew Fair to the imperial magistrate, who doubtless had been originally the chief toll-gatherer; and, for the sake of a more imposing show, the gifts were offered when he was sitting in full court with the *Schöffen*. But when the magistrate (*Schultheiss*) afterwards came to be no longer appointed by the Emperor, and was elected by the city itself, these privileges he still retained. Thus, along with the exemption from taxes, the ceremonies by which their representatives from Worms, Nuremberg, and Old Bamberg, once acknowledged the primitive favour, were come down to our times. The day before St. Mary's day, an open session of the court was proclaimed. In a reserved space in the great Imperial Hall, the *Schöffen* took their elevated seats; one step higher, sat the *Schultheiss* in the midst of them; while below on the right hand, were the procurators of both parties invested with plenipotentiary powers. The actuary begins to read aloud the weighty but unexecuted judgments; the lawyers demand copies, or they appeal, or do whatever else seems necessary for the occasion. All at once a singular sort of music announces, if we may so speak, the advent of former centuries. It proceeds from three pipers, one of whom plays a *shawm*, another a *base*, and the third a *pommer*, or oboe. They wear blue mantles trimmed with gold, the notes made fast to their sleeves, and having their heads covered. They had left their inn about ten o'clock, followed by the deputies and their attendants, and stared at by all natives and strangers. They enter the hall—the law proceedings are stayed—the pipers and their train

halt before the railing—the deputy steps in and stations himself in front of the Schultheiss. The emblematic presents, which were required to be precisely the same as in the old precedents, consisted commonly of such wares as the city offering them was wont to deal in particularly ; but pepper, in some way or other, had come to pass for everything else ; and, on this occasion, the deputy brought a neatly turned wooden goblet filled with pepper. On the top of it lay a pair of gloves or gauntlets, curiously slashed, stitched, and tasseled with silk—a token of some favour granted and received—such as the Emperor himself made use of in certain cases. Next came a white staff, which in former times was indispensable in all judicial proceedings. Some small pieces of silver money were added ; and the city of Worms brought an old fur hat, which was always redeemed again, so that the same one had been a witness of these ceremonies for many years.

After the deputy had made his discourse, handed over his present, and received from the Schultheiss assurances of continued favour, he quitted the circle, the pipers blew, the train departed as it came, the court pursued its business, until the second and at last the third deputy had been introduced. For each came some time after the other ; partly that the pleasure of the public might be prolonged, and partly because they were always the same antiquated *virtuosi* which Nuremberg, for itself and its neighbours, undertook to maintain and produce annually at the appointed time and place.

We children were particularly interested in this festival, because we were not a little flattered to see our grandfather in a place of so much honour ; and because commonly, on the self-same day, we used to visit him, quite modestly of course, in order that we might, when grandmother had emptied the pepper into her spice box, lay hold of a cup or small rod, a pair of gloves, or a *Baden Albus*.\* These symbolical ceremonies, restoring antiquity as if by magic, could not well be explained to us without leading us back into past times and informing us of the manners, customs, and feelings of those early ancestors who were so mysteriously made present to us, by pipers and deputies seemingly risen from the dead, and by tangible and possessable gifts.

\* An old silver coin.

These more venerable solemnities were followed by other festivals, rich in delight for children, which took place in the summer season, outside of the city and under the free sky. On the right shore of the Maine going down, about half an hour's walk from the gate, there rises a sulphur-spring, charmingly skirted and enclosed by aged lindens. Not far from it stands the *Good-People's-Court*, in former times a hospital which had been erected there for the sake of the waters. On the commons around, the herds of the neighbourhood were collected at a certain time of the year ; while the herdsmen, bringing their sweet-hearts, got up a little rural festival, which was observed with dances and singing, and manifold pleasures and rude sports. On the other side of the city lay a similar common, only larger, likewise graced with a spring and still finer lindens. Thither, at Easter, they drove their flocks of sheep ; while, at the same time, the poor, pale-looking, orphan children were allowed to come out of their cells into the open air ; for the thought had not yet occurred to men that these destitute creatures, who must some time or other help themselves through the world, ought soon to be brought in contact with it ; instead of being trained to despondency, should rather be accustomed to serve and to suffer ; and, for a great many reasons, physically and morally invigorated from their infancy. The nurses and maids, always ready to take a walk, never failed to carry or conduct us to such places, even in our first years ; so that these rural festivals belong to the earliest impressions that I can recall.

Meanwhile, our house had been got ready, and that too in tolerably short time, because everything had been judiciously planned, and the needful money provided. We found ourselves all together again, and perfectly comfortable : for, when a well-considered plan is once finished, we speedily forget the various inconveniences of the means that were necessary to its accomplishment. The building, for a private residence, was roomy enough ; clean and cheerful throughout, with broad staircases, agreeable parlours, and a prospect of the gardens that could be enjoyed easily from several of the windows. The interior structure, and what pertained to mere ornament and finish, was left to be gradually perfected, which served us at the same time for occupation and entertainment.

The first thing brought into complete order was my father's collection of books, the best of which, in French and half-French bindings, were reserved to ornament the walls of his office and study. He possessed the most beautiful Holland editions of the Latin classics, which for the sake of outward uniformity he had endeavoured to procure all in quarto; and also many other works relating to Roman antiquities, and the more elegant jurisprudence. The most eminent Italian poets were not wanting, though for Tasso particularly he showed a marked preference. The best recent Travels were always at hand, and he took great delight in correcting and completing Keysler and Nemeiz from them. Nor had he omitted surrounding himself with all needful assistants to learning, as dictionaries of various languages, and encyclopedias of science and art, which with much else adapted to profit and amusement, might be consulted at will.

The other half of this collection, in charming parchment bindings and very neatly written titles, was placed in a particular mansard chamber. The acquisition of new books, as well as their binding and arrangement, he pursued with great diligence and composure: and he was much influenced in his opinion by critical notices that ascribed great merit to any work. His collection of judicial treatises was annually increased by several volumes.

Then, the pictures which in the old house had hung about promiscuously, were now collected and symmetrically disposed on the walls of a suitable room near the study, all in black frames, set off with gilt mouldings. My father had a principle, which he often and even vehemently expressed, that one ought to employ the living Masters, and spend less upon the departed, in our estimation of whom prejudice greatly concurred. He illustrated this by saying that it was precisely the same with a picture as with Rhine wine, which, though age may impart to it a superior value, can be produced in any coming year of just as excellent quality as in any past year. After the lapse of a little time, the new wine becomes old, and doubtless quite costly and very delicious. In this opinion he was strenuously confirmed by his observation that many old pictures seemed to derive their chief value for lovers of art from the fact that they got darker and browner; the harmony of tone in such pictures being often dwelt

upon : while on the other hand, he was assured that there was no reason to fear that a new picture would not turn black soon enough, but whether it was likely to gain anything by that he was not so positive.

In pursuance of this principle, he employed for many years only the Frankfort artists,—as the painter **HIRT**, who excelled in animating oak and beech woods, and other so called rural scenes, with cattle ; also **TRAUTMANN**, who had adopted Rembrandt as his master, and attained great perfection in close lights and reflections, as well as in effective conflagrations, so that he was once ordered to paint a companion-piece to a Rembrandt ; besides, **SCHÜTZ**, who had diligently elaborated landscapes of the Rhine country, in the manner of **SACHTLEBENS** ; nor less **JUNKER**, who executed flower and fruit pieces, still life, and figures quietly employed, in a pure style, after the models of the Dutch. But now, by means of our new arrangements, more convenient room, and especially the acquaintance of a skilful artist, our love of art was invigorated and refreshed. This artist was **SEKATZ**, a pupil of Brinkmann, court-painter at Darmstadt, whose talent and character will be more minutely unfolded in the sequel.

In this way, the remaining chambers were brought to a finish, according to their several designs. Cleanliness and order prevailed throughout ; and large glasses lent their aid to a perfect lighting of the apartments, which had been wanting in the old house, for many causes, but chiefly on account of the little round window-frames. My father was perfectly cheerful, inasmuch as he had been able to succeed in what he had undertaken, and, if his good-humour had not many times been broken, because the diligence and exactness of the mechanics did not come up to his requirements, a happier life than ours could not have been conceived, the good of which partly arose in the family itself, and partly flowed from without.

But an extraordinary event deeply disturbed the Boy's peace of mind, for the first time. On the 1st of November, 1775, the earthquake at Lisbon took place, and spread a prodigious alarm over the world, long accustomed to peace and quietude. A great and magnificent capital, which was, at the same time, a trading and mercantile city, is smitten, unwarned, with a most fearful calam-

ity. The earth heaves and sinks, the sea roars upward, ships dash together, houses tumble bringing with them churches and towers, the royal palace is in part swallowed by the waters, the burning land seems to vomit flames, whilst smoke and fire are seen everywhere amid the ruins. Sixty thousand men, a moment since in ease and comfort, go down together, and he alone was fortunate who was no longer capable of a thought or feeling about the disaster. The flames rage on, and with them rage as troops of desperadoes, once concealed but now set at large by the event. The wretched survivors are exposed without protection to pillage, massacre, and every wrong: and thus, on all sides, Nature asserts her unchecked and impetuous will.

Intimations of this accident had spread themselves over a wide extent of country, much more quickly than the authentic reports: slight agitations had been felt in many places: in several springs, particularly those of a mineral nature, an unusual receding of the waters had been remarked; and, for that reason, a greater effect was produced by the accounts themselves, which were rapidly circulated, at first in general terms but finally with all the dreadful particulars. Thereupon, the religious were not wanting in reflections, nor the philosophic in comforting assurances, nor the priesthood in warnings. So stupendous an event arrested the attention of the world for a long time; and, as additional and more detailed accounts came from every quarter of the extensive effects of this explosion, the minds already aroused by the misfortunes of strangers, began to be more and more anxious about themselves and their friends. Doubtless, the demon of terror had never before diffused so swift and general an alarm over the earth.

The Boy, who was compelled to put up with frequent repetitions of the whole matter, was not a little staggered. God, the Creator and Sustainer of Heaven and Earth, whom the leading articles of the Creed declared so wise and benignant, having given both the just and the unjust a prey to the same destruction, did not seem to manifest himself, by any means, in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions, which became all the more impossible, since the wise and scripture-learned could not themselves agree as to the light in which such phenomena should be regarded.

The next summer gave us a much closer opportunity of knowing directly that angry God, of whom the Old Testament is so full. A sudden hail-storm, accompanied by violent thunder and lightning, broke the new glasses in the rear of our house towards the west, shattered the furniture, destroyed some costly books and other valuable things, and was the more terrible to us children, as the whole household, quite out of their heads, rushed into a dark passage, where, on their knees, with frightful groans and cries, they sought to conciliate the wrathful Deity. Meanwhile, my father, who was alone unmoved, tore off and unhinged the window-frames, by which much glass was saved, although it provided a broader inlet for the rain that followed the hail, so that after we were finally quieted, we found the rooms and stair-cases completely immersed in floods and streams of water.

These events, startling as they were on the whole, did not greatly interrupt the regular prosecution of the studies, in which our father himself had undertaken to instruct his children. In his youth he had passed through the Coburg Gymnasium, which held a high rank among German institutions of learning. There he had laid a good foundation in languages and what else was then reckoned necessary to a learned education, had subsequently applied himself to jurisprudence at Leipzig, and at last taken his degree at Giessen. His thesis, "*Electa de additione Hereditatis*," which had been earnestly and carefully prepared, is yet referred to by jurists with approval.

It is a natural wish of all parents to see what they have themselves failed to attain, realized in their children, just as if in this way they could live their lives over again, and, at last, make a proper use of their early experiences. Conscious of his acquirements, in the certainty of faithful perseverance, and distrusting the teachers of the day, my father engaged to instruct his own children, allowing them to take particular lessons from particular masters only so far as it was absolutely necessary. A pedagogical *dilletantism* was already showing itself everywhere. The pedantic and leaden stupidity (*trübsinnigkeit*) of the masters stationed in the public schools had given rise to this evil. Something better was sought for, but it was forgotten how defective all

instruction must be, which is not given by persons thoroughly conversant with the matter.

My father had prospered in his own career tolerably according to his wishes: therefore, I was obliged to follow the same course, only more conveniently, and much further. He prized my natural endowments the more, because he had himself been wanting in them; for he had acquired everything only by means of unspeakable diligence, pertinacity, and repetition. He often assured me, early and late, both in jest and earnest, that with my talents he would have become something quite different from what he was, and managed the affairs of life to much better purpose.

By means of a ready apprehension, hard practice, and a good memory, I very soon outgrew the instructions which my father and the other teachers were able to give, although I felt myself thoroughly grounded in nothing. Grammar did not suit me, because I conceived it to consist of mere arbitrary principles, the rules of which seemed ridiculous, inasmuch as they were invalidated by so many exceptions, which had all to be learned by themselves. And if the course of Latin exercises had not been in rhyme, I should have got along but badly in that; yet, as it was, I hummed and sang these into my head. In the same way, we possessed a Geography in memory-verses, as they may be called, in which the most wretched doggerel served to fix the recollection of what was to be retained: *e. g.* :

Upper-Yssel has many a fen,  
Which makes it hateful to all men.

The forms and inflections of language I seized with ease; and so I quickly unravelled what meaning there might be in anything. In rhetoric, composition, and such matters, no one excelled me, although I was often put back on account of my grammatical deficiencies. Yet these were the attempts that gave my father particular pleasure, and for which he rewarded me with many, and, for such a lad, considerable presents of money.

My father taught my sister Italian in the same chamber in which I committed Cellarius to memory. But as I was soon



ready with my task, and was yet obliged to sit quiet, I relinquished my book, and very readily caught the Italian, which pleased me as a delicious softening of Latin. Other precocities, as it respects memory and the power to combine I possessed in common with those children who acquire an early reputation. For that reason my father could scarcely wait till I should go to college. He early declared, also, that I must study jurisprudence in Leipzig, for which he retained a strong preference, although I might visit and take a degree at some other university. As to which one I should choose he was indifferent, except that he had for some reason or other a disinclination to Göttingen, greatly to my disappointment, since it was precisely there that I had fastened my confidence and hopes.

He told me further, that I ought to go to Wetzlar and Ratisbon as well as to Vienna, and thence towards Italy, but he dwelt upon it emphatically that Paris should first be seen, because after coming out of Italy nothing else could be pleasing. These tales of my future journeyings, often as they were repeated, I listened to eagerly, the more since they always led to accounts of Italy, and at last to a description of Naples. His at-other-times serious and dry manner seemed on these occasions to relax and quicken, so that a passionate wish awoke in us children to become a part of the Paradise he described.

Our private studies, which gradually increased, were shared with the children of the neighbours. This learning in common did not further me; the teachers followed their routine; and the rudeness, sometimes the ill-nature, of my companions, interrupted the brief hours of study with tumult, vexation, and disturbance. Chrestomathies, by which learning is made clear and agreeable, had not yet reached us. Cornelius Nepos, so tedious to young people, the all too easy, and by means of preaching and religious instructions too common-place New Testament, Cellarius and Pastor imparted no kind of interest; while, on the other hand, a certain rage for rhyme and versification, a consequence of reading the prevalent German poets, took complete possession of us. Me it had seized much earlier, as I had found it agreeable to pass from the rhetorical to the poetic treatment of topics.

We boys held a Sunday assembly where each one of us was

required to produce original verses. And there a strange feeling, which had long caused me uneasiness, was elicited. My poems, whatever they might be, always seemed to me the best. But I soon remarked, that my competitors who brought forth rather lame affairs, were in the same condition, and thought no less of themselves; and what appeared yet more suspicious, a good though in such matters altogether unskilful lad, whom I liked in other respects, though his tutor did make his verses, not only regarded them as the best, but was thoroughly persuaded they were his own, as he confessed to me once in our confidential intercourse. Now, as this illusion and error was obvious to me, it entered my mind one day to inquire, whether I myself might not be in the same state, whether their poems were not really better than mine, and whether I did not strike those boys as just as silly as they did me? This discomfited me much and long; for it was altogether impossible for me to find any external criterion of the truth; and finally, I ceased from producing my works, until levity and self-consciousness composed me; but chiefly a trial of skill—started by our teachers and parents, who had noted our sport—in which I stood high and won general praise.

No libraries for children had at that time been established. The old had themselves still childish notions, and found it convenient to impart their own education to their successors. Besides the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of the sort fell into our hands; but the large folio Bible, with copper-plates by Merian, was diligently gone over leaf by leaf: Gottfried's *Chronicles*, with plates by the same master, taught us the most notable events of Universal History; the *Acerra Philologica* added thereto all manner of fables, mythologies and wonders; and, as I soon became familiar with Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the first book of which in particular I studied carefully, my young brain was rapidly furnished with a mass of images and events, of famous and wonderful shapes and occurrences, and I never felt time hang upon my hands, so long as I could occupy myself in working over, repeating, and reproducing these acquisitions.

A more salutary moral effect than that of these rude and hazardous antiquities, was made by Fenelon's *Telemachus*, which I first became acquainted with in the Neukirch translation, and

which, imperfectly as it was executed, had a sweet and beneficent effect on my mind. That *Robinson Crusoe* was seasonably compassed, follows in the nature of things; and it is just as rational to suppose that the *Island of Felsenberg* was not wanting. Lord Anson's *Voyages round the Globe* combined for us the dignity of truth with the rich phantasies of fable, and while our thoughts accompanied this adventurous seaman, we were conducted over all the world, as we endeavoured to trace his course with our fingers on the globe. But a still richer harvest sprung up before me, when I got access to a mass of writings, which it is true in their present state, cannot be called excellent, but whose contents in former times rendered us many a service in a quite harmless way.

The publication or rather the manufacture of those books which have at a later day, under the name of "Knowledge for the People," or the "People's Own Books," &c., become so well known and celebrated, was carried on in Frankfort. The enormous sales they met with, led to their being illegibly printed from stereotypes on horrible thin paper. We children were so fortunate as to procure these precious remains of the Middle Ages every day from the stand of a book-hawker, at the cost of a couple of *kreutzers*. The *Eulenspiegel*, the *Four Sons of Hamon*, the *Emperor Octavian*, the *Fair Melusina*, the *Beautiful Magelon*, *Fortunatus*, with a whole fry of the same sort down to the *Wandering Jew*, were all at our service, as often as we preferred the relish of these works to the taste of other sweet things. The greatest benefit of this was, that when we had read through or damaged such a sheet, it could soon be reproduced and swallowed a second time.

As a family pic-nic in summer is vexatiously startled by a sudden storm, which transforms a pleasant state of things into the very reverse, so the diseases of childhood fall most unexpectedly on the beautiful season of early life. And thus it happened with me. I had just purchased *Fortunatus* with his *Purse* and *Wishing-hat*, when a restlessness and fever seized me which plainly announced the small-pox. The virtues of inoculation were still considered problematical, and although it had already been firmly and honestly accepted by popular writers, the German physicians

doubted about an operation that seemed to forestall Nature. Speculating Englishmen, therefore, had come to the continent and inoculated, at extravagant rates, the children of such persons as were well to do in the world and free from prejudices. Still the majority were exposed to the old disease; the infection raged through whole families, killing or marking the children; while few parents dared to avail themselves of a means whose probable efficacy had been abundantly confirmed by experiments. The enemy invaded our house and attacked me with unusual severity. My whole body was riddled with blotches, my face was covered, and for several days I lay perfectly blind and in great pain. They tried the only possible alleviation, and promised me heaps of gold if I would keep myself quiet and not increase the mischief by rubbing and scratching. I controlled myself, though according to the prevailing prejudice, they kept me as warm as possible, and thus only augmented my suffering. At last, after a woful time, there fell as it were a mask from my face. The blotches had left no visible mark upon the skin, but the features were altered. I was myself satisfied with merely seeing the light of day again, and gradually putting off my spotted skin; but others were pitiless enough to remind me often of my previous condition; especially a very lively aunt, who had formerly regarded me with idolatry, but in after years seldom looked at me without exclaiming—"Fy! the deuce! what a fright he's grown!" Then she would tell me circumstantially how I had once been her pet, and what attention she excited when she carried me about with her: and thus I early concluded that people very often subject us to a severe atonement, for the pleasure which we have afforded them.

I neither escaped measles, nor small-pox, nor any other complaints of childhood; and I was assured each time that it was a great piece of good luck that the evil was now past. But, alas! still another threatened in the back-ground, and advanced. All these things increased my turn to reflection; and as I had already practised myself in fortitude, in order to remove the torture of impatience, the virtues which I had heard praised in the Stoics appeared to me highly worthy of imitation, and the more so, as the like were commended by the Christian doctrine of patience.

Reminded by this family affliction, I will here make mention of a brother, about three years younger than I, who was similarly seized by that infection, and suffered not a little from it. He was of a tender nature, quiet and peculiar, though we were never on the most intimate terms. Besides, he scarcely survived the years of childhood. Among several other children born afterwards, who like him did not live long, I only remember a very pretty and agreeable little maiden, who also soon passed away ; so that, after the lapse of some years, my sister and I alone remained, and were therefore the more deeply and affectionately bound to each other.

These maladies and other unpleasant interruptions were in their consequences doubly grievous ; for my father, who seemed to have laid down for himself a certain routine of education and instruction, was resolved immediately to repair every delay, and imposed double lessons upon the young convalescents. These were not hard for me to accomplish, but in so far troublesome, as they hindered, and to a certain extent repressed, my inward development, which had taken a decided bent.

From these didactic and pedagogic oppressions, we commonly fled to my grandfather and grandmother. Their house stood in the *Friedberg* street, and appeared to have been formerly a castle ; for, on approaching it, nothing was seen but a large gate with battlements, which were joined on either side to the two neighbouring houses. On entering through a narrow passage, you reached at last a tolerably broad court, surrounded by buildings of different kinds, which were now all united into one dwelling. We usually ran at once into the garden, which stretched with considerable length and breadth away behind the buildings, and was very well kept. The walks were mostly skirted by vine-trellises ; one part of the space was used for vegetables, and another devoted to flowers, which from spring till autumn adorned in rich profusion the borders as well as the beds. The long wall erected on the south was serviceable in training espalier peach-trees, the forbidden fruit of which ripened temptingly before us through the summer. Yet we rather avoided this side, because we could not satisfy our dainty appetites there ; and we turned to the opposite, where an immeasurable row of currant and gooseberry bushes furnished

our voracity with a succession of harvests till autumn. Not less interesting to us was an old, high, wide-spreading mulberry-tree, both on account of its fruits, and because we were told that the silk-worms fed upon its leaves. In this peaceful region my grandfather was found every evening, tending with genial care the finer growths of fruits and flowers; while a gardener managed the drudgery. He was never wearied by the excessive pains which are necessary to sustain and propagate the vine. The branches of the fan-shaped peach-trees were carefully tied to the espaliers with his own hands, in order to bring about a full and easy growth of the fruit. The sorting of the bulbs of tulips, hyacinths, and plants of that nature, as well as the care of their preservation, he entrusted to no one; and I still recall, with some satisfaction, how diligently he occupied himself in producing buds of the different varieties of roses. That he might protect himself from the thorns, he drew on a pair of those ancient gauntlets, of which triplicates were given him annually at the Piper's Court, so that there was no dearth of the article. He wore, also, a flowing *robe de chambre*, with a black velvet cap upon his head, which gave him a look somewhat between that of an Alcinous and a Laertes.

All this work in the garden was prosecuted as regularly and with as much precision as his official business; for, before he came out, he always put his calendar for the next day in order, and read the list of causes. In the morning he proceeded to the Council House, dined immediately on his return, nodded a few moments in his easy chair, and so went through the same routine every day. He conversed little, never exhibited any vehemence, and I do not remember to have seen him in anger. All that surrounded him was in the fashion of the olden time. No improvement, that I took any note of, was ever made in his old wainscotted chamber. His library contained, besides law works, only the earliest books of travels, voyages, and descriptions of foreign countries. I can imagine no circumstances better adapted than these to awaken the feeling of unbroken peace and eternal duration.

But the reverence which we entertained for this worthy old man was raised still higher by a persuasion that he possessed the

gift of foresight, especially in matters that pertained to himself and his destiny. It is true, he revealed himself in this respect to no one, distinctly and minutely, except to grandmother; yet we were all aware that he was informed of what was going to happen, by intimations in his dreams. He assured his wife, for instance, at a time when he was still a junior Councillor, that on the first vacancy he would obtain a place on the bench of the *Schöffen*; and soon after when one of those officers was actually removed by death, grandfather gave orders that his house should be quietly prepared on the day that the choice of a new member was determined by lot, to receive his guests and congratulators. Sure enough, the little gilt ball was cast in his favour. The simple dream, by which he had learned this, he confided to his wife to the following effect: He had seen himself in the ordinary dress of the Councilmen, when affairs were going on at the Board just as usual. All at once, the late *Schoff* rose from his seat, descended the steps, pressed him in the most complimentary manner to take the vacant place, and then departed by the door.

Something like this also occurred on the death of the *Schultheiss*. They were not accustomed to much delay in supplying this place, as they feared the Emperor might at any time re-assume his ancient right of nominating the officer. On this occasion, the messenger of the Court came at midnight to summon an extraordinary session for the next morning; and as the light in his lamp was about to expire, he asked for a bit of candle to help him on his way. "Give him a whole one," said my grandfather to his wife, "he does it all on my account." This expression anticipated the result—he was made *Schultheiss*; and what rendered the circumstance more remarkable was, that although his representative was the third and last to draw one of the balls, the two silver balls first came out, leaving the golden ball at the bottom of the bag for him.

Quite as prosaic, simple, and without a trace of the fantastic or miraculous, were his other dreams, of which we were informed. Yet I remember that once, as a boy, I was turning over his books and memoranda, and found among remarks on gardening, &c., such sentences as these: "To-night N. N. came to me and said——" the name and revelation being written in cipher; or

"This night I saw——" all the rest again in cipher, except the conjunctions and similar words, from which nothing could be got.

It is not unworthy of note, also, that persons who showed no signs of prophetic insight at other times, acquired, for the moment, while in his presence, and that by means of some sensible evidence, presentiments of diseases or deaths which were then occurring in distant places. But this gift has been transmitted to none of his children or grandchildren, who for the most part have been hearty, robust people, never going beyond the Actual.

And this reference reminds me of the gratitude I owe them for the many kindnesses I received from them in my youth. Thus, for example, we were occupied and entertained in many ways when we visited the second daughter, married to the druggist Melber, whose house and shop stood near the market in the liveliest and most crowded part of the town. There we could look from the windows pleasantly enough down upon the hurly-burly in which we feared to mingle; and though of all the goods in the store, we were only much interested in the liquorice, and the little brown sticks of paste made from it, we got in time better acquainted with the multitude of objects employed in that business. This aunt was the most vivacious of all the sisters. When my mother, in her early years, was pleased to be neatly dressed, working at some domestic occupation, or reading a book, she ran about the neighbourhood picking up neglected children, to take care of them, comb them, and carry them round, as indeed she did me for a good while. At any festival time, or a coronation, it was impossible to keep her in the house. As a little child already, she had scrambled for the coins scattered on such occasions; and it is related of her, that once when she had got a good many together, and was looking at them with great delight in the palm of her hand, it was struck up by somebody, and all her booty vanished at a blow. Once, too, while standing on a post as the Emperor Charles VII. was passing, at a moment when the people were silent, she shouted a vigorous "Long live the King!" into the coach, which made him take off his hat to her, and thank her quite graciously for her bold salutation. Every thing in her house was stirring, lively, and cheerful, and we children owed her many a gay hour.



A second aunt was of a more sober turn, but one suited to her character, as she was married to the Pastor who officiated in St. Catharine's Church. He lived much alone, according to his temperament and vocation, and possessed a fine library. Here I first became acquainted with Homer, in a prose translation, which may be found in the seventh part of Herr Von Loen's new collection of the most remarkable travels, under the title, *Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy*, which is ornamented with copperplates, in the theatrical French taste. These pictures perverted my imagination to such a degree, that for a long time I could conceive the Homeric heroes only under such forms.

The incidents themselves unspeakably delighted me; yet I had to complain of the narrative, that it gave us no account of the capture of Troy, and ended abruptly with the death of Hector. My uncle, to whom I exposed this defect, referred me to Virgil, who met my demands with perfect satisfaction.

It will be taken for granted, that we children had among our other lessons, a continued and progressive instruction in religion. But the Protestantism which the Church imparted to us, was properly nothing but a kind of dry morality: spiritual guidance was not thought of; and its doctrines impressed neither the understanding nor heart. For that reason, there were many kinds of departure from the Established Church. Separatists, Pietists, Moravians, Quiet-in-the-Lands, and others variously named or characterized sprung up, who all, however, were animated by the same purpose of approaching the Deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed possible under the forms of the established religion.

The Boy heard these opinions and sentiments constantly spoken of; for the clergy as well as the laity divided themselves into *pro* and *con*. The minority were composed of those who dissented more or less broadly, but their modes of thinking were seductive to us on account of their originality, earnestness, fortitude, and independence. All sorts of stories were told of their virtues and of the way in which these were manifested. The reply of a certain pious tinker was especially noted, who, when another attempted to shame him out of his faith, by asking "who is really your confessor," answered with great cheerfulness and confidence in the

good cause,—“I have a famous one—no less than the confessor of King David.”

These things made an impression on the lad, and led him into similar states of mind. In fact, he came to think that it would be well to approach directly into the presence of the great God of Nature, the Creator and Sustainer of Heaven and Earth, whose earlier more wrathful manifestations had been obliterated from his mind by the beauty of the world, and its manifold blessings in which we participate; but the way he took to accomplish this was very curious.

He had chiefly kept to the first article of faith. The God who subsists in immediate union with nature, and recognises and loves it as his own work, seemed to him the only God, one who might be brought into close relationship with man, as with everything else, and would take care of him, no less than of the motion of the stars, the changes of the seasons, and the growth of animals and plants. There were texts of the gospels which explicitly stated as much. But the Boy could ascribe no form to this Being; he therefore sought him in his works, and would, in the good Old Testament fashion, build him an altar. Natural products were set forth as images of the world, over which a flame was to burn, to typify the aspirations of man's heart towards his Maker. He brought out the most exquisite materials and specimens of a pretty large collection of natural objects, and was only puzzled how they should be stuck and arranged into a pile. My father possessed a beautiful red-lacquered music-stand, ornamented with gilt flowers, in the form of a four-sided pyramid, divided into distinct steps, which had been found convenient for quartetts, but lately was not much in use. The Boy laid hands on this, and built up his representatives of nature one above the other on the steps, so that it all looked quite pretty and significant. Early in the morning his first worship of God was to be celebrated, but the young priest had not yet settled it how an agreeable odour was to be imparted to the flame about to ascend. At last it occurred to him to combine the two, as he possessed a few fumigating pastils (*Räucherkerzen*) which emitted a pleasant fragrance, if not with a flame, still with a glimmer. In fact, this softer light or exhalation seemed a better representation of what passes in the

mind, than a more open flame. The sun was already up, but the neighbouring houses concealed the East. At last it glittered above the roofs, and a burning-glass was applied to the pastils, which were fixed on the pinnacle in a fine porcelain vase. Everything succeeded to the best of my wishes, and my devotion was perfect. The altar remained as an ornament of the chamber which had been assigned me in the new house. Others regarded it only as a well-arranged collection of natural curiosities ; but the Boy was conscious of something better which he kept to himself. He longed for a repetition of the solemn ceremony. But, unfortunately, once when a suitable sun arose, the porcelain vase not being at hand, he placed the pastils on the top shelf of the stand, they were kindled, but too much absorbed in his worship, the Priest did not observe, until it was too late, what mischief his sacrifice was working. The remorseless pastils consumed the red lacker and beautiful gold flowers of the music-stand, which had disappeared like an evil spirit, leaving behind him only the prints of his black and ineffaceable footsteps. Thereupon the young priest was thrown into an extreme consternation. The evil could be covered up, it was true, with the larger pieces of his show-materials, but alas ! the spirit for a new offering was gone, and the accident might well be considered as a monition and warning of the danger there always is in approaching the Deity in such a way.

## BOOK SECOND.

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## SECOND BOOK.

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ALL that has been hitherto adduced indicates that happy and easy condition in which nations exist during a long peace. But nowhere is such a beautiful season enjoyed in greater comfort than in a city living under its own laws, large enough to support a respectable body of inhabitants, and so placed as to be able to enrich itself by trade and commerce. Strangers find it to their advantage to pass back and forth, and are under a necessity of bringing profit in order to acquire profit. Controlling but a small territory, it is all the better qualified to advance its own prosperity, as its external relations expose it to no costly undertakings or alliances.

Thus, the Frankforters passed a series of prosperous years during my childhood; but scarcely had the 28th of August, 1756, brought me to my seventh year, when a world-renowned war broke out, which had the greatest influence upon the next seven years of my life. Frederick the Second, King of Prussia, had fallen upon Saxony, with sixty thousand men; and, instead of premising his invasion by a declaration of war, he followed it up with a manifesto, composed by himself, as it was said, which explained the causes that had moved and justified him in so prodigious a step. The world, which saw itself appealed to not merely as spectator but as judge, immediately split into two parties, and our family was an image of the great whole.

My grandfather, who, as Schröff of Frankfort, had carried the coronation canopy of Francis the First, and received from the Empress a heavy gold chain with her likeness, took the Austrian side, along with his sons-in-law and daughters. My father having been nominated to the imperial council by Charles the Seventh, and sympathizing sincerely in all the fortunes of that unhappy monarch, leaned towards Prussia, with the other but

smaller half of the family. Our meetings, which had been held on Sundays for many years uninterruptedly, were very soon disturbed. The misunderstandings so common among married relatives, now first found a form in which they could be openly expressed. Contention, discord, silence, and separation ensued. My grandfather, otherwise a serene, quiet, and easy man, was impatient. The women endeavoured to smother the flames; but some unpleasant scenes made my father the first to quit the company. At home, however, we rejoiced undisturbed over the Prussian victories, which were commonly announced by our vivacious aunt with great jubilation. Every other interest gave way to this, and we passed the rest of the year in perpetual agitation. The seizure of Dresden, the moderation of the king at the outset, his somewhat tedious but secure advances, the success at Lowozitz, the capture of the Saxons, were each and all so many triumphs for our party. Every thing that could make for the advantage of our opponents was denied or depreciated; and as the members of the family on the other side did the same thing towards us, we could not meet in the streets without getting at loggerheads, as in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*.

As for myself, I was altogether a Prussian, or, to speak more correctly, a Fritzian; for what cared we for Prussia? It was the personal character of the great king that impressed all minds. I rejoiced with my father in our conquests, readily copied the songs of triumph, and still more willingly the lampoons directed against the other party, as atrocious as the verses often were.

As the oldest grandson and godchild, I had been in the habit of dining every Sunday since my infancy with my grandparents, and the hours so spent had been the most delightful of the whole week. But now no morsel that I tasted seemed to relish, because I was compelled to hear the most horrible slanders of my hero. The atmosphere and tone there were very different from what prevailed at home. My liking, and even my respect for my grandparents, fell off; yet I could mention nothing about it to my parents. I avoided the matter both on account of my own feelings, and because I had been warned by my mother. In this way, I was thrown back upon myself; and as in my sixth year, the earthquake at Lisbon had brought the goodness of God

into suspicion, so I began now to doubt the justice of the public towards Frederick the Second. My mind was naturally inclined to reverence, and it required a great shock to stagger its faith in whatever was venerable. But, alas! they had commended good manners and a respectful deportment to us, not for their own sakes, but for the sake of the people. What will people say? was always the cry, and I thought that the people must be right good people who knew how to judge of any thing and every thing. But my experience went just to the contrary. The greatest and most signal services were defamed and derided, and the noblest deeds, if not disputed, at least misrepresented and belittled; and this base injustice was done, not by any of the populace, but by eminent men, as I took my grandfather and uncles to be. That parties existed, or that he himself belonged to a party, had never entered into the conceptions of the boy. He, therefore, believed himself all the more right, and dared hold his own opinion for the better one, because while he and those of like mind appreciated the beauty and other good qualities of Maria Therese, and did not impute blame to Emperor Francis for his love of jewelry and money, they yet thought it occasionally justifiable to call Count Daun an old granny.

But now that he considers it more closely, he traces to this state of things the germ of that disregard, and even disdain, of the public which clung to him for many years—and only, in later days, was brought within bounds by insight and cultivation. Suffice it to say, that his perception of the injustice of parties had even then a very unpleasant effect upon the Boy, or rather an injurious one, as it separated him from beloved and highly-valued persons. The quick succession of battles and events left our parties neither quiet nor rest. We ever found a malicious delight in reviving and aggravating our imaginary evils and capricious disputes; and thus continued to tease each other, until the occupation of Frankfort by the French some years after, brought real uneasiness into our homes.

Although to most of us the important events occurring in distant parts served only for topics of controversy, there were others who perceived the serious import of the times, and feared that the active sympathy of France might open a scene of war in



our own vicinity. They kept us children more at home than before ; and strove, in many ways, to occupy and amuse us. With this view, the puppet-show bequeathed by our grandmother was again brought forth, and arranged in such a way that the spectators sat in my little gable-room, while the managing director as well as the theatre itself as far as the proscenium, found a place in the next chamber. We were allowed as a special favour to invite first one and then another of the neighbours' children as spectators. Thus, at the outset, I gained many friends ; but the unrest which is inherent in children, did not suffer them to remain long a very patient audience. They interrupted the play, and we were compelled to look up a younger public, who could at any rate be kept in order by the nurses and maids. The original drama, to which the puppets had been specially adapted, we had learned by heart, and in the beginning this was exclusively used. Soon growing weary of it, however, we changed the dresses and decorations, and attempted various other other pieces ; but these were verily on quite too grand a scale for our narrow stage. And, although this presumption confused and finally destroyed what we could really perform, such childish pleasures and employments exercised my power of invention and representation in many ways, and called forth a fancy and technical skill which, perhaps, could not have been developed, in any other way, in so short a time, on so confined a space, and at so little expense.

I had early learned to draw with compasses and ruler, because all the instructions they gave me in geometry were forthwith put in practice, by being eagerly applied to pasteboard-work. Yet I was not entirely satisfied with geometrical figures, little boxes, and other things of the sort ; and I went on to construct pretty little pleasure-houses, adorned with pilasters, stairways, and flat-roofs. Nothing, however, of consequence came of this taste.

Far more persevering was I, on the other hand, in arranging, by the help of a domestic who had been a tailor by trade, an armoury devoted to our service for the exhibition of plays and tragedies, which were performed with delight now that we had outgrown the puppet shows. My playfellows, too, had such armouries prepared for themselves, which they regarded as quite as good as mine ; but

as I had made provision not for one person merely, and could furnish several of the little band with every requisite, I was always found more and more indispensable to our little circle. That such sport would lead to factions, quarrels, and blows, and commonly come to an end in tumult and disappointment, may easily be supposed. In such events certain of my companions took part with me, while others sided against me; though many changes occurred in our party phases. One boy in particular, whom I shall call Pylades, urged on by the others, once left my party, could scarcely for a moment maintained his hostile attitude; for we were soon reconciled, amid many tears, and for a long time afterwards kept faithfully together.

To him, as well as other well-wishers, I could render myself very agreeable by telling tales, which they most delighted to hear, when I was the hero of my own story. It mightily rejoiced them to know that such wonderful things befell one of their own playfellows; not at all suspecting how I could find time and space for so many adventures; though they must have been aware of all my comings and goings, and how I was occupied the entire day. Not less necessary was it for me to select the localities of these occurrences, if not in another world, at least in a different region; yet all was told as having taken place only to-day or yesterday. They were rather deceived themselves, than imposed upon by me. Still if I had not gradually learned, in obedience to the instincts of my nature, to work up these visions and conceits into artistic forms, such a vain-glorious beginning could not have gone on without producing evil consequences in the end.

Considering this impulse more closely, we may see in it a presumption similar to that with which the poet so authoritatively utters his improbabilities, and requires every one to recognise as real, whatever may in any way strike him, the inventor, as true.

But, what is here adduced in general terms, and by way of reflection, will perhaps become more apparent and interesting by means of an example. I subjoin, therefore, one of these legends, which, as I often had to repeat it to my comrades, still hovers more or less distinctly in my imagination and memory.

## THE NEW PARIS.

## A BOY'S LEGEND.

ONE night before Easter-Sunday, not long since, I dreamed that I stood before a mirror, engaged with the new summer-clothes which my dear parents had given me for the holiday. The dress consisted, as you know, in shoes of polished leather, with large silver buckles, fine cotton stockings, black nether garments of serge, and a coat of green baracan with gold ballets. The waistcoat of gold cloth was cut out of my father's bridal vest. My hair had been frizzled and powdered, and my curls stuck out from my head like little wings; but I could not get ready with my dress, because I kept confusing the different articles, the first always falling off as soon as I managed to put on the next. In this dilemma, a young and handsome man came to me, and greeted me in the friendliest manner. "O! you are welcome!" said I; "I am very glad to see you here." "Do you know me, then?" replied he, graciously. "Why not?" was my no less gracious answer; "you are Mercury—I have often enough seen you represented in pictures." "I am he," replied the other; "and sent to you by the gods on an important errand. Do you see these three apples?"—he stretched forth his hand, and showed me three apples which it could hardly hold, and which were as wonderfully beautiful as they were large, the one of a red, the other of a yellow, the third of a green colour. One might have fancied that they were precious stones in the form of fruit. I would have snatched them; but he drew back, and said, "Know that they are not for you. You must give them to the three handsomest youths of the city, who then, each according to his fortune, will find a wife such as he wishes. Take them, and success to you!" said he, as he departed, leaving the apples in my open hands. They appeared to me to have become still larger. I lifted them up against the light, and found them quite transparent; but soon they expanded upwards, and became three beautiful—such

beautiful little women about the bigness of middle-sized dolls, with clothes of the colours of the apples. So they glided gently out along my fingers, and when I caught at them, to make sure of one at least, they hovered away in the distance, and I had to pocket the disappointment. I stood there all amazed and petrified, holding up my hands, and staring at my fingers, as if there had been still something on them to see. But suddenly I beheld upon the very tips a most lovely maiden dancing, smaller than those, but pretty and lively; and, as she did not fly away like the others, but remained, moving about, dancing now on one finger point, then on another, I regarded her for a long while with admiration. And, as she pleased me so much, I thought in the end I would catch her, and made a very adroit grasp, as I fancied. But at the moment I felt such a blow on my head, that I fell down stunned, and did not awake from my stupor till it was time to dress myself and go to church.

During the service I often recalled those images; and afterwards, when I was eating dinner at my grandfather's table. In the afternoon, I wished to visit some friends, partly to show myself in my new dress, with my hat under my arm and my sword by my side, and partly to return their visits. I found no one at home, and, as I heard that they were gone to the gardens, I resolved to follow them, and pleasantly close the evening. My way led towards the entrenchments, and I came to the neighbourhood which is rightly called the Haunted Wall; for it is never quite safe from ghosts there. I walked slowly, and thought of my three goddesses, but especially of the little nymph; and often held up my fingers, in hopes she might be kind enough to balance herself there again. With such thoughts I was going along, when I saw in the wall on my left hand a little wicket, which I did not remember to have ever noticed before. It looked low, but its pointed arch would have allowed the tallest man to enter. Arch and wall were chiselled out in the handsomest way, with stone work and sculpture; but the door itself was that which drew all my attention. The old brown wood, though slightly ornamented, was crossed with broad bands of brass, both in relief and intaglio. The foliage, wrought on these with the most natural birds sitting in it, I could not sufficiently



admire. But, what seemed most remarkable, no keyhole could be seen, no latch, no knocker ; and I conjectured, therefore, that the door could be loosed only from within. I was not in error ; for when I went nearer, in order to touch the ornaments, it opened inwards, and there appeared a man whose dress was long, wide, and very singular. A venerable beard, also, surrounded his chin ; so that I naturally inferred he was a Jew. But he, as if divining my thoughts, made the sign of the Holy Cross, by which he gave me to understand that he was a good Catholic Christian. "Young gentleman, how came you here, and what are you doing?"—he said to me, with a friendly voice and manner. "I am admiring," I replied, "the workmanship of this door ; for I have never seen anything like it, unless it were some choice specimens in the collections of an amateur." "I am glad," he answered, "that you like such works. The door is much more beautiful inside. Come in, if you would like." I was more than half afraid to proceed. The mysterious dress of the old porter, the remoteness, and a something I know not what that seemed to be in the air, oppressed me. I kept aloof, therefore, under the pretext of examining the outside better ; and at the same time I cast stolen glances into the garden, for a garden it was which opened before me. Just inside the door I saw a Park. Old linden trees, standing at regular distances from each other, entirely covered it with their thickly interwoven branches, so that innumerable parties, during the hottest of the day, might have refreshed themselves in the shade. Already I had stepped upon the threshold, and the old man contrived gradually to allure me on. I did not, in fact, resist ; for I had always heard that a prince or sultan in such a case must never ask whether there be danger brewing. I had my sword by my side, too ; and was I not prepared for the old man in case of hostile demonstrations ? I therefore entered with perfect assurance ; the keeper closed the door, which bolted so smoothly that I scarcely heard it. He now showed me the internal construction of the wall, which in truth was more artistic than the outside, explained it to me, and at the same time manifested particular good-will. Being thus entirely at my ease, I let myself be guided into the shaded space of the wall that encircled the garden, where I found much to admire.

Niches tastfully adorned with shells, corals, and pieces of ore, poured a profusion of waters from the mouths of tritons into marble basins. Between them were bird-houses and other lattice work, in which squirrels frisked about, guinea-pigs ran hither and thither, with as many other vivacious little creatures as one could wish to see. The birds chirruped and sung to us as we advanced; the starlings particularly chattered the silliest stuff. One cried Paris! Paris! and the other Narcissus! Narcissus! as plainly as a schoolboy can say them. The old man looked at me more earnestly while the birds called out thus, but I feigned not to notice it, and had in truth no time to attend to him; for I could easily perceive that we went round and round, and that this shaded space was in fact a great circle, which inclosed another much more important. Indeed we had actually reached the small door again, and it seemed as though the old man would let me out. But my eyes kept directed towards a golden trellis, which seemed to hedge round the middle of this wonderful garden, and which I had found means enough of observing in our walk, although the old man managed to keep me always toward the wall, and pretty far from the centre. And now, just as he was loosening the door, I said to him, with a bow, "You are so extremely kind to me, that I would fain venture to make one more request before I part from you. Might I not look more closely at that golden trellis, which appears to inclose the interior of the garden?" "Most assuredly," replied he: "but in that case you must submit to certain conditions." "What are they?" I asked hastily. "You must leave behind your hat and sword, and not let go my hand while I attend you." "Very willingly," I replied; and laid my hat and sword on the nearest stone bench. Immediately he grasped my left hand with his right, held it fast, and led me with considerable force straight forwards. When we reached the trellis, my admiration changed into astonishment. On a high socle of marble stood innumerable spears and partizans, ranged so as to bring together their strangely ornamented points, and thus form a complete circle. I looked through the intervals, and saw just behind them a gentle flow of water, bounded on both sides by marble, and displaying in its clear depths a multitude of gold and silver fishes, which moved about

some slowly and some swiftly, now alone, and now in shoals. And I would also fain have looked beyond the canal, to see what was going on in the heart of the garden. But I found to my sorrow, that the other side of the water was bordered by a similar trellis, arranged with so much skill too, that each interval on this side was exactly covered by a spear or partisan on the other. These and the other ornaments rendered it impossible for me to see through, stand as I would. Besides, the old man, who still held me fast, prevented my moving freely. My curiosity, meanwhile, after all that I had seen, gradually increased; and I took heart to ask the old man whether one could not pass over. "Why not?" answered he, "but on new conditions." When I asked him what these were, he gave me to understand that I must put on other clothes. I was satisfied to do so; and he led me back towards the wall, into a small neat room, on the sides of which many kinds of garments hung, all resembling Oriental costumes. I was soon dressed. He confined my powdered hair under a many coloured net, after having to my horror violently dusted it out. Standing before a great mirror made me think myself quite handsome in my disguise, and I pleased myself better than in my formal Sunday clothes. I made gestures and leaped as I had seen the dancers do at the Fair theatre. In the midst of this I looked in the glass and saw by chance the image of an actual niche behind me. On its white ground hung three green cords, each of them twisted up in a way which from the distance I could not clearly discern. I therefore turned round rather hastily, and asked the old man about the niche as well as the cords. He very courteously took a cord down, and showed it to me. It was a band of green silk of moderate thickness; whose ends being joined by a double-lapp of green leather gave it the appearance of an instrument for no very desirable purpose. The thing struck me as suspicious, and I asked the old man the meaning. He answered me very quietly and kindly, "This is for those who abuse the confidence with which they are here entrusted." He hung the cord again in its place, and immediately desired me to follow him; for this time he did not hold me, and so I walked freely beside him.

My chief curiosity now was to discover where the gate and

bridge, for passing through the trellis and over the canal, might be ; for as yet I had not been able to find anything of the kind. I therefore watched the golden fence very narrowly as we hastened towards it. But in a moment my sight failed ; lances, spears, halberds, and partisans, began all at once to rattle and quiver, and this strange movement ended in all the points levelling towards each other, just as if two ancient hosts, armed with pikes, were falling to. My eyes could hardly bear the confusion, nor my ears the tumult ; but more completely overwhelming was the sight when they covered the circle of the canal as they sunk, and formed the most glorious of all bridges that man can imagine. For now a variegated garden met my sight. It was laid out in curvilinear beds, which, being connected together, formed a labyrinth of ornaments. All were surrounded with green borders of a low woolly plant, which I had never seen before ; all were adorned with flowers, where each division was of different colours, and which being likewise low, the ground plan was easily traced. This delicious sight, which I enjoyed under the full sunshine, quite enchanted my eyes. But I hardly knew where I was to set my foot ; for the serpentine paths were most delicately laid with blue sand, which seemed to form a darker sky, upon the earth, like a sky seen in the water : and so I walked for a while beside my conductor with my eyes fixed upon the ground, until at last I perceived that, in the middle of this series of beds and flowers, there was a great circle of cypresses or poplar-like trees, through which you could not see, because the lowest branches seemed to spring out of the ground. My guide, without taking me directly the shortest way, led me immediately towards that centre : and how was I astonished, on entering the grove of high trees, to see before me the peristyle of a magnificent arbour, which seemed to have similar openings and entrances on the other sides ! Yet the heavenly music, which streamed from the building, transported me more than this model of architecture. I fancied that I heard now a lute, then a harp, next a guitar, and anon something more bell-like than any of these instruments. The door which we approached opened upon a light touch from the old man. But my amazement cannot be conceived when the portress, who came out, was seen to resem-



ble perfectly the delicate maiden who had danced upon my fingers in the dream! She greeted me as if we were old acquaintances, and invited me in. The old man remained behind, and I went with her through an arched and finely ornamented passage to the middle hall, the splendid dome of which had attracted my gaze on my first entrance, and filled me with rapture. Yet my eye could not linger long on this, as it was allured by a more charming spectacle. On a carpet, directly under the middle of the cupola, sat three women, arranged triangular-wise, and clad in three different colours; one in red, the other yellow, the third green. The seats were gilded, and the carpet seemed a perfect flower-bed. In their arms were the three instruments which I had been able to distinguish from the outside; for, being surprised by my arrival, they had stopped their playing. "Welcome!" said the middle one, she who sat with her face to the door, in a red dress, and having the harp. "Sit down by Alert, and listen, if you are a lover of music."

Now first I remarked that there was a rather long bench placed obliquely before them, on which lay a mandolin. The pretty maiden took it up, sat down, and drew me to her side. Next I looked at the second lady on my right. She wore the yellow dress, and had the guitar in her hand; and if the harp-player was dignified in form, grand in features, and majestic in her bearing, the guitar-player was distinguished by an easy grace and cheerfulness. She was a slender blonde—while the other had dark brown hair. The variety and harmony of their music could not prevent me from remarking the third beauty, in the green dress, whose lute-playing was at once touching and strange. She was the one who seemed to notice me the most, and to direct her music to me; only I could not make up my mind about her; for she appeared to me now tender, then mysterious, next frank, anon whimsical, according as she changed her mien and mode of playing. Sometimes she seemed to wish to move, sometimes to provoke me; but do what she would, she won little upon me; for my little neighbour, near whom I sat elbow to elbow, had gained me entirely to herself; and while I clearly saw in those three ladies the Sylphides of my vision, and recognised the colours of the apples, I conceived that I had no right to detain them. The

pretty little maiden I would like to have captured, if I had not only too feelingly remembered the blow which she had given me in my dream. Hitherto she had remained quite at ease with her mandolin ; but when her mistresses had ceased, they commanded her to do her best with some pleasant little piece. Scarcely had she jingled off some lively dancing tunes, when she sprang up ; I did the same. She played and danced ; I was compelled to accompany her steps, and we executed a kind of miniature ballet, with which the ladies seemed pleased ; for as soon as we had done, they commanded the little girl to refresh me with something nice till supper should be ready. I had forgotten that there was anything in the world outside of this paradise. Alert led me back immediately into the passage by which I had entered. On one side of it there were two well-furnished chambers. In that in which she lived, she set before me oranges, figs, peaches, and grapes ; and I enjoyed with great gusto both the fruits of foreign lands and those of our own not yet in season. Dainties there were in profusion ; she filled, too, a goblet of brilliant crystal with foaming wine ; but I had no need to drink, as I had slaked my thirst with the fruits. " Now we will play," said she, and led me into the other chamber. There all looked like a Christmas fair ; but such costly and exquisite things were never seen in a Christmas booth. There were all kinds of dolls, dolls' clothes, and doll trappings ; kitchens, parlours, and shops, and single toys innumerable. She led me round to all the glass cases, in which these ingenious contrivances were preserved. But she soon closed the first case, and said—" That does not suit you, I know. But here," she said, " we find building materials, walls and towers, houses, palaces, churches, all that constitutes a great city. This, again, does not entertain me. We will lay hold of something else, which will be pleasant alike to both of us." Then she brought out two boxes, in which I saw an army of little soldiers piled one upon the other, but of which I must needs confess that I had never seen anything so pretty. She did not leave me time to examine each individual, but took one box under her arm, while I seized the other.—" We will go," she said, " on the golden bridge. There one plays the game of soldiers best ; the lances show in what way the armies are to be opposed

to each other." We reached the gold trembling bridge; and below me I could hear the waters gurgle, and the fishes splash, while I knelt down to range my columns. All, as I now saw, were troopers. She boasted that she had the Queen of the Amazons for leader of her female host. I, on the contrary, found Achilles and a stately Grecian cavalry. The armies stood facing each other, and nothing could have been more beautiful. They were not mere flat leaden horsemen like ours, but man and horse, round and solid, and most finely wrought; nor could one conceive how they kept their equipoise, for they stood of themselves, without a support for their feet.

Both of us had inspected our hosts with much self-complacency, when she announced the onset. We had found ordnance in our chests, viz., little shafts full of well-polished agate balls. With these we were to fight against each other from a certain distance, while, however, it was an express condition that we should not throw with more force than was necessary to upset the figures, as none of them were to be injured. Now the cannonade began on both sides, and at first it succeeded to our heart's content. But when my enemy observed that I aimed with more effect than herself, and was likely in the end to win the victory, which depended on the majority of pieces remaining upright, she came nearer, and her girlish way of throwing had the desired result. She prostrated many of my best troops, and the more I protested the more eager she became. This at last vexed me, and I declared that I would follow her example. In fact, I not only went nearer, but threw with the violence of rage, so that it was not long before a pair of her little centauresses flew in pieces. In her earnestness she did not instantly notice it, but I stood petrified when the broken figures joined together again of themselves, even her Amazon and horse again becoming perfectly alive and whole; nay, set up a gallop from the golden bridge under the lime trees, and running swiftly backwards and forwards, were lost in their career, I know not how, in the direction of the wall. My fair opponent had hardly perceived this, when she broke out into loud sobs, and exclaimed that I had caused her an irreparable loss, which was far greater than could be described. But I, by this time provoked, was glad to annoy her, and blindly flung a couple of the

remaining agate balls with great force into the midst of her army. Unhappily I hit the queen, who had hitherto, according to the rules of the game, been exempt from attack. She broke in pieces, and her nearest officers were also shivered. But they swiftly set themselves up again, and started off like the others, galloping very merrily about under the lime-trees, and disappearing against the wall. My opponent scolded, and called me names; but once in the way of it, I never stopped except to pick up some agate balls which rolled about upon the golden lances. It was my grim purpose to destroy her whole army. She, not idle on the other hand, sprang at me, and gave me a box on the ear which made my head ring again. Having always heard that a thumping kiss was the proper response to a girl's box of the ear, I took her by the ears, and kissed her repeatedly. But she gave such a piercing cry as frightened even me; I let her go, and it was fortunate that I did so; for in a moment I knew not where I was. The ground beneath me began to quake and rattle; I remarked that the railings moved again; but I had no time to consider, nor could I find foothold to fly. I feared every instant being impaled, for the partisans and lances, which had lifted themselves up, were already slitting my clothes; I know not how it was, hearing and sight failed me, and I recovered from my swoon and terror at the foot of a lime-tree, against which the pikes in springing up had thrown me. My anger returned with my senses, and violently increased when I caught from the other side, the gibes and laughter of my opponent, who had reached the earth somewhat more nimbly than I. Thereupon I sprang up, and as I saw the little host, with its leader Achilles, scattered around me, having been driven over with me by the rising of the rails, I seized the hero first and threw him against a tree. His resuscitation and flight now pleased me doubly, a malicious pleasure combining with the prettiest sight in the world; and I was on the point of sending all the other Greeks after him, when suddenly the waters spurted at me on all sides, from stones and walls, from ground and branches; and wherever I turned spit forth crossing streams.

My light garment was in a little time wet through; it was already rent, and I did not hesitate to tear it entirely off my body. I cast away my slippers, and one rag after another, until at last

I found it very agreeable to take this sort of shower-bath on such a sultry day. And now, being quite naked, I walked gravely along between these welcome waters, where I designed to enjoy myself for some time. My anger cooled, and I wished for nothing so much as a reconciliation with my little enemy. But, in a wink the water stopped, and I stood drenched upon the saturated ground. The presence of the old man, who appeared before me unawares, was by no means agreeable ; I wished, if not to hide, at least to clothe myself. The shame, the shivering, the effort to cover myself partially, made me cut a most piteous figure. The old man took occasion to vent the severest reproaches against me. "What prevents me," he exclaimed, "from taking one of the green cords, and measuring it, if not by your neck, on your back?" This threat I took in ill-part. "Refrain," I cried, "from such words, even from such thoughts, for otherwise you and your mistresses will be lost." "Who then are you," he asked proudly, "that dares speak thus?" "A favourite of the gods," I said, "on whom it depends whether those women find worthy husbands, or be left to pine and wither in their magic cell." The old man stepped some paces back. "Who has revealed that to you?" he inquired, with astonishment and concern. "Three apples," I said—"three jewels." "And what reward do you require?" he exclaimed. "Before all things, the little creature," I replied, "who led me into this accursed region." The old man sank down before me, without shrinking from the wet and miry soil ; then he arose unwet, took me kindly by the hand, led me into the hall, clad me quickly, and enabled me to see myself once more decked and frizzled in my Sunday fashion. The porter did not speak another word ; but before he let me pass the entrance, he stopped me, and showed me some objects on the wall over the way, while, at the same time, he pointed backwards to the door. I understood him ; for he wished to imprint the objects on my mind, that I might the more certainly find the door, which had unexpectedly closed behind me. I now took good notice of what was opposite. Above a high wall rose the boughs of primeval nut-trees, and partly covered the cornice at the top. The branches reached down to a stone tablet, whose ornamented border I could perfectly recognise, though I could not read the inscrip-

tion. It rested on the corbel of a niche, in which a finely-wrought fountain poured water from cup to cup into a great basin, that formed, as it were, a little pond, and disappeared in the earth. Fountain, inscription, nut-trees, all stood directly one above another ; I could paint it as I then saw it.

Now, it may well be conceived how I passed this evening and many following days, and how often I repeated to myself this story, which I could hardly believe. As soon as possible, I went again to the Haunted Wall, to refresh my remembrance of these signs, and look at the precious door. But, to my great amazement, I found it all changed. Nut-trees, indeed, overtopped the wall, but they did not stand immediately in contact. A tablet also was inserted in the wall, but far to the right of the trees, without ornament, and with a legible inscription. A niche with a fountain was found far to the left, but with no resemblance whatever to that which I had seen ; so that I almost believed the second adventure was, like the first, a dream ; for of the door, particularly, there is no trace. The only thing that encourages me is my observation, that these three objects seem always to change their places. For in frequent visits to the place, I think I have noticed that the nut-trees have drawn a little nearer, and that the tablet and the fountain seem likewise to approach. Probable when all is brought together again, the door, too, will once more be visible ; and I shall do my best to take up the thread of the old adventure. Whether I shall be able to tell you what further turns up, or whether it will be expressly forbidden me, I cannot say."

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This legend, of the truth of which my playfellows vehemently strove to convince themselves, received great applause. Each of them visited the place described, without confiding it to me or any of the others, and discovered the nut-trees, the tablet, and the spring, though ever at a distance from each other ; all which they confessed to me afterwards, as it is not easy to conceal anything in our early years. But here a contest arose. One asserted that these objects did not budge from the spot and always maintained the same distance : a second averred that they did move, and that too away from each other : a third agreed

with the latter as to the fact of their moving, though he held for his own part that the nut-tree, tablet and fountain approached: while a fourth had something still more wonderful to announce, which was, that the nut-trees were in the middle, but that the other things were directly on opposite sides from what I had given out. In respect to the traces of the little door they also widely varied. And thus they furnished me an early instance of the contradictory views men can hold and maintain in regard to matters the most simple and easily authenticated. As I obstinately refrained from any continuation of my tale, a repetition of the first part was often demanded. I was on my guard, however, not to change the incidents materially, and thus the uniformity of the narrative converted fiction into truth in the minds of my hearers.

Yet I was averse to falsehood and dissimulation, and least of all things, of a frivolous turn of mind. On the contrary, the deep inward earnestness with which I had early begun to consider my own Being and the Universe, was seen in my outward look, and I was frequently called to account, sometimes in a friendly way, but more often in raillery, for a certain dignity which I had assumed. For, although good and choice friends were not wanting to me, we were always a minority against those who took pleasure in assailing us with a wanton rudeness, and who indeed often awoke us in no gentle fashion from that legendary and self-complacent dreaming in which we—I by inventing and my companions by sympathising,—were too readily absorbed. Thus we learned once more, that instead of sinking into effeminacy and the delights of phantasy, there was reason rather for hardening ourselves, in order either to bear or to counteract inevitable evils.

Among the stoical practices which I cultivated, as earnestly as it was possible for a lad, was the endurance of bodily pain. Our teachers often treated us with equal harshness and want of skill, by blows and cuffs, against which we hardened ourselves all the more as resistance and opposition were menaced with the severest penalties. A great many of the sports of youth moreover excite a sort of rivalry in the power to endure; as, for instance, when they strike each other alternately, with two fingers or the whole fist, till the limbs are even stunned, or when in certain plays they

incur the punishment of flogging, which they take with more or less firmness, or when in wrestling or boxing, they quietly bear the stratagems of a half-conquered opponent, or finally when they suppress the smart of some keen jest, and even treat with indifference the pinches and ticklings in which young persons like to indulge, &c. &c. These things are accompanied by certain advantages, of which we cannot easily be deprived.

But as I made a sort of boast of this impassiveness, the importunity of others was redoubled ; and, since rude barbarity knows no limits, they managed to force me beyond all bounds. Let one case suffice for several. It happened once that the teacher did not come at the usual hour for instruction ; and while we were all altogether we entertained ourselves quite agreeably ; but as my adherents, after waiting long enough went away, and I remained alone with three of my enemies, these set about tormenting and shaming me, in the hope of driving me off. Having left me an instant in the room, they came back speedily with switches which they had made from the cuttings of a broom. I noted their design, but as I supposed the end of the hour near, I hastily resolved not to resist them till the clock should strike. They began therefore, without remorse, to lash my legs and calves in a terrible fashion. I scarcely stirred, though it occurred to me that I had miscalculated, and that the infliction of such pain lengthened out every minute. My wrath grew with my patience, and at the first stroke of the bell, I grasped one fellow who little expected it, by the hair, hurled him to the earth in an instant, and pressed my knees upon his back ; the second, who was younger and weaker, fell upon me from behind, but I caught his head under my arm and quite throttled him by drawing it tight ; while there was one still remaining, by no means the weakest, and my left hand only was at liberty. Him I seized by the clothes, and with the help of a sudden jerk on my part, and a precipitancy on his, brought him down and struck his face on the ground. There was no want of biting, pinching and kicking, but there was revenge in my muscles as well as in my heart. In the advantage which I had acquired, I repeatedly knocked their heads together, till at last they raised a dreadful shout of murder, which soon surrounded us with half the neighbourhood. But the switches



scattered around, and my legs which I had bared of their stockings, told my part of the story. They put an end to the battle, and sent me home, but I announced that in future I would tear out the eyes, slit the ears, or even throttle the best of these chaps who should give me the slightest provocation.

This event, though, as it usually happens in childish affairs, soon forgotten and even laughed over, was one reason why these instructions in common became gradually fewer, and at last ceased. I was thus again, as formerly, kept more at home, where I found in my sister Cornelia, one year younger than myself, a companion always growing more agreeable.

Still, I will not leave this topic without narrating one or more stories of the many vexations caused by my playfellows. A lesson is to be got out of such communications, inasmuch as you learn how it has gone with others, and what you have to expect from life. You may infer from them, also, that whatever comes to pass, happens to you as a man, and not as a particularly well or ill treated individual. If the knowledge is of little use in enabling us to avoid evils, it is serviceable so far as it qualifies us to understand our condition, and bear or overcome its vicissitudes.

Another general remark will not be out of place here, which is, that the children of more cultivated families, as they advance in life, meet a gross contradiction. I refer to the fact, that they are urged and trained, both by parents and teachers, to deport themselves circumspectly, intelligently, and wisely, never to give pain to any one from wantonness or petulance, and to suppress all the evil impulses that suggest themselves; while the gay creatures, all the time they are engaged in this discipline, suffer from others the very treatment for which they are themselves reprimanded and punished. In this way, the poor things are mercilessly oppressed between nature and civilization, and after retraining themselves for a while, break out according to their characters into cunning or violence.

Force may be put down by force; but a well-disposed child, inclined to love and sympathy, hardly knows how to oppose envy and malice. Though I managed, pretty well to suppress the active assaults of my companions, I was not equal to them in sarcasm and abuse; and he who rests satisfied in merely defending him-

self in such things, is always a loser. Attacks of the latter sort, consequently, when they went so far as to excite anger, were repelled with physical force, or at least aroused determinations which could not be without future results. Among other advantages, which my ill-willers grudged me, was the pleasure I took in the relations that grew out of my grandfather's official position, which, as the highest in the city, conferred some importance on his family. Once, when I appeared to pride myself on the distinction, seeing my grandfather one step higher than the rest of the senators, throned, as it were, directly under the portrait of the Emperor, one of the boys said to me in derision, that like the peacock contemplating his feet, I should rather cast my eyes back to my paternal grandfather, who had been keeper of the Willow inn, and never aspired to thrones and coronets. I replied that I was in no wise ashamed of that, as it was the glory of our country that all its citizens were equals, and might direct their activities to their own service or honour, according to their own notions. I was indeed sorry only that the good man was long since dead; for I had often yearned to know him in person, had many times gazed upon his likeness, and visited his tomb to derive a melancholy pleasure from the simple memorial of that past existence to which I was indebted for my own. Another opponent, who was the most malicious of all of them, took the first aside, and whispered something in his ear, when they both turned upon me with a look of scorn. My gall began to rise, and I demanded that they should speak out. "What is more, then, if you will have it," continued the first, "you might look a long while before you could find your grandfather!" I now threatened them more vehemently if they did not clearly explain what they meant. Thereupon they alleged an old story, which they pretended to have heard from their parents, that my father was the son of some eminent man, while the simple citizen who wore the honours of paternity had only an apparent right to them. They had shamelessness enough to produce all sorts of arguments on this head; as, for example, that our possessions descended exclusively from our grandmother, and that my remaining collateral relations, who lived in Friedburg and other places, were all alike destitute of property. Their arguments, however, pos-

seemed no force, except what they derived from their impotent malice. But I listened to all much more composedly than they had anticipated, for they stood ready to fly the very moment that I should make a gesture towards their hair. My reply was quite at my ease, and in substance, "that what they charged was no great injury to me. Life was so exquisite a blessing in itself, that a man might properly be indifferent as to who he had to thank for it, since God was after all the author of it, before whom all were equals." As they could make nothing out of it, they let the matter drop for this time; we went on playing together as before, which among children is an approved mode of reconciling all difficulties.

Still this spiteful word inoculated me with a sort of moral disease, which kept lurking in my system. It would not have displeased me to have been the grandson of any person of consideration, even if it had been brought about in a way not altogether the most legitimate. My acuteness followed up the scent—the fancy was excited, and sagacity put in requisition. I began to investigate the allegation, and invented or found for it new grounds of probability. Little had been made known to me of my grandfather, except that his likeness, together with my grandmother's, hung in a parlour of the old house; both of which, after the building of the new, had been kept in an upper chamber. My grandmother must have been a very handsome woman, and about the same age as her husband. I remember, also, to have seen in their rooms the miniature of some fine-looking gentleman in uniform, with stars and orders, which, after their death, and during the confusion of house-building, disappeared with many other pieces of furniture. These, and many other things, were put together in my childish brain; and I was thus, at an early age, exercised in that fictive talent which in modern times contrives to fasten the sympathies of the whole cultivated world by means of strange combinations of the more important events of human life.

But as I could trust no one in such an affair, and dared to ask only the most remote questions in regard to it, there was need of greater secret diligence, in order to get somewhat nearer to the truth. I had heard it maintained, in so many words, that sons often bore a distinct resemblance to their fathers or grandfathers.

Many of our friends, Councillor Schneider in particular, transacted business for the princes and gentry of the neighbourhood, of whom, taking the younger sons as well as heirs into the account, not a few had estates on the Rhine and Maine, and in the intermediate country. These, at times honoured their faithful commercial agents with presents of their portraits, which, though I had been accustomed to see them on the walls from my infancy, now attracted a double share of my attention, in the hope that I might detect some resemblance to my father or to myself: as too often happened to lead me to any degree of certainty; for sometimes it was the eyes of this, and then the nose of that, which seemed to indicate the relationship. Thus I was led about by these marks from one deception to another; and though in the end I was compelled to regard this reproach as the merest fiction in the world, it was not without its effect, and I could not, from time to time, refrain from quietly scrutinizing and testing all the noblemen whose images remained clearly impressed on my fancy. So true is it that a man estimates whatever confirms him in his self-conceit, or flatters his secret vanity, the more highly on that very account, whether in other respects it makes for his honour or his disgrace.

But instead of mingling these serious and reproachful reflections, I rather turn my look away from that beautiful season of youth; for who is able to speak of the fulness of childhood as it should be spoken of! We can only behold the little creatures, as they flit about before us, with delight and admiration; for the greater part promise more than they keep, and it seems that nature, among the other naughty tricks that she plays us, designs to trifle with us also in this respect. The first organs she bestows upon children coming into the world are adapted to the next immediate condition of the creature, which, unassuming and artless, makes use of them in the readiest way for the attainment of its present purposes. The child, considered in and for itself,—and in respect to its equals and the relations suited to its powers, seems so exceedingly intelligent and rational, and at the same time so easy, serene, and versatile, that one can hardly wish it further cultivation. If children grew up according to their early indications of talent, we should possess an abundance of geniuses; but

growth is not simple development ; the various organic systems which constitute the whole man, spring from one another, are consequent upon one another, change into each other, dispossess one another, and even waste one another, so that after a time scarcely a trace is to be found of many aptitudes and manifestations of ability. Even when the natural powers have a decided direction, it would be hard for the most experienced master to declare beforehand what it was, although afterwards it is easy to discern what indicated future success.

By no means, therefore, is it my design to comprise the whole history of my childhood in the first few books ; but I will rather resume and continue many a thread which has run through these early years unnoticed. Here, however, I must not pass over the gradually increasing influence which the incidents of the war exercised over our sentiments and course of life.

The peaceful citizen stands in a singular relation to the great events of the world. They excite and disquiet him even from a distance, and while they do not yet touch him, he can scarcely refrain from an opinion and sympathy. Very soon he takes a side, as his character or external circumstances may determine. But when these grand fatalities, these important revolutions draw nearer to him, many outward inconveniences are superadded to his inward discomfort, and multiply and heighten the evil by destroying what little good was still possible. For he actually suffers from friends as well as foes, often more from those than from these, and he knows neither how to secure his interests nor to preserve his inclinations.

The year 1757, though passed in perfect political tranquillity, brought us, nevertheless, considerable uneasiness of mind. Perhaps no year of my life was more fruitful of events than this. Conquests, achievements, misfortunes, and restorations, followed in such quick succession, that they seemed to produce and devour each other ; yet the image of Frederick, his name and glory, hovered unhurt above all vicissitudes. The enthusiasm of his worshippers grew stronger and warmer every day, the hatred of his enemies daily more bitter, and this division of opinion, which even separated families, contributed not a little to isolate citizens, already too widely sundered on other grounds. For in a city

like Frankfort, where three religions divide the inhabitants into three unequal masses, and only a few even of the most influential men can attain to political power, there must be many wealthy and educated persons, who are thrown back upon themselves, and, by means of study and a taste for the arts, train themselves to an individual and exclusive existence. It will be necessary for us to speak of such men, now and hereafter, if we wish to bring before our eyes the peculiarities of a Frankfort citizen of that era.

My father, after his return from his travels, took a notion in his own way, that to prepare himself for the service of the city, he should accept some subordinate office. He would have discharged its duties independent of all emolument, provided they would confer it upon him without balloting. In the consciousness of his good intentions, and according to the conception which he had of himself, he believed that he deserved such a distinction, though not in every respect conformable to law or custom. Consequently, when his suit was rejected, he took it in high dudgeon and disgust, vowed that he would never accept of any place, and in order to render his resolution irrevocable, procured the title of imperial councillor, which the Schultheiss and elder senators bore as a mark of honour. Making himself by this means an equal of the highest, it was impossible for him to begin again at the bottom. The same impulse induced him also to woo the eldest daughter of the Schultheiss, so that he was excluded from the council for another reason. He was of that number of recluses then, who never form themselves into a society. They are as much isolated in respect to each other as they are in regard to the rest of mankind, and become more so all the while, as such seclusion renders their individualities more and more repulsive. My father, in his travels and commerce with the world at large, had acquired some conceptions of a more elegant and liberal mode of life than was, perhaps, common among his fellow-citizens; yet in this respect he was not entirely without predecessors and associates.

The name of UFFENBACK is well known. At that time there was a Schöff von Uffenback, who was generally respected. He had been in Italy, had applied himself particularly to music, sang

an agreeable tenor, and having brought home a fine collection of pieces, was in the habit of having concerts and oratorios at his house. But as he took part in these himself, and held musicians in great favour, such a course was not supposed to be suitable to his dignity, and his invited guests, no less than the other people of the country, indulged in sly jokes at his expense.

Besides, I remember a BARON VON HAKEL, a rich nobleman, who was married but childless, and occupied a charming house in Antonius street, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a dignified position in life. He possessed pictures, engravings, antiques, and other things which are gathered by collectors and lovers of art. Occasionally he asked the more noted personages to dinner, and was beneficent in a peculiar but judicious way, taking the poor to his own house to be clothed, while he retained their old rags, and promised them a weekly charity, on condition that they should present themselves every time neat and tidy in the proffered dress. I can recall him but indistinctly, as a genial, well-cultivated man; yet his auction, which I attended from beginning to end, is more clear in my remembrance, because partly by command of my father, and partly for reasons of my own, I purchased many things that are still to be found in my collections.

At an earlier date than this—so early that I scarcely set eyes upon him—JOHN MICHAEL VON LOEN had considerable repute in the literary world, as well as at Frankfort. Not a native of Frankfort, he had settled there, and married a sister of my grandmother Textor, whose maiden name was Lindheimer. Familiar with the political and fashionable world, and rejoicing in a renewed title of nobility, he had acquired reputation by having spirit enough to turn the various excitements which arose in church and state to account. He wrote the "*Count of Rivera*," a didactic romance, the object of which is made apparent by the second title; "or, the Honest Man at Court." This work was well received, because it insisted on morality in the affairs of courts, where Prudence is for the most part the only virtue; thus his work produced him both applause and respect. A second attempt, for that very reason, would be accompanied by more danger. He wrote "*The Only True Religion*," a book designed to

advance tolerance, especially between the Lutherans and Calvinists. But here he ran foul of the theologians—one Dr. Benner of Giessen in particular, who wrote a reply. Von Leon rejoined; the contest grew violent and personal, and the disagreeableness of it was one reason that induced him to accept a Presidency at Lingen, which Frederick II. offered him, supposing that he was an enlightened, unprejudiced man, and not averse to the new views that more extensively obtained in France. His former countrymen, whom he left in some displeasure, averred that he would not be contented there, and could not be, as a place like Lingen was not to be compared with Frankfort. My father also doubted whether the President would be satisfied, and asserted that the good uncle would have done better not to connect himself with the king, as it was exceedingly hazardous to get too near him, extraordinary leader as he was in many respects; for it was known how outrageously the famous Voltaire had been arrested in Frankfort, under a requisition of the Prussian Resident Freitag, though he had formerly stood high in the favour of the king, and been regarded as his teacher in French poetry. There was no want, on such occasions, of wise saws and modern instances, to warn one against courts and princes' service, of which a native Frankforter had scarcely the most distant notion.

An excellent man, Dr. ORTH, also occurs to me, whose name I mention, not because I purpose to erect a monument to all worthy citizens of Frankfort, but merely to refer to them so far forth as their renown or personal characters had an influence upon my early years. Dr. Orth was a wealthy man, but was of that number who never took part in the government, although perfectly qualified to do so by knowledge and insight. The antiquities of Germany, but more especially of Frankfort, were indebted to him: and he published "*Comments on the so-called Reformation of Frankfort*," a work in which all the statutes of the state were collated. The historical portions of this book I had most diligently read when quite a child.

VON OCHSENSTEIN, the eldest of the three brothers whom I have mentioned above as among our neighbours, was not in consequence of his recluse habits remarkable during his lifetime, but became the more remarkable after his death, by means of an in-



junction which he left behind him, that common craftsmen should carry him to his grave, early in the morning, in perfect silence, and without an attendant or follower. This was done, and the affair excited great attention in the city, where they were accustomed to the most pompous funeral solemnities. All who discharged the customary offices on such occasions, rose against the innovation. But the stout patrician found imitators in all classes, and though such ceremonies were derisively called ox-burials,\* they came into fashion, to the advantage of many of the more poorly-provided families, while funeral parades were less and less in vogue. I bring forward this circumstance, inasmuch as it presents one of the earlier symptoms of that tendency to humility and equalization, which in the second half of the last century was manifested in so many ways, by the higher classes and resulted in such unlooked-for effects.

Nor was there any lack of antiquarian amateurs. We had cabinets of pictures, and collections of engravings, while the ancient curiosities, of our own country especially, were laboriously hunted up and hoarded. The older constitutions and mandates of the imperial city, of which no digest had been prepared, were carefully searched for in print and manuscript, arranged in the order of time, and guarded as a treasure of patriotic laws and customs. The portraits of Frankforters, which existed in great number, were brought together, and formed a special department of the cabinet.

Such men my father appears to have adopted as his models. He was wanting in none of the qualities that pertain to an upright and respectable citizen. Thus, after his house was built, he put his property of every sort into order. An excellent collection of maps by Schenck and others at that time eminent geographical authorities, the aforesaid Constitutions and Mandates, those portraits, a chest of ancient weapons, a case of remarkable Venetian glasses, cups and beakers, natural curiosities, ivory-works, bronzes, and a hundred other things, were separated and displayed, and I seldom failed, when an auction occurred, getting some commission for the increase of his possessions in that sort.

\* A pun upon the name of Ochsenstein.—Tr.

Yet I must speak of one important family, of which I had heard strange things since my earliest years, and of some of whose members I myself lived to see a great deal that was singular—I mean the SENCKENBERGS. The father, of whom I have little to say, was a man well-to-do in the world. He had three sons, who from their youth had always been noted for their eccentricities. Such things are not well received in a little shrunk-up city where no one is suffered to render himself conspicuous, either for good or evil. Nicknames and odd stories, long kept in memory, are generally the fruit of such singularity. The father lived at the corner of Hare Street (*Hassengasse*), which took its name from a sign on the house that represented one hare at least, if not three hares. They consequently called the three brothers the three Hares, which mock-name they could not shake off for a long while. But as great endowments often announce themselves in youth in the form of singularity and awkwardness, it was so in this case. The eldest of the brothers was afterwards the celebrated Councillor von Seckenberg. The second was appointed to the Magistracy, and displayed eminent abilities, which he subsequently abused in a miserable pettifoggery and even infamous spirit, if not to the scandal of his native city, certainly to the detriment of his colleagues. The third, a physician and man of great integrity, though he practised little and that only in the most respectable families, preserved even in his old age a somewhat whimsical expression. He was always tidily dressed, and never showed himself in the street, except in shoes and high stockings, with a well-powdered periwig, and his hat under his arm. He walked rapidly, but with a singular sort of totter, so that he was sometimes on one, and sometimes on the other side of the way, making a complete zigzag as he went. The small wits said that he made this anomalous step to get out of the way of departed souls, who might have followed him in a straight line, thus imitating those who are afraid of a crocodile. But all these jests and merry sayings were transformed at last into genuine respect for him, when he gave up his pleasant dwelling-house, on Eschenheimer street, with its courts, gardens, and all other belongings, for a medical establishment, where, in addition to a hospital designed almost exclusively for the citizens of Frankfort, a botanic

garden, an anatomical museum, a chemical laboratory, a respectable library, and a house for the governor, were instituted on a plan of which no university need have been ashamed.

Another eminent man, whose local efficiency and whose writings, rather than his presence, had an important influence upon me, was CHARLES FREDERICK VON MOSER. He was perpetually referred to in our neighbourhood for his activity in business. His character was fundamentally moral, but as the infirmities of human nature frequently gave him trouble, it inclined him to what is called piety. What Von Loen had tried to do in respect to court life, he would have done for business-life.—He would have introduced into it a more conscientious mode of proceeding. The great number of small principalities in Germany gave rise to a multitude of Princes and ministers, the former of whom desired implicit obedience, and the latter, for the most part, would work or serve only in pursuance of their own convictions. This produced endless conflicts, and rapid overturnings and explosions, inasmuch as the effects of these unrestricted matters became much sooner noticeable and injurious on a small scale than on a large one. Many families were in debt, and imperial Commissioners of Debts were appointed : others were more or less expeditiously following in the same train ; while the officers either reaped an unconscionable profit, or made themselves most conscientiously disagreeable and repulsive. Moser wished to act as statesman and man of business, for which he was strikingly qualified by his hereditary and practical talents ; but he at the same time wished to conduct himself as a man and a citizen, and surrender as little as possible of his moral worth. His "*Prince and Servant*," his "*Daniel in the Lion's Den*," his "*Holy Relics*," paint throughout his own condition in which he felt himself cramped, if not tortured. They indicate generally his impatience of a state of things to the bearings of which he could not reconcile himself, yet from which he could not get free. This mode of thinking and feeling, in fact, compelled him many times to seek other services, which, on account of his great cleverness, were never wanting. I remember him as a pleasing, versatile, and gentle man.

The name of KLOPSTOCK produced a great effect upon us, even at a distance. In the outset, people wondered why so excellent a

man should be so strangely named ; but they soon got accustomed to this, and thought no more of the meaning of the syllables. In my father's library I had found heretofore only the earlier poets, especially those who had appeared during his day and gradually acquired fame. These had all written in rhyme, and my father held rhyme as indispensable in poetical works. Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger, Gellert, Creuz, Haller, stood in a row, in the most elegant French bindings ; to which were added Neukirck's *Telemachus*, Koppen's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and other translations. I had read the whole of these works through as a child, and committed portions to memory, which I was often called upon to recite for the entertainment of company. A vexatious era on the other hand opened upon my father, when Klopstock's "*Messiah*" became an object of admiration, and brought a sort of verse into fashion which seemed to him no verse.\* He had been upon his guard against buying this book, though a friend of the family, Councillor Schneider, smuggled it into the hands of my mother and her children.

On this man of business who read but little, the *Messiah* as soon as it appeared, made a profound impression. Its natural utterance and beautiful exaltation of pious feeling, its agreeable language estimated merely as a kind of measured prose, had so won upon the dry man of details, that he regarded the first ten cantos, of which alone we are speaking, as a rare Book of Devotion, and read them through once annually during Passion week, when he relaxed from all business, and refreshed himself for all the rest of the year. In the beginning he thought that he would share his emotions with his old friend ; but he was perfectly shocked when he was forced to perceive an incurable dislike cherished against a book of so valuable substance, merely because of what appeared to him an indifferent external form. It may readily be supposed that their conversation often reverted to this topic ; but both parties diverged more and more widely from each other, there were some violent scenes, and the more yielding of the two was at last pleased to be silent on his favourite author, that he might not lose at the same time a friend of his youth, and a good Sunday supper.

\* It is written in Hexameter blank verse.—Tr.

It is a natural wish of every man to make proselytes, and how much was our friend rewarded in secret when he detected in the rest of the family such declared admirers of his saint. The copy which he used only one week during the year, was vouchsafed to us all the remaining time. The mother kept it secret, but we children pored over it when we could, and in leisure hours snugly hid in some nook, learned the most delightful passages by heart, and very speedily impressed the tender as well as the violent parts on our memory.

Porcia's dream we recited in a sort of rivalry, but divided the parts of the wild dialogue of despair between Satan and Adrimeleck where they have been cast into the Red Sea. The first rôle, being the most boisterous, was assigned to me, and the second, as more pathetic, my sister undertook. The alternate and horrible but well-sounding curses were ever on our lips, and we seized every opportunity to accost each other with these infernal phrases.

One Saturday evening in winter—my father always had himself shaved over night that he might dress himself for church the next day at his ease—we sat on a footstool behind the stove, and muttered our customary imprecations in a low voice, while the barber was putting on the lather. It was where Adrimeleck has to lay his iron hands on Satan, my sister seized me with violence, and declaimed, gently enough at first, but with increasing passion :

“Help me, thee I beseech, nay implore, if this thou requirest,  
Monster abandoned, of thee! oh thou blackest of criminals!  
Help me, I suffer the pain of death's eternal avenging.  
Once could I hate thee with fierce inappeasable hatred,  
But now I may not hate, and that is my heart-piercing anguish.”

Thus far all went on tolerably ; but when she shrieked in a loud and dreadful voice the following words,

“Oh! how am I tortured!”

the good surgeon was startled, and poured the lather basin into my father's bosom. There was an instant uproar, and a severe investigation into the cause of the accident, more especially when

it was considered what mischief might have been done if the shaving had been actually going forward. In order to relieve ourselves of all suspicions of wantonness in the affair, we confessed our Satanic characters, when the disastrous nature of hexameters became so apparent that they were again condemned and banished.

Thus children and common people are accustomed to transform the great and exalted into a sport, and even a jest ; and how indeed could they otherwise abide and tolerate it ?



### BOOK THIRD.





## THIRD BOOK.

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At that time the general habit of going about to interchange mutual good wishes made the city very lively on New Year's day. Those who would not otherwise have left home, donned their best clothes, that they might be friendly and courteous for a moment to their friends and patrons. The festivities at my grandfather's house on this day were pleasures long looked forward to, particularly by us children. At early dawn all the grandchildren had already assembled there to hear the drums, oboes, clarionets, trumpets and cornets played upon by the military and city musicians. The New-Year's gifts, sealed and superscribed, were divided by us children among the humbler congratulators, and, as the day advanced, the number of those of higher rank increased. Our relations and confidential friends appeared first, then the subordinate officers; and even the gentlemen of the council did not fail to pay their respects to the Schultheiss, while a select assembly were entertained that evening in rooms which were else scarcely opened once a year. The tarts, biscuits, marchpanes, and sweet wine had the greatest charm for us children, and, besides, the Schultheiss and the two Burgomasters annually received a certain amount of silver from some institution, which was then bestowed upon the grandchildren and godchildren in regular succession. In fine, this small festival was not wanting in any of those things which usually glorify larger ones.

The New-Year's day of 1759 approached, as desirable and attractive to us children as any preceding one, but full of import and foreboding to older persons. To the passage of the French troops people certainly had become accustomed, for they appeared often enough, and in sufficient force, but their numbers were greatly augmented in the last days of the past year.

According to the old usage of a free-town, the warder of the city tower gave a blast whenever troops approached, and on this New-Year's day he blew incessantly, which was a sign that large bodies were in motion on many sides; they actually passed through the city in greater numbers on that day, and the people ran to see them march by. We had been used to having them go through in smaller parties, but they gradually swelled in size, and none had the power nor the inclination to stop them. In short, on the 2nd of January, after a column had come through Sachsenhausen over the bridge and through the Fahrgasse, as far as the Police Guard House—they halted, overpowered the small company of guards who were escorting them, took possession of the Guard House, marched down the Zeile, and after a slight resistance, the main guard were also obliged to yield. In a moment the peaceful streets were turned into a scene of war. The troops remained and bivouacked there until their lodgings were provided by regular billeting.

This unexpected, and, for many years, unheard-of burden weighed heavily upon our comfortable citizens, and none felt it a greater hardship than my father, who was obliged to take foreign military into his scarcely finished house, to open to them his well-furnished reception rooms, which were generally closed, and abandon to the caprices of strangers all that he had arranged and kept so carefully. Siding as he did with the Prussians, he yet found himself besieged in his own chambers by the French—it was, in his opinion, the greatest misfortune that could happen to him. Had it been possible for him to have taken the matter more easily, he might have saved himself and us many sad hours, for he spoke French well, and could deport himself with dignity and grace in the daily intercourse of life. The King's Lieutenant was quartered on us, who, although a military person, still had to settle civil differences, quarrels between the soldiers and the citizens, and all questions of debt and traffic. This man was the Count Thorane, a native of Grasse in Provence, not far from Antibes; a tall, thin, stern figure, with a face badly marked by the small pox, black fiery eyes, and a dignified, reserved demeanour. On entering the house he made a favourable impression at once upon its inmates, for in mentioning the different

apartments, some of which were to be given up, and others retained by the family, a picture room was spoken of, and the Count immediately requested permission, notwithstanding it was dark, to make the pictures a hasty visit by candlelight. He took very great pleasure in such things, highly complimented my father, who accompanied him, and when he heard that the greater part of the artists by whom they had been painted yet lived in Frankfort and its neighbourhood, he assured us that he should be delighted to know and to employ them.

But even this sympathy in respect to art could not change my father's feelings nor bend his character. He permitted what he could not prevent, and so kept at a distance in inactivity for the uncommon state of things around him was intolerable to him, even in the veriest trifle.

Count Thorane behaved himself meanwhile in a most exemplary manner. He would not even allow his maps to be nailed upon the walls, that he might not injure the new hangings. His people were active, quiet, and orderly ; but, in truth, as he was never at rest during the whole day and a part of the night, one complainant quickly following another, as arrested persons were brought in and led out, as all the officers and adjutants were admitted to his presence, and as moreover the Count kept an open table every day, it made in a moderately sized house, arranged for a single family, and with but one open staircase running from top to bottom, a perpetual bustle and buzzing like that in a beehive ; but every thing was managed with moderation, gravity, and severity. Fortunately, there was a good-natured interpreter who served as mediator between the irritable master of the house, who became daily a more hypochondriac self-tormentor, and his friendly, but stern and precise military guest. He was a handsome, corpulent, lively man, a citizen of Frankfort, and could speak French well, knew how to adapt himself to everything, and turned many little annoyances into fun. My mother sent a representation to the Count through this man, of the situation in which she was placed, owing to her husband's state of mind. He explained the matter so skilfully—a new and scarcely furnished house, the natural reserve of its owner occupied in the education of his family—and all that could be said to the same effect, that the Count, who, on his side, took

the greatest pride in the utmost justice, integrity, and honourable conduct, resolved to behave in an exemplary manner to those upon whom he was quartered, and, in fact, he never swerved under any circumstances during the several years he stayed with us.

My mother possessed some knowledge of Italian, a language not altogether unknown to any of our family ; she therefore resolved to learn French immediately, employing for this purpose the interpreter, for whose child she had lately stood godmother during these stormy times, and who now felt a redoubled interest in our house from this connexion. Every spare moment he devoted to his child's godmother—for he lived directly opposite—and above all, he taught her those phrases which she would be obliged to use in her personal intercourse with the Count ; and they succeeded admirably. The Count was flattered by the pains taken by the mistress of the house at her years, and as there was a cheerful, witty vein in his character, and he liked to exhibit a certain dry gallantry, a most friendly relation arose between them, and the allied god-parents could obtain whatever they wanted from him.

As I said before, if it had been possible to cheer up my father, this altered state of things would not have been disagreeable to us. The Count was strictly disinterested ; he even declined receiving gifts which pertained to his situation ; the most trifling thing which bore the appearance of bribery, he rejected angrily, and sometimes punished. His people were strictly forbidden to put the proprietor of the house to the least expense. We children, on the contrary, were bountifully supplied from their dessert. To give an idea of the simplicity of those times, I must take this opportunity to mention that my mother grieved us much one day by throwing away some ices which had been sent us from table, because she would not believe it possible for the stomach to bear real ice, even if it had been thoroughly sweetened.

Besides these dainties, which we gradually learned to enjoy and to digest with perfect ease, it was very agreeable for us children to be in some measure released from fixed hours of study and strict discipline. My father's ill-humour increased, he could not resign himself to an unavoidable necessity. How he worried

my mother, the interpreter, the senators and all his friends, only to rid him of the Count ! It was in vain that they represented to him that under existing circumstances the presence of such a man in the house was an actual benefit, and that the dislodgment of the Count would be followed by a constant succession of officers or of privates—for none of these arguments had any effect. To him the present grief seemed so intolerable that his dissatisfaction prevented his conceiving anything more disagreeable.

For this reason his activity, which was generally spent upon us, relaxed. The lessons he gave us were no longer required with the former exactness, and we tried to gratify our curiosity for military and other public proceedings as much as possible, not only at home, but also in the street, which was easily done, as the front door was open day and night, and guarded by sentries who paid no attention to the running to and fro of restless children.

The many affairs which were settled before the tribunal of the Royal Lieutenant were rendered more particularly interesting by his making it a point to give his decisions some witty, ingenious, or lively turn. What he decreed was strictly just, yet his manner of expressing it whimsical and piquant. He seemed to have taken the Duke of Ossuna as his model. Scarcely a day passed in which the interpreter did not tell some anecdote or other to amuse my mother. This lively man had made a little collection of the Solomonian decisions of the Count, but I only remember the general impression they gave me, for I cannot recall a single case to mind.

By degrees we became better acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of the Count. This man clearly understood his own peculiarities, and as there were times in which he was seized with a sort of dejection or hypochondria, or by whatever name you choose to call his evil genius, he withdrew into his room at such hours, which were sometimes lengthened into days, and would see no one but his valet. Even in urgent cases he could not be prevailed upon to receive any one. But as soon as the Evil Spirit had left him, he was active, mild, and cheerful as before. It might be inferred from the talk of his valet, Saint Jean, a small, thin man of a lively, good-natured disposition, that in his earlier years he had

caused a great misfortune when a prey to one of these moods, and that therefore in so important a position as his, with the eyes of the world fastened upon him, he had earnestly resolved to avoid a similar aberration.

During the very first days of the Count's residence with us, he sent for all the Frankfort artists, as Hirt, Schutz, Trautmann, Nothnagel and Junker. They showed him their finished pictures, and he bought what were for sale. My pretty, bright little room in the gable-end of the attic was immediately given up to him, and turned into a cabinet and studio, for he designed to keep all the artists at work for some time, especially Seekatz of Darmstadt, whose simple and natural representations highly pleased him. He therefore sent for the dimensions of all the rooms and cabinets of a beautiful house which belonged to his elder brother in Grasse, consulted with the artists upon the proper divisions of the walls, and fixed upon the sizes of the large oil-pictures which were not to be set in frames, but to be fastened upon the walls like tapestry. And now the work went on apace. Seekatz undertook country scenes, and succeeded extremely well in his old people and children, which were copied directly from nature. His young men did not do as well, they were almost all too thin, and his women failed from the opposite fault. For as he had a good little fat but ugly-looking wife, who would let him have no model but herself, he could produce nothing very agreeable. He was also obliged to exceed the usual size of his figures. His trees were truthful, but the foliage was over minute. He was a pupil of Brinkmann, whose easel pictures are by no means contemptible.

Schutz, the landscape painter, had the best of the matter, perhaps, for he was thoroughly master of the Rhine country, and of the warm sunny tone which animates it during the summer season. Nor was he entirely unaccustomed to working on a large scale, and his pictures were well executed and in keeping. His paintings were of a cheerful cast.

Trautmann Rembrandtized some resurrection-miracles out of the New Testament, and alongside of them he set fire to some villages and mills. One cabinet was entirely allotted to him, as I found by inspecting the designs of the rooms. Hirt

painted several fine oak and beech forests. His cattle were praiseworthy. Junker, a follower of the more elaborate Dutch school, was least able to manage this tapestry-work, but he condescended to ornament divers compartments with flowers and fruits for a handsome price.

As I had known all these men from my earliest youth, and had often visited their studios, and as the Count also liked to have me with him, I was present at the consultations and orders, as well as at the deliveries of the pictures, and took occasion to speak my opinion freely when sketches and designs were handed in. I had already won some reputation with amateurs, particularly at auctions, which I attended diligently, by the quickness with which I comprehended the points of a historical picture, whether taken from Biblical or Profane History, or from Mythology; and, even if I did not always hit upon the meaning of allegorical pictures, there was seldom any one present who understood it better than I. Often had I persuaded the artists to represent this or that object, and I joyfully made use of any such opportunity that now presented itself. I still remember writing a circumstantial essay, in which I described twelve pictures which were to exhibit the history of Joseph; some of them were afterwards executed.

After this achievement, which was certainly laudable in a boy, I must mention a little disgrace which happened to me within this circle of artists. I was well acquainted with all the pictures which had been from time to time brought into that room. My youthful curiosity left nothing unseen—nothing unexplored. I once found a black box behind the stove; I was not backward in prying into its contents, and drew back the bolt without further thought. The picture it contained was certainly not of a kind usually exposed to view, and although I tried to bolt it immediately, I was not quick enough. The Count entered and caught me—"Who allowed you to open that box?" he asked, with all the air of a Royal Lieutenant. I had nothing to say for myself, and he immediately pronounced my sentence in a very stern manner: "For eight days," said he, "you shall not enter this room." I made a bow and walked off. I obeyed his orders most punctually, which quite vexed the good Seekatz, who was then at work



in the room, and who liked to have me about him; and, out of a little spite, I carried my obedience so far, that I left Seekatz's coffee, which I was wont to fetch him, upon the threshold. He was then obliged to leave his work and get it, which annoyed him so much, that he almost took a dislike to me.

It now seems in place that I should state circumstantially and intelligibly how, in these circumstances, I managed to help myself through the difficulties of the French language, which I had never learned. Here too, my natural gifts were of service to me, enabling me easily to catch the sounds of a language, its modifications, its accent, tone, and all other outward peculiarities. I knew many Latin words; Italian suggested still more; and by listening to servants and soldiers, sentries and visitors, I soon picked up enough to enable me to ask questions and return answers, even when I could not enter into conversation. All this, however, was little compared to the profit I derived from the theatre. My grandfather had given me a free ticket, which I used daily by dint of my mother's support, and in spite of all my father's reluctance. I took a seat in the pit, before a foreign stage, and watched narrowly every movement, gesture, and expression, as I understood little or nothing of what was said, and therefore only derived my entertainment from the action and the tone of voice. Comedy I could least of all understand, for it was spoken rapidly, and related to the common affairs of life, of the phrases of which I knew nothing. Tragedy was not often played, but the measured step and rhythm of the Alexandrines, with the continued use of the same expressions, made it more intelligible to me in every way. It was not long before I took up Racine, which I found in my father's library, and declaimed passages to myself, in a theatrical style and manner. As the organ of the ear is so nearly related to the organ of speech, I did this with considerable animation, although I could not perceive the connexion between a whole sentence. I even learned entire passages by rote, like a trained parrot, which was easier to me, from having when a child committed to memory passages from the Bible which were generally unintelligible, and accustomed myself to reciting them in the tone of the Protestant preachers. Versified French comedies were then much in vogue. The pieces of Destouches, Mariveaux, and

La Chaussée, were often produced, and I still remember some characteristic figures very distinctly. Of those of Molière I recollect much less. The greatest impression that was made upon me was by the "*Hypermnestra*" of Lemière, which, as a new piece, was brought out with care and often repeated. The *Devin du Village*, *Rose et Colas*, *Annette et Lubin*, made each a very pleasant impression upon me. I can even now recall the youths and maidens decorated with ribands, and their gestures. It was not long before I felt a wish to see the interior of that theatre, to which I had so many opportunities of going. As I had not the patience to listen to whole pieces, I often carried on all sorts of plays with other children of my age in the corridors, or in milder weather before the door.\* A handsome, lively boy joined us, who belonged to the theatre, and whom I had casually seen in various little parts. He came to a better understanding with me than with the rest, as I could bring my French to bear upon him, and he attached himself to me because there was no boy of his age or his nation at the theatre, or anywhere in the neighbourhood. We kept together during the day, and even while the representations went on he seldom left me in peace. He was a delightful young braggart, chattered away in a most charming and inexhaustible manner of his adventures, quarrels, and other queer incidents, which amused me wonderfully. I learned more from him of the language in four weeks, and of the power of expressing myself, than you can imagine, and none guess how I had attained this foreign tongue all at once, as if through inspiration.

In the earliest days of our acquaintance he took me with him upon the stage, and then led me to the green room, where the actors dressed and undressed, and rested during the intervals of the performance. The place was neither convenient nor agreeable, for they had squeezed the theatre into a concert room, so that there were no separate chambers for the actors behind the stage. A pretty large room adjoining, which had formerly served for card parties, was now used by both sexes in common, who appeared to feel as little reserve towards each other as to us children, and they did not always change or put on their clothes in the

\* The theatres in Germany opened in the afternoon, at that time, as they do still in many German cities. *Trans.*

most decent manner. I had never seen any thing of the kind before, but after repeated visits custom made it appear quite natural.

It was not long before this gave rise to a very peculiar interest. Young Derones, for so I will call the boy whose acquaintance I still kept up, was a youth of good manners and courteous demeanour, notwithstanding his conceit. He made me acquainted with his sister, a pleasant girl, a few years older than we were, well-grown, of a regular form, brunette complexion, dark hair and eyes—her whole deportment rather quiet—nay, sad. I tried to make myself agreeable to her in every way, but I failed to attract her notice. Young girls think themselves far advanced in age beyond younger boys, and while aspiring to young men, they assume the manner of an aunt towards those boys whose first inclinations are turned towards them.—With a younger brother of his I had no acquaintance.

Often, when their mother had gone to rehearsals, or was out visiting, we met at her house to play and amuse ourselves. I never went there without presenting the fair one a flower, a fruit, or something else, which she always received pleasantly, and thanked me for most politely, but her sad look never brightened, nor did I ever see a trace of her having given me a further thought.

At last, I supposed I had discovered her secret. The boy showed me a crayon sketch of a handsome man, behind his mother's bed, which was hung with elegant silk curtains, remarking at the same time, with a sly look, that he was not papa, but just the same as papa; and as he glorified this man, and told me many things about him in his minute and ostentatious manner, he half convinced me that the daughter might belong to the father, but the other two children to the intimate friend. I thus explained her melancholy and loved her for it all the more. My liking for this girl assisted me in bearing her brother's impertinences, which were not always within bounds. I was often obliged to listen to prolix accounts of his prowess, of the duels he had fought—without wishing to injure others—all for mere honour's sake. He had always disarmed his adversary, and then forgiven him—nay, he was such a good fencer, that he was once very much puzzled how get at the sword of his opponent, which he had struck up into a high tree.

My visits to the theatre were much facilitated by my free ticket, which, coming from the hands of the Schultheiss, gave me access to any of the seats, and therefore to those of the Proscenium. This was made very deep, after the French models, and was bordered with seats on both sides enclosed by a low rail, and running back in several rows, so that the first seats were but a little elevated above the stage. The whole was considered a place of special honour, and was generally used by the officers, although the nearness of the actors destroyed, I will not say all illusion, but, in a measure, all enjoyment. I have thus seen and experienced myself the usage or abuse of which Voltaire complains. Thus, for instance, when the house was very full, in consequence of troops passing through the town, and officers of distinction strove for these seats of honour, which were generally occupied already, several rows of benches and chairs were extended from the proscenium on to the boards themselves, and nothing remained for the heroes and heroines but to reveal their secrets in the very limited space between the Uniforms and Orders. I have even seen the Hypermnestra performed under such circumstances.

The curtain did not fall between the acts, and I must mention one custom which I thought quite extraordinary, and which, as a good German boy, I thought too inartistic to be endured. The stage itself was considered consecrated ground, and any disturbance occurring there would have been instantly punished as a criminal offence towards the majesty of the public. Therefore in all comedies, two grenadiers stood with their arms grounded, just within the drop curtain, in full view, and were witnesses of all that occurred in the bosom of the family. As I said before, the curtain did not fall between the acts, and when the music struck up, two other grenadiers passed directly in front of the others from the side scenes, to relieve the guard, who retired in the same measured manner. Now such a practice was of all others fitted to destroy the illusion of the stage, and this was the more striking, from its being done at a time when, according to Diderot's principles and example, genuine nature was required upon the boards, and entire deception was proposed as the special aim of theatrical art. Tragedy was absolved from any such military

regulations of the police, and the heroes of antiquity were allowed the right of defeating themselves ; nevertheless the same grenadiers stood close behind the side scenes.

I will also mention that I saw Diderot's "Father of a Family," and "The Philosophers" of Palissot, and well remember the figure of the philosopher going upon all fours in the last play, and eating a raw head of lettuce.

All these theatrical varieties could not keep us children in the theatre. In fine weather we played before the door, and in the neighbourhood ; and committed all manner of absurdities, which on Sundays and holidays did not correspond to our personal appearance, for I and my comrades were mostly dressed, as I described myself in the tale, with a hat under arm, and a little sword whose hilt was ornamented with a large silk cockade. One day that we had been walking about thus for some time, Derones with us, he took it into his head to accuse me of having insulted him, and demanded satisfaction. I could not, in truth, conceive what had offended him ; but I accepted his challenge, and would have drawn my sword, when he asserted that in such cases it was customary to go to a secluded spot, in order to settle the matter more conveniently. We therefore resorted to some barns, and placed ourselves in the requisite positions. The duel took place in a somewhat theatric style, the blades crossed, and the thrusts followed close upon each other, but in the heat of the combat, the point of his sword lodged in the cockade of my sword's hilt. It was pierced through, and he assured me that he had received full satisfaction ; embraced me then, also theatrically, and we went to the next coffee-house, to refresh ourselves with a glass of almond-milk after our mental agitation, and to knit more closely the bonds of friendship.

On this occasion I will relate another adventure which happened to me at the theatre, although at a later day. I was sitting quietly in the pit with my playmates, and enjoying a *pas seul*, which was executed with great ease and spirit by a boy near our own age—the son of a French dancing master who was passing through the city. After the fashion of dancers, he was dressed in a close vest of red silk, ending with a full skirt reaching just down to the knee, like a footman's apron. We had

applauded this young artist with the rest of the public, and something or other possessed me to make a moral reflection. I said to my companion, How handsomely this boy was dressed and how well he looked : who knows how tattered a coat he may sleep in to-night !—We had all risen, but the crowd prevented our moving. A woman who sat near me, and who was now standing close beside me, chanced to be the mother of the young artist, and was much incensed by my reflection. Unfortunately she knew German enough to understand me, and spoke it just well enough to scold. She pounced down upon me, and wanted to know who was I, that dared to question the family and respectability of this young man. At all events he was as good as I, and his talents might procure him a fortune, of which I could not even venture to dream. 'This moral lecture was given me in the crowd, and those about me wondered what rudeness I had been guilty of. As I could not excuse myself nor get out of the way, I felt considerably embarrassed, and when she paused for a moment, I said without thinking—" Well ! why do you make such a noise about it ? to-day he's red, to-morrow he's dead." These words seemed to strike the woman dumb. She stared at me, and moved away from me as soon as possible. I thought no more of my words until some time afterwards, when the boy, instead of continuing to perform, became very dangerously ill. Whether he died or not, I do not know.

An untimely or misapplied word was a portent that possessed great weight with the ancients, and it is very remarkable that the forms of belief and of superstition have always remained the same in all times and in all countries. From the day the French had taken possession of our city, there was no lack of ever-varying diversions, especially for children and young people. The theatres, balls, parades, and marches of the army, attracted our attention in all directions. These last particularly pleased us, and the soldiers' life seemed to us both merry and agreeable.

The residence of the King's Lieutenant at our house procured us the advantage of seeing, from time to time, all the most distinguished persons in the French army, and of closely inspecting those leaders whose names had already been made known to us by reputation. Thus we looked from stairs and landing-places,

as if from galleries, upon the generals who passed by. First of all I recall the PRINCE SOUBISE as a handsome, courteous gentleman, but I remember most distinctly the MARESHAL DE BROGLIO, who was a younger-looking man, well built, but not large, lively, clever, and full of observation. He often came to see the King's Lieutenant, and we could not help noting that serious matters were the subjects of their consultations. We had scarcely become accustomed to having strangers quartered upon us in the first three months, when a dim rumour was circulated that the Allies were on the march, and that Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick was coming to drive the French beyond the Maine. We had little confidence in these Allies from hearsay, for they could not boast of much success in war, and people inferred they were quite contemptible after the battle of Rossbach. But the greatest confidence was placed in Duke Ferdinand, and all those favourable to Prussia awaited with eagerness their delivery from the present yoke. My father was in better spirits, but my mother was apprehensive. She was wise enough to see that a small present evil might easily be exchanged for a great future affliction; for it was too plain that the French would not advance to meet the Duke, but would wait for an assault in the neighbourhood of the city. The defeat of the French, their flight, the defence of the city, if it were only to cover their rear and to hold the bridge, bombarding, plundering—all these presented themselves to the excited imagination, and kept both parties anxious. My mother, who could bear anything better than suspense, imparted her fears to the Count through the Interpreter. She received the usual answer in such cases: she might be easy, for there was nothing to fear; but she had better be silent, and not mention the matter to any one.

Many troops passed through the city; we learned that they halted at Bergen. The coming and going, the riding and running increased, and our house was in an uproar from morning till night. At this time I saw Marshal de Broglio often, always cheerful, always the same in look and manner, and I was afterwards pleased to find that a man whose form had made such a good and lasting impression upon me, became so famous in history.

Thus, after an unquiet Passion-Week, the Good-Friday of

1759 arrived. A profound stillness preceded the bursting of the storm. We children were forbidden to quit the house : my father was restless, and went abroad. The battle began : I ascended to the garret, where in truth I was prevented seeing the country round about, but could very well hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. In a little while we saw the first symptoms of slaughter in a line of wagons, in which the many wounded, woefully hacked and hewed, were conveyed to the cloister of St. Mary, now transformed into a hospital. The compassion of our citizens was instantly moved. Beer, wine, bread, and money were distributed to those who were yet able to take them. But soon after, when some wounded and captive Germans came in, our pity knew no limits, and it seemed as if every body would have stripped himself of all that he possessed to succour his suffering countrymen.

The prisoners, however, were an evidence that fortune had not favoured the allies in the fight. My father, whose party-feelings made him certain that they would come off victorious, was so obstinately foolhardy as to go forth to meet the expected victors, without thinking that the beaten party would first trample him down in their flight. Repairing to his garden before the Friedberg gate, he found every thing there deserted and quiet. Then, he ventured to the plain of Bornheim, where some scattered companies of rear-guards and baggage-keepers were soon descried, shooting for sport at the mile-stones, from which the rebounding lead whizzed past the ears of our inquisitive traveller. These persuaded him that prudence was the better part of valour, and he returned. In reply to some questions, however, he learned what the report of the firing might have before informed him, that the French held their own, and had no thought of retiring. Reaching home, in a bad humour, the sight of the wounded and prisoners among his countrymen threw him altogether out of his usual propriety. Then again, handing out alms, he wished them to get to the Germans only, which was impossible, as fate had packed into a heap both friend and foe !

My mother and her children, as they all along relied upon the Count's word, had passed a tolerably quiet day. We were all highly rejoiced, but she doubly consoled, the next morning, to re-



ceive from the oracle of her treasure-box, questioned by a pinprick, a most comfortable assurance for present and future. We wished our father a similar faith and satisfaction; we coaxed him all we could; we pressed food upon him, which he had refused all day; but he repelled our caresses and his own gratification, and locked himself in his chamber. Meantime our joy was not interrupted; the affair was at an end; and the King's Lieutenant, who had been on horseback to-day against his habit, was at last returned home, where his presence was necessary. We sprang to meet him, kissed his hands, and gave vent to our delight. He was pleased with this; and said, with unusual cordiality, "Well, I am glad of it for your sakes, my dear children." We were ordered immediately some candies and sweet wine, with the best of everything, when he went to his room, where already a crowd of importunate suppliants was gathered.

We had now a fine collation, pitied our poor father that he could not partake of it, and pressed our mother to call him in: but she was prudent enough to know how ill-naturedly he would regard such favours. In the meantime, she had prepared some supper, and would have sent a portion up to his room, but that he never tolerated such irregularities even in extreme cases. When the sweet things, then, were removed, we endeavoured to persuade him to come down into the ordinary dining-room. He consented after a while; but we had no idea of the train we were firing. The staircase ran through the whole house, along all the entries. My father, in order to come down, had to go directly past the Count's sitting-room. The ante-room was so full of people, that the Count, to get through with several at once, came outside—unfortunately just as my father descended. The Count met him pleasantly, greeted him, and remarked, "We should congratulate each other that this ugly affair is so happily terminated."—"Never!" replied my father, gruffly; "would that it had driven you all to the devil, even if I had gone with you." The Count restrained himself for a moment, and then broke out—"You shall pay for this, sir; you shall find that you have not insulted the good cause and myself, sir, for nothing!"

My father, meanwhile, descended very calmly, seated himself near us, seemed more cheerful than before, and took something to

eat. We were glad of it, unconscious of the desperate method he had taken to roll the stone from his heart. Soon my mother was called out, and we had a fine time in babbling to our father about the sugar things the Count had given us. Our mother did not return. By and by the dragoman came in. He motioned that we should be hurried off to bed ; it was late, and we readily obeyed. After a sound sleep, we heard next day of the violent commotion which had shaken the house the previous night. The King's Lieutenant had instantly ordered my father to be led to the guard-house. His subordinates knew that he was not to be resisted : yet they had often been thanked for delaying the execution of his orders. The interpreter, whose presence of mind never deserted him, contrived to put them in this disposition at the present juncture. There was, moreover, so great a tumult, that a little delay would hardly have been remarked. He called out my mother, whom he set upon the adjutants, to urge them by her prayers and representations, to a brief postponement of the matter ; quickly running up himself to the Count, whose great self-command had induced him to retire into an inner room, and neglect the most urgent affairs, rather than wreak his vengeance on an innocent person in a moment of excitement, or come to a decision derogatory to his dignity.

The address of the interpreter to the Count, and the whole train of the dialogue,—the fat sponsor prided himself not a little on the result,—he was so in the habit of repeating, that I can describe it from recollection.

He ventured to open the cabinet and enter at once, which was in itself a highly penal offence. "What do you want?" shouted the Count, angrily. "Out with you!—no one but St. Jean can enter here."

"Well, suppose I'm St. Jean for a moment," answered the interpreter.

"It would need a pretty lively fancy for that! You're big enough for two of him! Now, go!"

"Sir Count, heaven has endowed you with a great gift, to which I appeal!"

"You're a flatterer, eh? But that'll do you no good. Walk!"

"You have the great gift, Sir Count, even in moments of passion or rage, of listening to the opinions of others."

"Well, well,—that's just the matter now—I have listened too long. I am aware that we are disliked here, and that these citizens are discontented with us."

"Not all!"

"Most of them. What! These towns are imperial towns—are they? They saw their emperor chosen and crowned, and now he is in danger of losing his dominions and surrendering to a pretender, though a most unrighteous aggression; when he fortunately finds faithful allies pouring out their blood and treasure in his behalf—they will not put up with their share of the burden in humbling the enemy!"

"But you have long known these sentiments to exist, and have endured them like a wise man; they are, besides, held by a few only. Blinded by the splendid abilities of our opponent, whom you yourself prize as an extraordinary person, they are still an inconsiderable number, as you are aware."

"Yes, indeed! I have known and suffered it too long! else this man would not have presumed to fling such insults in my face, and at such a critical moment, too! Let them be many or few, they shall be chastised in the person of their representative, and take warning of what they may themselves expect."

"A little delay, Sir Count?"

"These are times when one cannot act too promptly."

"A little delay, Sir Count?"

"Neighbour, do you hope to delude me into a false step? You shall not!"

"I would neither lead you into a false step nor persuade you out of one; your decision is just; you act as becomes a Frenchman and the lieutenant of the King; but consider also that you are Count Thorane!"

"He has no right to interfere here."

"But the brave man has a right to be heard?"

"What ought he to say if he should speak?"

"Sir King's Lieutenant," he would begin, "you have been patient with a squad of conceited, pragmatic, and blundering fellows, so long as they did you no harm. Here's a man who is

really mischievous ;—control yourself now, and every one will praise and esteem you.”

“ You know I have many times endured your jests,—do not abuse my good-will. Are these men completely blinded ? Suppose we had lost the battle, what would have become of them ? We strike forward to the gates, we block up the city, we maintain our position, we defend ourselves to conceal our retreat over the bridge ! Think you, the enemy had his hands in his breeches ? He throws his grenades, and they catch where they can. What would this householder have ? A bomb, perhaps, bouncing into this chamber,—and another in that—rooms whose cursed Chinese-tapestry I saved, and incommoded myself by not nailing up my charts.”

“ How few would have done that ! ”

“ They ought to have prayed for a blessing on us, and gone out to meet the Generals and their staffs with tokens of honour and joy, and the weary troops with refreshments. Instead of this, the poison of party-spirit destroyed the fairest and happiest moments of my life, won by so much care and trouble.”

“ It is party-spirit : but you will only feed it by the chastisement of this man. All who think with him would proclaim you a tyrant and a savage :—him they would consider a martyr, suffering in a good cause ; and those even of another opinion, now his opposers, would then see in him their fellow-citizen only, take pity upon him, and while confessing your justice, condemn your severity.”

“ I have heard too much from you already,—now, away with you ! ”

“ One word more. Remember this is the most unprecedented thing that could befall this man, or his family. You have had no reason to be edified by the good-will of the master. But the mistress has anticipated all your wishes, and the children regarded you as their uncle. With this single blow, you shatter the peace and happiness of this dwelling. Indeed, I may say, that the explosion of a bomb in it could not work a worse desolation. I have often admired your self-command, Sir Count ; let me this time have an opportunity to adore you. That warrior is worthy of all honour who considers himself but a guest in the house of his

enemy ; but here there is no enmity, only error. Govern yourself in this, and you will acquire an everlasting fame.

"That would be a miraculous result," replied the Count, with a smile.

"Merely a natural one," continued the interpreter ; "I have not sent the wife and children down upon their knees to you, because I know you detest such scenes ; but I would describe to you how they will thank you. I would picture them to you conversing all their life long of the battle of Bergen, and of your magnanimity on that day—relating it to their children, and their children's children, and warming even strangers with their own strong affection for you : for an act like that could never perish."

"But you have not yet hit my weak spot, Mr. Dragoman ! Posthumous fame I wouldn't give a snap for,—it's for others, not for me. To do right on the moment, not to shirk my duties, never to tarnish my honour—that is my care. But we have already exchanged too many words ; go then—and take yourself the thanks of the thankless, whom I spare."

The interpreter, almost overcome by this unexpected and favourable issue, could hardly restrain his tears, and would have kissed the Count's hand. The Count motioned him off, saying with seriousness and severity, "You know I will not suffer such things." And with these words he passed into the anteroom, to attend to his mass of business, and hear the applications of a throng of expectants. So the matter was disposed of, and the next morning, we celebrated with the remnants of yesterday's dainties, the passing over of an evil through all whose threatenings we had unconsciously slumbered.

Whether the interpreter had really spoken so wisely, or merely finished up the scene at leisure as one is apt to do after a good and fortunate action, it is not for me to say ; but it is certain he never varied in his frequent narrations of the story. In short, this day seemed to him as the one of his whole life most full of anxiety, and most rich in glory.

One little incident will show how sincerely the Count opposed all false parade, and rejected every title which did not belong to him, and at the same time how spirited he was in his more cheerful moods.

A man of rank, who was one of our secluded Frankforters, thought he must protest against the quartering of the soldiers upon him. He came in person; the interpreter proffered his services, but the visitor supposed they were not needed. He entered to the Count with a most becoming bow, and said, "Your Excellency—" The Count returned his bow, as well as his salutation of, Your Excellency. Taken aback by this, and not supposing but that the title was too low a one, he bent his body still more and said, "Monseigneur."

"Pray, sir," said the Count very seriously, "stop there, or else we shall get to Majesty before we have done with it!" The gentleman was completely nonplused, and had not a word to utter. The interpreter, standing near and comprehending the whole, was wicked enough not to move, but the Count continued in a lively strain, "Well, now for instance, what's your name?" "Spangenberg," was the reply. "And mine is Thorane," said the Count. "Spangenberg, what is your business with Thorane? Now, then, if we sit down, the affair may soon be managed."

And thus the affair *was* soon managed to the perfect satisfaction of the person I have here named Spangenberg, and the story was not only told the self-same evening, by the waggish interpreter, but it was given with all the needful accompaniments of voice and attitude.

These confusions, disquietudes, and grievances fairly over, that former security and thoughtlessness returned in which the young particularly delight to live from day to day, if it be in any degree possible. My passion for the French stage grew with every representation. Not an evening was missed, though all the while after returning from the theatre and sitting down to the remains of the family supper, which were frequently my only comfort, I had to endure the stereotyped reproaches of my father, that theatres were useless and led to no good. In these cases I adduced all the usual arguments to which the apologists of the stage resort in similar straits. Vice in prosperity and virtue in misfortune I said, are in the end brought into their true positions by poetical justice. Those beautiful examples of the punishment of transgressors, "*Miss Sarah Sampson*," and the "*Merchant of Lon-*

*don*," were energetically invoked in my defence; but when the "*Fouberie de Scapin*," and others of the sort, were on the bill, and the delight manifested by the public in the little deceits of intriguing servants, and the successful follies of prodigal young men were cast up to me, I was short enough in my answers. Neither party was convinced: yet my father was very soon reconciled to the theatre when he saw with what incredible avidity I took to the French language.

Men are so constituted that every body undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not. I had soon exhausted the whole range of the French stage; several pieces I had witnessed for the third and fourth times; my eyes and mind had taken in all, from the stateliest tragedy to the most frivolous farce; and as I had presumed to imitate Terence when a child, I did not fail now as a boy, under so many more lively and pressing incitements, to copy the French style to the best of my ability or want of ability. There were then extant several half-mythological, half-allegorical pieces in the manner of PIRON; they partook somewhat of the nature of parodies, and were well liked. The performance of these was vastly attractive to me: the little gold wings of some merry Mercury, the thunderbolt of a muffled Jupiter, an amorous Danae or by whatever name the Fair One visited by the gods was called, if indeed it was not a Shepherdess or Huntress to whom they descended. And as elements of this kind, taken from *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, or the *Pantheon Mythicum* of Pomey, were humming in swarms about my head—a similar piece was speedily constructed in my Fancy; all I remember about it, however, is, that it was a rural scene, plentifully sprinkled with king's daughters, princes, and gods. Mercury, indeed, made so vivid an impression on my senses that I could almost be sworn that I had seen him with my own eyes.

I presented my friend Derones with an extremely neat copy of my work, which he accepted with special consideration and the genuine air of a patron. He glanced hastily over the manuscript, referred to a few grammatical blunders, found certain addresses too long, and at last promised, to examine the work more attentively on the first suitable opportunity, and let me know

his decision. In reply to my timid question, whether the piece could by any chance be performed, he assured me that it was not impossible. In the theatre kissing went by favour, though he would befriend me with all his heart : only the thing must not be bruited about : he had himself once on a time surprised the Directors with a piece of his own, which would have been acted unquestionably, if they had not too soon detected that he was the writer. I promised him the strictest silence ; and already saw in my mind's eye the name of my piece posted up in large letters on all the corners of the streets and squares.

Light-minded as my friend generally was, he could not forego so desirable an opportunity of playing the Master. He read my piece carefully through, and while he sat down near me to correct some trivial errors, turned the whole thing, in the course of the conversation, completely topsy-turvy, so that not one stone remained on the top of another. He rescinded, added, cut out characters, substituted others—in fact carried on such a wild and wholesale slaughter that my very hair stood on end. My previous persuasion that he understood the matter, was his sole protection : for he had so often indoctrinated me into the Three Unities of Aristotle, the regular structure of the French drama, the keeping and harmony of verse, and kindred topics, that I was forced to regard him, not as a mere dabbler in such matters, but as an adept. He flayed the English and scorned the Germans ; in fact, mouthed over the whole dramaturgic litany which I have all my life long been compelled to hear.

I carried my strangled offspring home, and strove in vain to bring it to life. Yet unwilling to abandon it, I caused a fair copy of it, after a few revisals, to be made by our skilful clerk, and presented it to my father. This had one good effect at least, as it enabled me thenceforth to eat my supper in quiet after coming home from the play.

The miscarriage of my attempt set me pondering, and I resolved to go at once to the source of those theories and maxims to which every one appealed, but which had been brought into suspicion with me by my unmannerly and arrogant teacher. This was not difficult, though laborious. I immediately read *Cornille's Treatise on the Three Unities*, and learned from that *how*



it should be ; but *why* it should be was by no means made clear to me ; and what was still worse, I was instantly involved in greater perplexities than ever by dipping into the controversies on the *Cid*, and reading the prefaces in which Corneille and Racine take up the cudgels against the critics and public. It was perfectly evident here at least that no man knew what he wanted ; that a piece like the *Cid*, which had produced the most masterly effects, could be condemned on the mere word of an influential cardinal ; and that Racine, the idol of the French in my day, and now become my idol—(for I had got intimately acquainted with him when Schöff Von Olenschlager made us act *Britannicus*, in which I assumed the part of Nero) was able to get on neither with the amateurs nor critics of his day. By these means I was sorely confounded, and after having pestered myself a long time with this tittle-tattle and theoretical quackery of the previous century, threw the whole to the dogs. I was more positive that this was the right course, the more I thought I observed, that authors themselves who had produced excellent things, whenever they began to speak about them and explain the grounds of their treatment, or whenever they desired to defend, justify, or extenuate anything they had done, were seldom able to hit the proper mark. I hastened back again, therefore, to the living Present, attended the Theatre more zealously than ever, read more scrupulously and connectedly, and had perseverance enough this time to work through the whole of Racine and Molière, and a greater part of Corneille.

The King's Lieutenant was still domiciled at our house. He had changed his deportment in no respect towards us ; but it was observable, and gossip Interpreter made it still more evident, that he did not discharge his duties with the same cheerfulness and zeal as at the outset, though always with the same rectitude and truth. His character and habits, which showed the Spaniard rather than the Frenchman ; his caprices, which were not without their influence on his business ; his unbending will under all circumstances ; his susceptibility to every thing that concerned his person or reputation—altogether tended to bring him in conflict at times with his superiors. Add to this, that he had been wounded in a duel, which was provoked in the theatre, and it

was deemed wrong that the King's Lieutenant, himself chief of police, should have committed a punishable offence. As I have said, all this may have led to his adopting a more retired life, or perhaps, to a certain extent, undermined his energies.

Meanwhile, a considerable part of the pictures he had ordered had been delivered. Count Thorane passed his leisure hours in examining them, in the aforesaid gable-room, where they were all, large and small, nailed side by side, or over each another, or, when there was a deficiency of room, taken down and rolled up. They were constantly inspected anew; the successful touches were over and over again enjoyed; and now and then a wish was expressed that this or that had been differently handled.

This gave rise to a new and very singular operation. It occurred to the Count, as one painter best finished figures, another middle distances and backgrounds, a third trees, and a fourth flowers, to inquire whether if their respective talents were combined in painting, more perfect works would not be the result. He began the experiment instantly, by getting some beautiful cattle painted on a finished landscape. But because there was not always adequate room for all, and one or two sheep more or less was no great matter to the cattle painter, the largest landscapes in the end proved too narrow. Yet the painter of figures had to introduce a shepherd and a few travellers; these deprived each other of air, as we may say; and you wondered how they all contrived to exist even in the largest country. No one could anticipate what was to come of the matter, and when it was finished it gave no satisfaction. The painters were annoyed. They had gained something by their first orders, but lost by these, though the Count paid with liberality. And as, after all their trouble, the picture produced no good effect, in consequence of the confusion of its parts, every one fancied that his own work had been spoiled and destroyed by that of the others; and thus the artists were put at sword's points, and made irreconcilable enemies. Their improvements, or rather additions, had been made in the before-mentioned work-shop, where I remained alone with the artists; and it amused me to hunt out from the studies this or that individual or group, particularly of animals, and propose it for the foreground

or distance, in which respect they many times, either from conviction or kindness, complied with my wishes.

The partners in this affair were greatly discouraged, especially Seekatz, a hypochondriacal and secluded man, whose incomparable humour made him the best of companions among friends, but who, when he worked, desired to work alone, perfectly abstracted and free. This man, after solving the most difficult problem, and finishing it with extreme diligence and the warmest love, as was his wont, was forced to travel time and time again, from Darmstadt to Frankfort, in order either to change something in his own pictures, or garnish those of strangers, or perhaps lend his assistance while a third converted his picture into a variegated mess. His peevishness augmented, his resistance became more decided, and a good deal of effort was necessary on our part to direct him according to the Count's wishes. I remember when the boxes were all prepared for the pictures to be packed, in the order in which the upholsterer at their place of destination might fix them up at once, a small but indispensable bit of afterwork was demanded, but Seekatz could not be moved to come over. He had, in parting with it, done the best he was able to do, having represented the four elements in an animal piece from life, by children and boys, and expended the greatest care, not only on the figures, but on the accessories. These were delivered and paid for, and he supposed he had done with them forever; but now he was required to come over and enlarge some forms, perceived to be too small, by a few touches of his pencil. Another could do it just as well, he averred; had already arranged some new work; and, in short, he would not come. The time for sending the pictures was at hand, they must also have opportunity to dry, every delay was precarious, and the Count, in despair, was about despatching a military force to bring him. We were all anxious to see the pictures on their way, and could contrive no expedient in the end but to send the Interpreter in a wagon to fetch the refractory subject with his wife and child, who were to be well received by the Count, kindly treated, and at last returned with liberal wages.

After the pictures were gone, there was more peace in the house. The gable-room in the attic was cleaned and given up to

me, and my father, when he saw the boxes go, hardly refrained from wishing to pack off the Count after them; for, how much soever the tastes of the Count coincided with his, as much as he must have rejoiced to see his principles about the employment of living artists generously followed out by a man richer than himself, much as it must have flattered him that his collection had been the occasion of profitable commissions to a number of brave artists in pressing times, he had conceived such a repugnance to the Count, who had broken into his house, that he could not tolerate any of his doings. One ought to employ painters, but not degrade them to paper-stainers; one ought to be satisfied with what an artist has done, according to his convictions and abilities, even if it was not in every point perfect; suffice it to say, that in spite of all the Count's most generous attempts, there could be no mutual understanding. My father seldom visited the room if the Count was at the table, and I can recall only one instance, in which Seekatz having excelled himself, and the whole house rushed to see his picture, my father and the Count met, and manifested a common pleasure in a work of art, which they could not find in each other.

Scarcely had the chests and boxes departed, when the plan begun and interrupted for sending off the Count was resumed. They endeavoured to reason with Equity, implore Justice, and conciliate Favour, and were finally successful enough to bring the quartermasters to a determination: the Count was to be dislodged, and our house, considering the burden to which it had submitted day and night for several years, be exempt for the future, from billeting. But, to furnish a plausible pretext for this, it was added, that we should let the first floor, which the Count had used, to lodgers, and thus render a second quartering impossible. The Count, after the departure of his dear pictures, had no interest further in the house; besides, expecting soon to be recalled and displaced, he was pleased to move to another residence, and left us in peace and good-will. It was not long before he quitted the city, and received different appointments one after another, but, it was rumoured, not much to his own satisfaction. Meantime, he had the pleasure of seeing the pictures he had preserved with so much care felicitously disposed in the castle of

his brother ; he wrote several times to send dimensions for different pieces to be executed by the artists to whom we have so often referred. At last we heard nothing further about him, except after several years, we were assured that he had died as governor of one of the French colonies in the West Indies.

## **B O O K   F O U R T H .**



## FOURTH BOOK.

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GREAT as had been the inconvenience which the quartering of the Frenchman upon us had occasioned, we became so accustomed to it, that we could not fail to miss him, and feel children-like as if the house were deserted. Yet it was not decreed that we should come together again as a perfectly united family. New lodgers had been agreed upon, and after considerable sweeping and scouring, rubbing and polishing, painting and varnishing, the house was restored to order. The chancery-director Moritz, with his family, very worthy friends of my parents, moved in. He was not a native of Frankfort, though an able jurist and man of business, charged with the legal interests of many small princes, courts, and lords. I never saw him otherwise than cheerful and pleasant, and assiduously at work. His wife and children, gentle, quiet, and benevolent, scarcely increased the company in our house, as they kept to themselves, so that a stillness and peace returned which we had not enjoyed for a long time. I resumed the occupation of my attic room, in which the ghosts of many pictures would at times hover before me, while I strove to frighten them away by labour and hard study.

A brother of the chancellor, who had been counsellor to an embassy, now came often to our house. Familiar with the ways of the world, and of a handsome figure, his deportment was easy and agreeable. Like the other, too, he was employed in looking after the affairs of different persons of rank, and, on those occasions when consultations of creditors and imperial commissions were held, frequently came in contact with my father. They took to each other, and made common cause with the creditors, though they were generally obliged to perceive, much to their vexation, that a majority of the agents in these cases were in the habit of being won over to the side of the debtors. The counsel-



lor was of a communicative turn, and a great friend to the mathematics, but as these were of no service to him in his present position, he took delight in helping me to their acquaintance. By this means I was enabled to finish my architectural sketches more accurately than theretofore, and profit by the instructions of a drawing-master who now occupied us an hour every day.

This good old man, let me say, was only half an artist. We were obliged to draw and combine lines, from which eyes and noses, lips and ears might be constructed, but with no reference either to natural or artistic forms. We were thus tormented a long while with the *qui pro quo* of the human figure, and when at last we were given the so-called Passions of Le Brun to copy, it was supposed that we had made great advances. But such caricatures were no assistance. Then, we dawdled off to landscapes, foliage, and all the other things that are generally made use of in instruction, without consistency or method; and, finally, we dropped into mere close imitation, without troubling ourselves about the merit or taste of our originals.

In these attempts our father led the way as a sort of model. He had never drawn, but he was unwilling to remain behind now that his children practised the art, and desired to give an example in his old age of what they should do in their youth. Several heads of Piazzetta, from those well-known sheets in small octavo, he copied with an English lead pencil, upon the finest Dutch paper. In these he not only observed the great distinctness of outline, but accurately imitated the hatching of the copperplate, with a gentle touch—in fact too gentle, as in his desire to avoid hardness he sacrificed the keeping of his sketches. Yet they were always soft and well-proportioned. His unrelaxing and tireless assiduity was such, that he copied the whole considerable collection, part after part, while we children jumped from one head to another, choosing only those that pleased us.

About this time the long-debated project for giving us lessons in music was carried into effect; and the incident that finally brought it about deserves mention. It had been determined that we should learn the clavier; but there was a dispute in regard to the choice of a master. One day I went accidentally into the room of one of my comrades, who took lessons on the clavier,

when I found a teacher that struck me as a most admirable man. For each finger on both hands he had a nickname, by which he indicated in the liveliest way when it was to be used. The black and white keys were similarly represented, and every tone even seemed to have its figurative name. The motley company worked together in a most delightful fashion. Fingering and time seemed to have become perfectly easy and obvious, and while the scholar was kept in the best humour, everything else succeeded to a charm.

Scarcely had I reached home, when I importuned my parents to make no more ado, but take this incomparable man for our master. They hesitated, and made inquiries; nothing bad was told of him as a teacher; though at the same time, nothing that was particularly good. Meanwhile I had informed my sister of all those pleasant little appellations; we could hardly restrain our impatience, and did not give up until the man was regularly accepted.

The reading of the notes was first begun, but as no fun came of it, we comforted ourselves with the hope that as soon as we went at the clavier, and the fingers were needed, the jocular method would be resumed. But neither touching nor fingering seemed to afford opportunity for any comparisons. Dry as the notes were, with their bars and lines, the black and white keys were no less so; and not a syllable was heard of either "Hop o' my thumb," nor the "Little Pointer," nor "Master Ringfinger," while the countenance of the fellow remained as imperturbable during these dry lessons as it had been during his equally dry jests. My sister reproached me bitterly because I had deceived her, and actually believed that it was all an invention of mine. But I was myself confounded and learned little, though the man went regularly enough to work; I kept always expecting that the early jokes would again make their appearance, and so consoled my sister from one day to another. They did not reappear, however, and the riddle would never have been unravelled if chance had not solved it for me.

A play-fellow of mine entered in the midst of our lessons one day, when all the sluices of the witty fountain opened in a jiffy. Hop o' my Thumb, Little Pointer, the Pickers and Stealers,

as he was wont to designate the fingers, the *falings* and *galings* meaning *f* and *g*, the *fielings* and *gielings* as the *fi's* and *gi's* were named, became once more extant, and made the most wonderful mannikins. My young friend laughed immoderately, and was overjoyed to find that one could learn in such a merry manner. He vowed that he would give his parents no peace until they had got him this excellent man for teacher. And thus the way to two arts was early opened to me, according the principles of a new theory of education, rather by chance than the conviction that I should be furthered therein by any native talent. My father maintained that every body ought to learn drawing; for which reason he especially venerated the Emperor Maximilian, by whom it had been expressly commanded. He therefore kept me to it more steadily than to music, which he commended to my sister with such emphasis, that she gave up a great deal of her play-time to the clavier.

But the more I was pressed in this way the more I pressed forward of myself, so that my hours of leisure were almost entirely taken up with all sorts of curious studies. From my earliest years I had been impelled by a love for the investigation of nature. It is often regarded as an instinct of cruelty in children that they like to break, tear, and destroy the objects which in the outset entertain them as playthings. Yet it is in this way that the curiosity or desire to discover the constitution and internal structure of such things is manifested. I well remember, how as a child, I pulled flowers to pieces, to see the insertion of the leaves in the calyx, and plucked birds that I might examine the articulation of the feathers. But this can hardly be imputed as a fault to children, when even our naturalists more frequently get their knowledge by separation and division than by union and combination,—more through death than life.

An armed loadstone, very neatly sewed in a scarlet cover, was one day destined to experience the effects of this spirit of inquiry. For the secret force of attraction which it not only exercised on the iron bar that was attached to it, but which strengthened itself in such a way that it could daily bear a heavier weight—this mysterious property so absorbed my admiration, that for a long time I contemplated its workings in mute astonishment.

But at last I imagined I might arrive at some closer explanation of it by tearing away the external covering. This was done, though I became no wiser in consequence, as the naked armature taught me nothing further. That was next taken off, and I held in my hand the simple stone, with which I never grew weary of making experiments on filings and needles—experiments that profited my youthful spirit little, except by diversifying my experiences. I could not manage to reconstruct the mechanism; the parts were soon scattered, and I lost the resulting phenomena at the same time with the apparatus.

Nor was I more fortunate in the attempt to put together an electrical machine. A friend of the family, whose youth had fallen in those times when electricity absorbed all minds, often told us how as a child he had desired to possess such a machine, got together the principal requisites, and by the aid of an old spinning wheel and several medicine bottles, had produced considerable effects. As he readily repeated the story, and imparted some general information to us on the subject of electricity, the thing struck us as plausible, and we long tormented ourselves with an old spinning wheel and some medicine bottles, without however producing the smallest result. We nevertheless stuck to our belief, and were excessively delighted at the time of the Fair, to find among other magical and wonder-working rareties, an electrical machine, exhibiting those curious results, which, like those of magnetism, were now very numerous.

A want of confidence in the public schools was daily increasing. People were compelled to cast about for private tutors, but as single families could not always compass the expense of these, several of them would unite to attain their object. Yet the children in such cases failed to agree, the young man could not sufficiently exert his authority, and generally, after repeated vexations, the whole affair would come to a hasty termination. It is not surprising therefore that other arrangements were thought of which should be permanent as well as advantageous.

The necessity, which every body experienced, of oral instruction and communication in the French language, set them upon the notion of establishing boarding schools (*Pensionen*). My father had brought up a young person who had served him by turns

as domestic, clerk, secretary, and majordomo. His name was Pfeil, and besides speaking French well, he had a thorough knowledge of its principles. After he had married, and his patrons felt under some obligation to assist him along in life, it occurred to them to establish a boarding school, which was gradually enlarged till it became an Academy, in which the necessary branches, with Greek and Latin, were taught. The extensive connexions of Frankfort brought this school into notice among young French and Englishmen who had occasion to learn German or otherwise cultivate themselves. It was admirably managed by Pfeil, who was in the prime of life, and a man of wonderful force and activity. As he could never find too much to do, and having occasion to employ music teachers, he set himself to work on music, and practised the clavier with such zeal that, without knowing a note, he in a little while played with perfect readiness and spirit. He seems to have adopted my father's maxim, that young people cannot be encouraged and excited in a better way, than for one of mature years to take part in their lessons, and thus at an age when new accomplishments are acquired with difficulty, bring their zeal and perseverance into competition with youth and natural facility.

Pfeil's love of clavier-playing drew his attention to the instrument, and an attempt to procure himself a good one brought him into relations with Frederici of Gera, whose instruments were celebrated far and wide. He received several of these on commission, and rejoiced greatly not only in seeing so many claviers in his house, but in using and listening to all.

His vivacity excited quite a musical commotion in our family. My father and he maintained a good footing even on points of dispute. A large piano of Frederici was purchased for us, which I hardly touched, in my preference of the clavier, though it multiplied the troubles of my sister, who, to do proper honour to the new instrument, had to spend several hours more every day in practice, while my father as overseer, and Pfeil as a model and general encourager, alternately took their positions at her side.

A singular taste of my father was the occasion of a good deal of uneasiness to us children. It related to the cultivation of silk, of the advantages of which, when it should come into general

use, he had formed a high opinion. Some acquaintances at Hanau, where the raising of the worms was carried on with great diligence, had given him the first impulse. At the proper season eggs were sent to him from that place, and as soon as the mulberry trees put forth leaves sufficient, he caused them to be stripped, and awaited the scarcely visible creatures with no little anxiety. Tables and shelves were erected in a garret chamber for their better accommodation ; for they grew rapidly, and once out of the shell, their voraciousness was almost inappeasable. They had to be fed day and night, as everything depends upon there being no deficiency of nourishment while their great and mysterious metamorphosis is going on. When the weather was favourable this business might be regarded as a pleasant amusement, but if it happened to be cold, so that the mulberry trees suffered, it was exceedingly troublesome. But the most disagreeable of all was, when rain fell during the last stages of the process. For as these creatures cannot endure moisture, and the leaves that are wet have to be wiped and dried, which is not always done perfectly, they are liable to disease, and for that or some other reason, the poor things are swept off by the thousands. The consequent corruption bred a most pestilential smell, and because the dead and diseased had to be picked out from among the healthy, the business became egregiously wearisome and repulsive, and gave many an unhappy hour to us children.

After we had wasted the most beautiful weeks of the spring-time and summer in watching these silk-worms, we were called upon to support our father in another matter, which, though simpler, was quite as troublesome. The Roman views, which, bound by black rods at the top and bottom, had hung for many years on the walls of the old house, light, dust, and smoke together had yellowed, while they had been rendered otherwise unsightly by the flies. But such uncleanness was not by any means to be tolerated in the new house, while, on the other hand, these pictures had grown in the estimation of my father, in consequence of his long absence from the places which they represented. For in the outset such images only serve to refresh and vivify the impressions shortly before received. They seem worthless in

comparison, and at the best but melancholy substitutes. But as the thought of the original forms grows more and more faint, the copy of them unconsciously assumes their place, is soon as dear to us as they once were, and what we formerly contemned is all the more esteemed and prized. This is true of all transcripts, but particularly of portraits. No one is easily satisfied with the counterfeit of an object still present, but how we value every faintest outline of one who is absent or departed. In short, with a feeling of his former extravagance, my father wished that these engravings might be restored. It was well known that this could be done by bleaching; and the operation, always doubtful in the case of large plates, was now resolved upon under highly unfavourable circumstances. For the broad boards on which the smoky engravings were stretched to be moistened and exposed to the sun, were placed in the gutter before the garret-window, leaning against the roof, and of course liable to many accidents. The trouble was, that the paper could not be allowed to dry, but must be kept constantly moist. It fell to the share of my sister and I to do this; and the idleness, which would have been otherwise so desirable, was excessively annoying, on account of the tedium and impatience to which our unremitted watchfulness gave rise. Still the end was attained, and the book-binder, who pasted each sheet upon thick paper, did his best to repair and match the margins, which had been here and there torn by our inadvertence. The collected sheets were bound in a volume, and for this time preserved.

That we children might not be wanting in any sort of learning or life, it was about this time too that a teacher of the English language came along, who pledged himself to teach English to anybody not entirely raw in acquiring languages, within four weeks; and advance him to such a degree that, with a little diligence, he could get on of himself. His prices were moderate, and he was indifferent as to the number of scholars he took. My father instantly determined to make the attempt, and received lessons, in connexion with my sister and myself, from this expeditious master. The hours were well employed, the lessons were faithfully repeated; nothing else was attended to during the four weeks: and we and the teacher separated at the end in mutual

satisfaction. As he remained in town, and was considerably employed, he came from time to time to inquire after or to help us, grateful that we had been among the first to trust him, and proud to be able to refer to us as samples of his success.

My father, in consequence of this, was animated with a fresh anxiety to incorporate English into the regular course of my other philological studies. Now, I will confess that it was always hard for me to take my subjects of study now from this grammar or phrase-book and then from that, first from one author and next from another, and thus divert my interest in a subject every hour. It occurred to me therefore that I might study all at once, by contriving a Romance concerning several members of a family, who, separated from each other and scattered over the world, should communicate with each other alternately as to their conditions and prospects. The oldest brother gives an account in good German of the manifold objects and incidents of his journey. A sister replies to one or the other of the family after the approved fashion of women, in short sentences and nothing but stops, as *Siegwart* was afterwards written, all about domestic affairs, and the love-scandal of the neighbourhood. Another brother studies theology, and writes in very formal Latin, to which a Greek post-script is often appended. To the next brother, holding the place of clerk at Hamburg, the English correspondence naturally falls, while a still younger one at Marseilles has the French. The Italian is imposed on a musician, on his first adventure in the world; while the youngest of all, a sort of pert little busy-body, applies himself to Jew-German, other languages having been exhausted, and by means of his frightful cyphers brings the rest of them into desperation, and the old folks into a hearty laugh at his conceit.

I sought for matter to fill up this singular outline, while the geography of the countries to which my creations referred, was studied, and the barren localities enlivened by all sorts of human incidents, adapted to the characters and employments of my heroes. Thus my exercise-book came to be very voluminous, my father was better satisfied, and I was much sooner made aware of the accomplishments and acquisitions in which I was wanting. Now, as such things once begun know no end or limits,



it happened so in the present case; for, while I strove to attain the jaw-breaking Jew-German, and to write it with as much facility as I could read it, I speedily discovered that I ought to know the Hebrew, from which the modern corrupted dialect is derived, if I would handle the latter with certainty. I consequently explained the necessity to my father, and earnestly besought his consent to my learning Hebrew, though I had myself a higher object. Every body said that no one could understand the Old or New Testaments without knowing the original languages. The Greek of the New Testament was familiar to me, inasmuch as I was compelled after church on Sundays, lest there should be some interruption of my practice, to repeat, translate, and in some sort expound the gospel and epistles for the day; I now designed doing the same thing with the Old Testament, the peculiarities of which had always strangely interested my mind.

My father, who never did any thing by halves, determined to request the rector of our Gymnasium, one Dr. ALBRECHT, to give me private lessons weekly, until I should have acquired the essentials of so simple a language, which could be done he hoped, not indeed as soon as our English was learned, but at the most in double the time.

Rector Albrecht was one of the most original figures in the world, small, broad but not thick, ungainly without being deformed, and, in short, an Esop in gown and wig. His more than seventy-years-old face was completely twisted into a sarcastic grin, with huge staring eyes, which, though red were brilliant and intellectual. He lived in the old Cloister of the Barefoot Friars, now the seat of the Gymnasium. As a child, I had often visited him in company with my parents, and glided through the long gloomy passages, the chapels transformed into reception-rooms, and the dilapidated stairways and windings, with a kind of trembling delight. He questioned me familiarly whenever we met, and praised and encouraged me. One day, after a public examination, when their respective grades were to be assigned to his pupils, he saw me standing among the spectators, not far from his tripod, while he distributed the *præmia virtutis et diligentiae*. It is possible that I was gazing somewhat eagerly upon the little bag out of which he drew the silver medals; for he nodded to me,

stepped down a bit, and handed me one of the pieces. My joy was great, although others held that a gift bestowed upon a boy not belonging to the school was out of all order. The old man didn't care the snap of his finger for that, having always played the eccentric, and to some effect. He enjoyed a high reputation as a teacher, and understood his business, although age prevented him from following it as he could wish. But more important matters than his infirmities interfered with the discharge of his duties, for he was not on good terms either with the consistory, the inspectors, the clergy, or his teachers. As he was naturally inclined to satire, and the detection of faults and defects, he gave way to his disposition both in his programs and his public speeches, and Lucian being almost the only writer that he read and esteemed, he spiced all that he said and wrote with the most pungent ingredients.

Fortunately for those with whom he was not on terms, he never went directly to work, but only played round the defect, which he wanted to reprove, with hints, inklings, classic saws and Scripture sayings. His elocution, moreover—he always read his discourses—was awkward and unintelligible, and what was worse than all, broken by a husky cough, or more frequently a deep paunch-convulsing chuckle, with which he was wont to announce or accompany the more biting passages. This singular man I found to be mild and obliging, as soon as my lessons were once begun. I went to him daily at six o'clock in the afternoon, and always experienced a secret pleasure when the street door closed behind me, and I had to thread the long dark passage ways of the convent. We sat in his library at a table covered with oil-cloth, a much-thumbed Lucian lying always at hand.

In spite of all my willingness to do so, I had some difficulty in getting at the matter, for my teacher could not suppress certain jokes of his as to the real truth about Hebrew. I kept silent respecting my designs upon Jew-German, and spoke only of a better understanding of the original. He smiled at this, and mentioned that it was enough if I should learn how to read. This vexed me somewhat, but I tackled to with all my might when we came to the characters. I found an alphabet something like the Greek, whose forms were easily comprehended, and whose names were for the

most part familiar. These were soon seized and retained, and I supposed we should next go to reading. I knew that this was done from right to left ; but, all at once, a new army of little characters and signs made their appearance—points and strokes of all sorts—which were said to represent vowels, to my perfect astonishment, as there were obviously already some vowels in the larger alphabet, and others that only seemed to hide themselves under strange appellations. It had also been taught, that the Jewish nation, so long as it flourished, really preferred the first signs, and knew to write and read in no other. Most willingly then would I have gone on along this ancient, and, as it seemed to me, easier path ; but the old man declared rather sternly, that we must stick to the grammar as it was authorized and approved ; that reading without these points and strokes was very hard, and could be accomplished only by adepts ; and I must therefore learn these little characters without more ado. But the thing perplexed me more and more. Some of the larger primitive letters, it seems, had no value in their places, in order that their little neighbours might not be utterly useless where they stood. Now they indicated a gentle aspirate, then a guttural more or less rough, and anon were mere prefixes or affixes. But, finally, when one fancied that he had noted every thing, these personages, both great and small, were rendered inoperative, so that the eyes always had much, and the lips little to do.

As that of which I already knew the contents had now to be sputtered in a strange gibberish, in which a certain snuffle and grunt were not a little commended as the very acmé of perfection, my interest measurably decreased, and I diverted myself in a childish way with the singular names of this multitude of signs. There were emperors, kings, and dukes, who, as the accent was shifted, gave me a great deal of entertainment. But these superficial jests also soon lost their charm. Yet I was indemnified in some sort as the reading, translating, repeating, and committing to memory impressed the substance of the book more vividly upon my mind. It was this, properly, which I desired my old teacher to explain ; for I had been long since very much struck with the contradiction between tradition and actuality or possibility, and my private tutors had been often put to it to an-

swer my questions concerning the Sun which stood still on Gibeon, or the Moon in the vale of Ajalon, to say nothing of other improbable and incongruous stories. The same curiosity was now re-awakened, while in order to master the Hebrew, I occupied myself exclusively with the Old Testament. I studied it no longer in Luther's translation, but in the interlinear version of Sebastian Schmid, procured for me by my father. But this unfortunately, rather broke in upon our lessons, so far as practice in the language was concerned. Reading, interpreting, grammar, transcribing, &c., seldom took up a full half hour; for I immediately drove at the sense, and though we were confined to the first book of Moses, gave vent to several objections suggested by the later books. In the outset, the good old man tried to restrain me from these digressions, but after a while they seemed to afford him entertainment. It was impossible for him to suppress his characteristic cough and chuckle, and although he avoided giving me any information that might have compromitted himself, my importunities were not relaxed. In fact, as I cared more about the assertion of my doubts than their solution, I grew constantly more vivacious and bold, which his deportment appeared to justify. Yet I could get nothing out of him, except that ever and anon he would exclaim, while his whole chest was heaving with that peculiar laugh, "A whimsical fellow! ah! mad wag!"

Still, my childish quickness, which so thoroughly scrutinized the Bible on all sides, must have seemed tolerably serious to him, and deserving of assistance; for he referred me several times to a large English commentary, which stood in his library, and in which an intelligible and judicious exposition of the more difficult and doubtful passages was undertaken. The labours of our German divines had made the translation more valuable than the original. Different opinions were adduced, and then a kind of reconciliation attempted, so that the integrity of the text, the fundamentals of religion, and human reason might be shown to coincide. Now, as often as towards the end of the lesson my usual questions and doubts were propounded, I was led to this repository. I would get the volume, which he allowed me to read, while he turned over his Lucian; but if I made any remarks on the book, his chuckle was the only answer to my sagacity. In the

long summer days I sat and read as long as I could, many times alone, until by and by he suffered me to take one volume after another home with me.

A man may twist as he pleases, and do what he pleases, but he inevitably comes back to the track to which Nature has destined him. So, at least, it happened with me in the present case. The upshot of all my trouble about the language and contents of the Sacred Scriptures was, that it produced a livelier picture in my imagination of that beautiful and famous Holy Land, of its circumstances and its vicinities, and the people and events by which a little spot of earth was made glorious for thousands of years.

This small space was destined to see the origin and growth of the human race; thence we were to derive our first and only accounts of primitive history; and such a locality, simple and comprehensible as it was varied and well adapted to the most wonderful migration and settlements, must be exhibited to our imaginations. Here, between four designated rivers, a delightful spot was separated from all the rest of the habitable earth, for the residence of youthful man. Here he was first to unfold his capacities, and here he was to meet the fate appointed to all his posterity: of losing Peace by striving after Knowledge. Paradise was trifled away; mankind increased only to corrupt each other; and Elohim, impatient of the wickedness of the new race, cursed them from the ground. Only a few were saved from the universal deluge; and scarcely had the dreadful flood ceased to fall, when the well-known ancestral earth rose once more before the grateful eyes of the preserved.

Two rivers out of four, the Euphrates and Tigris, still flowed in their beds. The name of the first remained; the other seemed to be pointed out by its course. Minuter traces of Paradise were not to be looked for after such a convulsion. The rejuvenated race of man went forth a second time: it found a variety of means for sustaining and employing itself, but was chiefly engaged in gathering herds of domestic animals, and wandering with them in every direction.

This mode of life, no less than the increase of population, soon compelled the people to disperse. Yet it was no easy matter to resolve at once to leave their relatives and friends for ever; and they

hit upon the thought of building a lofty tower which should lead them back from their distant ways. But this attempt, like their first striving, miscarried. They could not be at the same time happy and wise, numerous and united. Elohim confounded their minds—the building remained unfinished—the men were dispersed—the world was peopled, but rent in twain.

Our regards and interests are still fastened upon these regions. At last the founder of another race goes forth, who is able to stamp a distinct character upon his descendants, and by that means unite them for all time to come into a great and compact nation, inseparable under all changes of place or destiny.

Abraham, under divine guidance, wanders from the Euphrates towards the West. The desert opposes no invincible barrier to his march. He attains the Jordan, he fords its waters, and spreads himself over the fair and fertile regions of Palestine. It was a land which had been before subjected, and to some extent inhabited. Mountains, not extremely high though rocky and barren, were severed by watery vales well fitted to cultivation. Towns, villages, and solitary settlements, lay scattered over the plain and on the slopes of the great valley, whose waters flow into the Jordan. Thus inhabited, thus settled was the land ; but the world was still large enough, and men not so circumspect, necessitous, nor enterprising, as to usurp at once the whole adjacent country. Large fields stretched out between their respective possessions, in which their grazing caravans could freely move in every direction. In one of these spaces, Abraham halts near his brother Lot ; but they cannot long remain. The very condition of a land whose population is perpetually fluctuating, and whose productions and wants are never in equilibrium, leads to unforeseen famines, in which the stranger suffers alike with the resident whom he encumbers by his accidental presence. The Chaldean brothers move onward to Egypt, and thus discover to us the theatre on which the most signal events of the world, for a myriad of years, were to be enacted. From the Tigris to the Euphrates, from the Euphrates to the Nile, we find the earth now peopled ; and this space also is traversed by a well-known, heaven-beloved, and worthy man, with his goods and cattle, which have already, in a short time, abundantly increased. The brothers return ; but,

warned by previous distresses, they determine to part. Both, indeed, tarry in Southern Canaan; but while Abraham rests at Hebron, near the wood of Mamre, Lot departs for the valley of Sodom, which, if we are bold enough to imagine the Jordan a subterranean outlet to it, so that in place of the present Dead Sea we should have dry ground, can and must appear like a second Paradise; a conjecture all the more probable, because the residents about there are noted for effeminacy and wickedness, which allows us to infer that they led an easy and luxurious life. Lot lives among them, but apart.

But Hebron and the wood of Mamre come before us as the important points where the Lord conversed with Abraham, and promised him all the land as far as his eyes could reach. From this quiet circumference, from these shepherd tribes, who companion with heavenly powers, entertain them as guests, and engage with them in conversation, we are compelled once more to trace our way back towards the East, to consider the condition of the surrounding world, which was on the whole, perhaps, not unlike that of Canaan.

Families hold together: they form alliances, and the mode of life in each tribe is determined by the locality which may have been or is appropriated. On the mountains which send down their waters to the Tigris, we find a warlike people, who thus early foreshadow our world-robbers and world-conquerors—and in their foraging parties, prodigious for those times, give a prelude of future military achievements. Chedor Laomer, King of Elam, has already a mighty influence over his confederates. He reigns a long while: for twelve years before Abraham's arrival in Canaan, he had made all the people tributary to him, as far as the Jordan. They revolted at last, and the allies equipped for war. We find them unawares upon the route by which probably Abraham had reached the Jordan. The people on the left and lower side of the Jordan are subjugated. Chedor Laomer directs his march southwards to the people of the Desert, then wending north smites the Amalekites, and when he has also overcome the Amorites, attains Canaan, drops down upon the kings of the valley of Sodom, smites and scatters them, and retires with great spoil up the Jordan, in order to extend his conquests as far as Lebanon.

One of the captives, despoiled of his property and haled along, was Lot, who shared the fate of the country in which he was merely a guest. Abraham is told of it, and we next behold the patriarch a warrior and hero. He gathers the flower of his servants, divides them into troops, attacks and routs the spoil-encumbered victors unsuspecting of an enemy in the rear, and brings back his brother and his goods, with a great deal more belonging to the conquered kings. Abraham, by means of this brief contest, acquires the whole land. The inhabitants look upon him as a protector or saviour, and through his disinterestedness, as a king. Gratefully the kings of the valley receive him—Melchisedek, both king and priest, with blessings.

Now, the prophecies of an endless posterity are renewed, and in fact take a much wider scope. The whole country, from the waters of the Euphrates to the rivers of Egypt, is promised him; yet there seems to be a discrepancy in his want of direct issue. He is eighty years of age, but has no son. Sarai, less trustful of the Deity than he, waxes impatient; she desires posterity, after the Oriental fashion, by means of her maid. But scarcely is Hagar given up to the master of the house, before dissensions arise. The wife visits her dependent with injury. Hagar flies to seek a happier position among the other tribes. But she returns, not without intimations from heaven, and Ishmael is born.

Abraham is now ninety-nine years old, and the promises of a numerous posterity are constantly repeated, until the pair begin to regard them as ludicrous. Yet Sarai becomes at last pregnant and brings forth a son, who takes the name of Isaac.

History, for the most part, rests upon the legitimate propagation of the human race. The most important events require to be traced to the privity of families: and thus, the marriages of the patriarchs give occasion for some peculiar considerations. It is as if the Divinity, who holds the destiny of mankind in his hands, wished in this affair to prefigure connubial events of every kind. Abraham, so long fruitlessly united to a beautiful woman whom many coveted, finds himself, in his hundredth year, the husband of two women, the father of two sons; and the moment he does so, his domestic peace is broken. Two women in such approximation, and two sons by different mothers, cannot in every



event agree. The party on the wrong side of law, usage, and opinion, must yield. Abraham must sacrifice his attachment for Hagar and Ishmael. Both are dismissed, and Hagar is reluctantly compelled to resume a journey, which she once begun in voluntary flight. At first it seems as if both herself and child must perish; but the angel of the Lord, who had before sent her back, rescues her again, that Ishmael may become a great people, and the most improbable of all promises be fulfilled without stint or limit.

Two parents in advanced years, and one son of their old age—here, at last, we may look for domestic quiet and earthly happiness! By no means. Heaven is preparing the heaviest of trials for the patriarch. But of this we cannot speak, without first premising a few considerations.

Should a natural universal religion arise, and a special revealed one be developed therefrom, the countries in which our imaginations have just lingered, their modes of life, and peculiar manner of men, were the fittest for the purpose. At least, we do not find in the whole world anything equally favourable and encouraging. No doubt to natural religion, if we assume that it arose earlier in the human mind, there pertains a great deal of delicacy of sentiment; for it rests upon the persuasion of an universal providence, which conducts the course of the world as a whole. A particular religion, revealed by Heaven to this or that people, carries with it the belief in a special providence which the Divine Being vouchsafes to certain favoured men, families, races, and people. This faith springs with difficulty from man's inward nature. It requires tradition, usage, and the warrant of primitive ages.

Beautiful is it therefore in the Israelitish tradition to represent the first men who confide in this providence as heroes of faith, following all the commands of that high Being, whom they serve submissively, while they do not weary in expecting the final fulfilment of his promises.

As a specially revealed religion rests upon the idea that one man may be more favoured by Heaven than another, so it also arises pre-eminently from great contrasts in condition. Men appeared at first closely allied; but their employments soon divided

them. The hunter was the freest of all ; from him arose the warrior and the ruler. Those who tilled the field, bound themselves to the soil, erected dwellings and barns to preserve what they had gained, and early estimated themselves pretty highly because their condition promised stability and peace. The herdsman acquired the most absolute position and unlimited property. The increase of their herds proceeded without end, and the space which supported them widened itself on all sides. These three classes seem from the very first to have regarded each other with dislike and contempt ; and, as the herdsman was an abomination to the townsmen, so in turn he separated from the other. The hunters vanish from our sight among the hills, and re-appear only as conquerors.

The patriarchs belonged to the shepherd class. Their manner of life upon the great oceans of wilderness and pasture, gave breadth and freedom to their minds. The vault of heaven, under which they dwelt, with all its mighty stars, elevated their feelings. They had more need than the active, skilful huntsman, or the secure, careful, householding husbandman, of the immovable faith that a God walked beside them, visited them, cared for them, guided and protected them.

We are compelled to make another reflection in passing to the rest of the history. Humane, beautiful, and cheering as is the religion of the patriarchs, yet traits of savageness and cruelty are mingled with it, out of which man may emerge, or into which he may be absorbed.

That hatred should seek to appease itself by the blood, by the death of the conquered enemy, is natural ; that men concluded a peace upon the battle-field among the ranks of the slain, may easily be conceived ; that they should in like manner hope to give validity to contracts by slaying an animal, follows from what has just been said ; and that they should further attempt to attract, conciliate, and win the favour of the gods, whom they always looked upon as partisans, either opponents or confederates, is a conception not at all surprising. But, to confine our attention to the sacrifice, and consider the way in which it was presented in those primitive ages, we discern a singular, and to our notions, altogether repugnant custom, probably derived from the usages

of war, viz. : that every kind of offered animals, no matter what number was devoted, should be cut in two, the parts laid out on either side, and the street or space between them reserved for those who wished to make a covenant with the Deity.

Another dreadful feature—mysterious and full of portent—pervading all that fair world, was, that everything consecrated or vowed should die. This also was probably an usage of war retained in time of peace. The inhabitants of a city which intrepidly maintains its defence are threatened with such a vow ; they are pressed down by the storm or otherwise ; and nothing is left alive. Men never,—often neither women, children, nor even cattle,—escaped the awful fate. Such sacrifices were rashly and superstitiously promised to the gods, and those whom they would fain spare, their nearest and dearest, their own children, were thus made the expiatory victims of delusion.

In the mild and truly patriarchal character of Abraham, such a savage kind of worship could find no place ; yet the Godhead which, in order to try mankind, often seems to put on the attributes they ascribe to it, imposes a prodigious task upon him. He must offer up his son, as the seal of a new covenant,—in which case, if he followed the usage, he would have not only to kill and burn him, but cut him in two, and await, between the smoking entrails, the new favours of propitiated Deity. Abraham blindly, and without lingering, prepares to execute the command ; the will to do so Heaven accepts as sufficient. His trials, which could be carried no further, are now at an end. But Sara dies, and this furnishes him an opportunity for taking typical possession of Canaan. He requires a tomb, and thus, for the first time, he casts about to acquire a property in this earth. He had before this, probably, looked out a two-fold cave in the grove of Mamre, which he purchases with the adjacent field. The legal form which he observes on the occasion indicates the importance of the possession,—which was more important, perhaps, than he himself supposed. For there he, his sons and his grandsons, were to rest in peace, and by this means, the title to the whole land, and the everlasting desire of his posterity to gather themselves there, could most properly be founded.

From this time forth the incidents of the family life become

more varied. Abraham still assiduously keeps aloof from the inhabitants, and though Ishmael, the son of an Egyptian, marries a daughter of the same race, Isaac was obliged to wed a kinswoman of equal rank with himself. Abraham despatches a servant to the relatives that he had left behind him in Mesopotamia. The prudent Eleazer arrives *incog.*, and, in order to get the right one, makes a proof of the girl's readiness to serve while at the well. He asks a drink for himself, and Rebecca unbidden waters his camels. He heaps her with presents, he makes love to her, and his suit is not rejected. He conducts her to the home of his lord, and she is joined to Isaac. In this case too, the issue were long a-coming. Rebecca is not blessed until after years of probation, when a single marriage gives rise to a dissension similar to that occasioned by Abraham's double union. Two boys of opposite characters wrestle already in their mother's womb. They are born—the elder lively and vigorous, the younger gentle and prudent. This becomes the mother's, and that the father's pet. The strife for precedence, begun at birth, is ever going on. Esau quietly and patiently enjoys the birthright which fortune has given him; Jacob never forgets that his brother crowded him back. Watching every chance of gaining the desirable privilege, he buys the birthright of his brother, and defrauds him of the paternal blessing. Esau is indignant, and threatens his brother's life; Jacob flees to seek his fortune in the land of his forefathers.

Thus, for the first time, a member makes his appearance in this noble family, who cherishes no scruples as to the use of cunning and deceit in attaining the advantages denied him both by nature and circumstance. It has often enough been observed and remarked upon, that the Sacred Scriptures do not mean to represent any of the patriarchs, or other divinely favoured men, as models of human virtue.\* They are mostly persons of various characters, marked by many defects and vices. But there is one leading trait which none of these men after God's own heart wanted

\* That is, in their individual or private characters, but they have obviously a representative or public character to which the Scriptures attach a special importance. Otherwise it would be difficult to see why the events of their lives are so minutely narrated.—*Tr.*

—an immovable conviction of his special care of themselves and their families.

General or natural religion properly requires no faith ; for the persuasion that a great creative ordainer and guide conceals him in Nature, that he may be more easily comprehended, is one that impresses itself upon every mind. Even if we for a moment lose this thread, which conducts us through life, it may be immediately and at any time resumed. But it is different with a special religion, which announces that this Great Being distinctly and pre-eminently accepts some individual, or family, or race, or country. Such a religion is founded on Faith, which must be immovable if it would not be instantly undermined. Every doubt of it is fatal. One may return to his convictions, but not to faith. It is for this reason that the endless probations and delays in the fulfilment of oft-repeated promises place the religious fidelity of our great ancestors in so bright a light.

It is in this Faith that Jacob begins his march, and while his craft and falsehood may not win him our regards, he makes sure of us by his persevering and inviolable love for Rachel, whom he woos in the same way Eleazar had courted Rebecca for his father. The promises of an immeasurable posterity were first to be accomplished in him ; many sons were to spring up around him, but not without his suffering, through them and their mothers, manifold sorrows of heart.

Seven years he serves for his beloved, without impatience and without a waver. His father-in-law,—crafty like himself, and disposed too like him to justify the use of any means for an end, cheats him, and so recompenses his own conduct towards his brother. Jacob finds in his arms a wife whom he cannot love. It is true Laban endeavours to atone for this after a time, by giving him his favourite, but only on the condition of seven years of further service. Vexation follows vexation. The wife he does not love is fruitful,—the other barren ; the latter like Sarai desires to become a mother through her handmaiden ; the former grudges even this advantage. She also presents him a maid ; but the good patriarch is now in a peck of troubles—he has four women, children by three, and none from her he loves. Finally even she is favoured, and Joseph comes into the world, the late fruit of the most passionate

attachment. Jacob's fourteen service-years are fled, but Laban is unwilling to part with his most trusty servant. They enter into a new league, and portion their flocks between them, Laban taking the white cattle as most numerous, and Jacob being fobbed off with the spotted ones, or outcasts. But he is one that has an eye here too to his own advantage; and as he had procured the birth-right by meanness, and his father's blessing by fraud, he manages by art and sympathy to appropriate the best and largest part of the herds; and on this side also he becomes a fit progenitor of the people of Israel, and a model to all his successors. Laban and his household are not informed of the stratagem, but remark its results. He is vexed: Jacob flies with his family and goods, and by superior craft or fortune escapes the pursuit of Laban. Rachel is now about to present him a son, but dies in the travail: Benjamin, the child of sorrow, survives her; while the aged father is destined to experience a severer sorrow for the seeming loss of his son Joseph.

Perhaps some one will ask me here what is the use of this circumstantial repetition of stories so universally known, and that have been so frequently explained. Let the inquirer be satisfied with the answer, that I could in no other way contrive to exhibit, how with my distracted life and desultory education my mind and feelings were concentrated in quiet action on one point. I was able in no other way to depict the peace that prevailed about me, even when all without was in a mysterious whirl and excitement. If an ever busy imagination—as my *Boy's Legend\** shows—led me hither and thither,—if a medley of Fable and History, Mythology and Religion, threatened to bewilder my brains, those oriental regions were my safe retreat. I plunged into the early books of Moses, and there, amid the widespread shepherd-tribes, found myself at once in the profoundest solitude, and the largest society.

These family incidents, before losing themselves in the history of the Jewish nation, bring before us in conclusion a form in which the hopes and fancies of the young in particular are agreeably flattered—Joseph, the child of passionate wedded love.

\* See page 40. Tr.

Tranquil he seems to us, and serene, and prophesying in himself of the eminence which, above all the rest of his family, he was designed to attain. Abandoned to adversity by his brothers, he retains his firmness and truth in servitude, repels temptations the most dangerous, is rescued by his power of divination, and deservedly elevated to the highest honours. He is first the saviour and support of a great kingdom, and then of his own kindred. He is like his ancestor Abraham in repose and greatness, he resembles Isaac in silence and devotedness. The business talent inherited from his father he exercises on a larger theatre. Flocks are no longer to be gained from a father-in-law, but a whole people, with their possessions, are to be purchased for a king.

The Germans were not unused to this finishing up (*ausmalen*) of the outlines of biblical characters and events. Klopstock had invested the personages of both the Old and New Testaments with a tender and affectionate interest, highly pleasing to the Boy as well as to his contemporaries. Of Bodmer's efforts in this line he knew little or nothing; but the "*Daniel in the Lion's Den*," by Moser, sunk deep into his youthful heart. In that work, a circumspet man of business and courtier arrives at the highest honours through manifold tribulations, and the piety for which they threatened to destroy him was early and late his sword and buckler. The history of Joseph it had long seemed to me desirable to elaborate, but I could not hit upon the form, particularly as I was expert in no kind of versification adapted to such a work. A treatment of it in prose then occurred to me as suitable, and I applied all my force to its execution. I endeavoured to discriminate and picture the characters, and by the interpolation of incidents and episodes, to create a new and independent work. But I overlooked, what youth are so apt to forget, that subject-matter was necessary to such a design, with which a broad experience only can inspire us. Suffice it to say, that all the incidents were present to my mind down to the minutest details, and that I narrated them accurately to myself in their succession.

What greatly lightened this labour was a circumstance which threatened to render this work, and my authorship in general, exceedingly voluminous. There was a young man of considerable aptitude, but imbecile from over exertion and conceit, living as a

ward in my father's house, on good terms with the family, and if not crossed in his ways, contented and happy. He had carefully written out notes of his academical course, and acquired a rapid, legible hand. He liked writing better than anything else, and was never more pleased than when he had something to copy, but especially when he was dictated to, and the associations of his happier academical years were thus revived. My father, who was not expeditious in writing, and whose German letters were cramped and crooked, could imagine few things more eligible than this trait, and was consequently in the habit, in the conduct of his own as well as other business, of dictating several hours a day to this young man. I found it no less convenient, during the intervals, to have my fugitive thoughts fixed upon paper by the hand of another, and my inventive and imitative endowments grew with the facility with which they were seized and preserved.

As yet I had not undertaken any work so large as my biblical prose-epic. The times were tolerably quiet, and there was nothing to recall my imagination from Palestine and Egypt. My manuscripts swelled more and more every day, as the poem, which I recited to myself, as it were, in the air, stretched along the paper; and only a few pages from time to time needed to be rewritten.

When the work was done—for to my perfect astonishment it came to an end—I called to mind that many of my earlier poems were extant, which did not appear to me utterly despicable, and which, collected in the same volume with the *JOSEPH*, would make a neat quarto, that might well be entitled "*Miscellaneous Poems*." I was pleased with this, as it gave me an opportunity of quietly imitating well-known and popular authors. I had finished a considerable number of Anacreontics, as they were called, because the convenience of the metre and the contents enabled me to read them off with great facility. But these I could scarcely accept, as they were not in rhyme, and my desire was before all things to show my father what would please him. My spiritual odes, therefore, seemed to me all the more in place, as they were zealous imitations of the "*Last Judgment*" of Elias Schlegel. One of these, an anthem on the Descent of Christ into Hell, received a great deal of approbation from my seniors and friends, and was good enough



to please my own taste for several years. The texts of the church music for Sundays, which were always printed, I studied with diligence. They were poor, indeed, and I fain ventured to believe that my verses, of which many had been composed in the prescribed manner, were equally worthy of being set to music, and performed for the edification of the faithful. These and many others like them I had more than a year since copied with my own hand, because this private exercise released me from the hands of the writing-master. Now, all were edited and reduced to order, and few inducements were needed to get the young man who was so fond of writing, to make a neat transcript. I ran with them to the bookbinder, and as I soon after handed a nice-looking volume to my father, he encouraged me with peculiar delight to get up a similar quarto every year; which he did with sincerer conviction, as I had finished the whole in my spare moments.

Another circumstance increased my tendency to these theological, or rather biblical studies. The senior minister, JOHN PHILIP FRESSENIUS, had died. He was a mild man, of fine personal appearance, highly respected by his congregation, and, in fact, esteemed by the whole city as an exemplary pastor and good preacher. But because he had stood forth against the Herrnhuters, he was not in the best odour with the rigidly righteous. On the other hand he was famous, and almost sacred with the crowd, because he had converted a certain infidel General who had been mortally wounded. Well, his successor, Plitt, a large, fine-looking, dignified man, who brought from his *Cathedra* (he had been a Professor in Marburg) the gift of teaching rather than of instructing, immediately announced a sort of religious *cursus*, to which his discourses were to be devoted in a certain methodical connection. I had already, as I was compelled to go to church, remarked his distribution of topics, and now and then felt proud of my pretty complete recitation of his sermons; and as much was said in the congregation, both for and against the new senior, many setting no great store by his flourishing didactic addresses, I undertook to write them out more fully, which I succeeded in the better from having made less ambitious attempts from a convenient but concealed seat. I was attentive and on the watch; the moment he said Amen, I ran from the church and con-

sumed a couple of hours in rapidly dictating what I had fixed in my memory or on paper, so that I could hand my father the written sermon before dinner. He was rather boastful of this success, and the good friend of the family, who always partook of the meal, also shared in the joy. Indeed, this friend was ever well-disposed to me, for I had so made his *Messiah* my own, in my repeated visits to him to get impressions of seals for my collection of coats-of-arms, that I could recite long passages, and fill his eyes with tears.

The next Sunday I prosecuted the work with equal zeal, and as I was mainly interested in the mechanical part of it, did not reflect upon the meaning of what I wrote and preserved. During the first quarter, these efforts continued pretty much the same; but as I fancied at last, in my self-conceit, that no particular illumination as to the Bible, nor clearer insight into dogmas, was to be got out of them, the small vanity gratified was too dearly purchased for me to pursue the matter with the same diligence. The sermons, once so many-leaved, grew more meagre every day; and before long I should have relinquished the attempt altogether, if my father, who was a fast friend to perseverance, had not induced me to continue it till the last Sunday in Trinity—though, it must be confessed, that at the close scarcely more than the text, statement, and divisions, were scribbled on a little piece of paper.

My father was particularly inflexible on this point of completeness (*vollbringen*). What was once undertaken must be finished, even if the inconvenience, tedium, vexation, and uselessness of it were demonstrated in the meantime. It seemed as if he regarded completeness as the only end, and perseverance as the highest virtue. If our family circle, during any of the long winter evenings, began to read a book aloud, we were compelled to go on with it, though every body was tired to death of it, and my father himself was the first to yawn. I remember one winter when we had to work our way through Bowers's History of the Popes. It was a terrible time, as there is little or nothing in ecclesiastical affairs that can in any way interest children and young people. Still, with all our inattention and repugnance, so much of it remained upon my mind that I was able, in after years, to take up many threads of the narrative.

Amid all these heterogeneous occupations and pursuits, which followed each other so rapidly that they can hardly be enumerated, my father kept his eye steady on the main object. He endeavoured to fix and concentrate my memory and gifts in the direction of jurisprudence. A small book of HOFF'S, in the style of a catechism, and worked up into the form and substance of the Institutions, was consequently put into my hands. I soon learned both questions and answers by heart, and could represent the catechist as well as the catechumen. And, as in religious instruction, at that time, the main concern in learning was to apply the Scriptures promptly, a similar acquaintance with the *Corpus Juris* was found necessary; in which, too, I soon became uncommonly expert. My father wished to go on, and procured me the lesser STRUVE, but here affairs did not proceed so rapidly. The form of the work was not so favourable for beginners, that they might help themselves, nor my father's method of teaching so liberal as to impart to it any great interest.

Not only the military state under which we had formerly lived, but civil life itself, and the perusal of history and romances, all together convinced us, that there were many cases in which the Law was silent and lent no help to the Individual, who was then obliged to get himself out of difficulties as he best could. We had now reached the period when, according to the good old custom, we should leave every thing else to fence and ride, that we might occasionally defend our hides from attack, and straddle a horse in other than scholarly fashion. As to the first, the practice was very agreeable; for we had already, long ago, contrived to make rapiers out of hazel-sticks, bound with a wicker of osier to protect the hands. Now we ventured on real steel blades, and the clanking we made with them was very merry.

There were two fencing-masters in the city: an old earnest German, who went to work in a strong and solid style, and a Frenchman, whose method consisted in rapid advances and retreats, and light fugitive thrusts, always accompanied by cries. Opinions varied as to whose manner was the best. The little company I took lessons with sided with the Frenchman, and we speedily accustomed ourselves to thrust backwards and forwards, make passes and recover, and withal shout the usual exclamations.

But others of our acquaintance had gone to the German teacher, and practised precisely the opposite. These distinct modes of treating so important a matter, each of us being persuaded that his master was the better, gave rise to a dissension among the young people of about the same age, which was like to have set both fencing schools seriously by the ears. The strife of words would then have been a battle with swords. But to decide the matter in the end, a trial of skill between the teachers was arranged, the consequences of which I will not minutely describe. The German stood like a wall, watching his opportunity, and disarming his opponent hand over hand with his cut and thrust. The latter maintained that this mattered not, and proceeded to exhaust the other's wind by his agility. He fetched the German several lunges, too, which, if they had been in fair, would have sent him posting to the next world. On the whole, nothing was decided or improved, except that several of us now went over to our countryman. But I had acquired too much from the first master to get used to the manner of the other, until after a considerable lapse of time, when it seemed less satisfactory to us renegades than it did to his primitive disciples.

As to riding, it fared still worse with me. It happened that they sent me to the course in autumn, so that I had to commence in the cool and wet season of the year. The pedantic treatment of this noble art was excessively disgusting. From first to last the whole talk was about sitting the horse, and yet not a soul of them could say in what a proper sitting consisted, though all depended on that; for they drove to and fro on the horse without stirrups. Moreover, the instruction seemed contrived for cheating and degrading the scholars. If one forgot to hook or loosen the curb-chain, or his switch fell down, or even his hat,—for every delay, every mistake, he was liable to a forfeit of money, besides being laughed at. This put me in the worst of humours, particularly after I found that the place itself was intolerable. The great nasty space, always wet or dusty, the cold, the mouldy-smell, all together was perfectly abominable; and as the stable-master, bribed perhaps by breakfasts and other gifts, or perhaps because others were the more skilful, always gave them the best and me the poorest horses to ride, kept me waiting, and, as it seemed to

me, underrated my abilities, I had a most annoying experience of a thing that ought to be among the most pleasant in the world. In fact the impression of that time, of these circumstances, remained so vividly that, although I afterwards became an impetuous and daring rider, and for days and weeks together scarcely got off my horse, I would carefully shun the riding-school, or at most never tarry a moment in passing it. The case often happens when we enter upon an apprenticeship to a certain art, that it is done in a painful and revolting manner. The conviction that this is both wearisome and injurious, has given way in later times to the educational maxim, that the young must acquire every thing in a light, easy, and agreeable way : but this is also a source of other evils and disadvantages.

With the approach of spring, times became more quiet with us, and as in earlier days I had endeavoured to obtain a sight of the city, its ecclesiastical, civil, public and private structures, and found a great and particular delight in the examination of its still prevailing antiquities, so I was afterwards interested in reviving the personages of the past by means of the *Lernsner Chronicle*, and my father's old Frankfortian books and pamphlets. This seemed to me to be best attained by the study of the peculiarities of times and manners, and of distinguished individuals.

Among the ancient remains which, from my childhood, had struck me as most worthy of note, was the skull of a state-criminal, fastened up on the tower of the bridge, one of three or four, as the naked iron spikes showed, which, since 1616, had resisted the encroachments of time and weather. Whenever one returned from Sachsenhausen to Frankfort, this tower rose before him, and the skull was directly in his eye. As a boy, I liked to hear related the history of the insurrection of Fettmilch and his confederates—how they had become dissatisfied with the government of the city, risen up against it, plotted a mutiny, plundered the Jews' quarters and excited a fearful riot, but were at last captured, and condemned to death by a deputy of the emperor. In later times, however, it occurred to me to get a minuter knowledge of these circumstances, and learn what sort of people they were. And when an old, cotemporary book, ornamented with wood cuts,

informed me that while these men had been condemned to death, many councillors had at the same time been deposed, in consequence of the current disorder and lawlessness—when I saw how it had gone with them—I compassionated these unfortunate individuals, whom you could not but regard as sacrifices to which we owed the better Constitution of the future. For from that time they date the regulation which allows the noble old house of Limpurg, the Frauenstein house, sprung from a Club, besides lawyers, trades-people, and craftsmen, to take part in the government, and which enlarged the complicated Venetian method of balloting, restricted by the civil colleges, who were called to do right, without acquiring any special privilege to do wrong.

Among the things which excited the misgivings of the Boy, and even oppressed his youth, is to be mentioned the state of the Jewish quarter of the city, properly called Jew-street, as it consisted of little more than a single street, which in earlier time must have been hemmed in between the walls and trenches of the town like a Prison (*Zwinger*). The closeness, the filth, the throng, the accent of their harsh tongue, altogether made a most disagreeable impression, when you looked in as you were going past the gate. It was long before I ventured to enter alone, and I did not try it again very readily, when I had once escaped the unwearied importunities of so many men commending and proffering what they had to barter. The old legends of the cruelty of the Jews towards the children of Christians, which we had seen illustrated in Godfrey's Chronicles, hovered vaguely before my young mind. And although they were thought better of in modern times, the caricatures and infamous pictures still to be seen, to their disgrace, on the arched walls of the bridge-tower, were extraordinary witnesses against them; for they had been made, not through any private ill-will, but by public institution.

Meanwhile they remained the Chosen People of God, and passed, no matter how it came about, as a memorial of the most ancient time. Besides, they were active and pleasing men, to whose tenacity in clinging to their peculiar customs one could not refuse his respect. Their females, moreover, were pretty, and liked very well to prove themselves cordial and polite too, when

a Christian had accompanied them on Sundays to the Fischerfelde. I was consequently extremely curious to witness their ceremonies ; nor did I desist until I had frequently visited their school, assisted at a circumcision and a wedding, and formed some idea of the Feast of the Tabernacles. Every where that I went I was well received, pleasantly entertained, and invited to come again ; for they were persons of influence by whom I had been either introduced or recommended.

Thus, the young dweller in a large city was thrown about from one object to another in every direction, and horrible scenes were not wanting in the midst of all our municipal quietude and security. Sometimes a more or less remote fire aroused us from our domestic peace, sometimes the discovery of a great crime, the investigation and punishment of which would set the whole city in an uproar for weeks. We were forced to be witnesses to many different executions, and it is worth observing, that I too was once present at a burning of books. The publication was a French comic romance, which in fact spared the state, though it did not religion and manners. There was really something dreadful in seeing punishment inflicted on a lifeless creature. The packages exploded in the fire, and were raked asunder by an oven-fork, to be brought in closer contact with the flames. At length, the half-charred sheets were wafted about by the air, and the crowd gathered them up with greedy eagerness. Nor could we rest until we had hunted up a copy, while not a few managed to taste of the forbidden pleasure. In truth, if it had all been done to give the author publicity, he could not himself have made a more effectual provision.

But there were also more peaceable inducements to lead me about in every part of the city. My father had early accustomed me to look after his little odds and ends of business. He charged me particularly with stirring up the labourers that he set to work, as they commonly loitered longer than was proper ; he wished everything done accurately, and was used in the end to beat down the price, in view of a prompter payment. In this way, I gained access to all manner of workshops ; and as it was natural to me to enter into the condition of others, to feel every species of human existence, and sympathize in it with pleasure,

these commissions were the occasion of many most delightful hours, and imparted to me a knowledge of every method of proceeding ; and what joy and sorrow, what advantages and disadvantages, were incident to the indispensable conditions of this or that mode of life. I was brought nearer to that active class which serves as a connecting link between the lower and the upper classes. For, if one side consists of those who are employed on the simplest and rudest products, the other is made up of such as desire to use something that has been already worked up ; so that the manufacturer, with his cunning of skill and hands, is the mediator who brings them both in contact, and enables each to gratify its wishes in its own way. The household economy of the various crafts, which takes its form and colour from the occupation of each, was likewise an object of quiet observation ; and thus I developed and strengthened my feeling of the equality, if not of all men, of human conditions ; the mere fact of existence seeming to me the main point, while all the rest is indifferent and accidental.

As my father never permitted himself in any expense which was instantly consumed in a momentary enjoyment, as I cannot call to mind that we ever took an airing together, or spent a penny on a place of amusement—so he was, on the other hand, not niggard in procuring such things as joined a good external appearance to their inward value. No one could have wished for Peace more than he, although he had not in fact experienced the smallest grievance during the last days of the War. With this feeling, he had promised my mother a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, which she was to receive as soon as Peace should be publicly declared. In the expectation of this happy event, they had laboured now for some years on the present. The box, which was tolerably large, had been executed in Hanau, where my father was held in good repute among the gold-workers, as well as the silk manufacturers. Many designs were made for it ; the cover was adorned by a basket of flowers, over which hovered a dove with olive branches. A vacant space was left for the jewels, which were to be inserted partly on the dove and partly on the spot where the box is opened. The jeweller to whom the execution of it, together with that of the requisite stones, was entrusted, was named Lautensack, a



brisk, skilful man—who, like most artists, would not do necessary work, yet took great pleasure commonly in gratuitous fancy-work. The jewels were very soon set, in the shape in which they were to be put upon the box, on a plate of black-wax, and looked very well ; but they never got transferred from that to the gold. In the outset, my father let the thing be as it was ; but as the hopes of Peace became livelier, and finally when the stipulations—particularly the elevation of the Archduke Joseph to the Roman throne—were more precisely known, he grew very impatient, and I had to go several times a week, in fact, almost daily, to hurry on the tardy artist. By means of my unremitted complaints and exhortations, the work went forwards, but very tediously ; for as it was of that kind which can be taken in hand or laid aside at will, there was always something pressing to crowd it out of the way.

The cause of this conduct was mainly a task which the artist had undertaken on his own account. Every body knew that Emperor Fritz cherished a great liking for jewels, and especially coloured stones. Lautensack had expended a handsome sum, and as it afterwards turned out, much beyond his means, on such gems, out of which he began to shape a nosegay, where every stone was to be tastefully disposed, according to its shape and colour, and the whole form a work of art worthy of being preserved in the treasure-vaults of an Emperor. He had, in his desultory way, laboured for many years upon it, and hastened—now that after the hoped-for Peace the Emperor was expected to be present at the coronation of his son in Frankfort—to complete it and put it together. My desire to become acquainted with such things he availed himself of in the most dextrous manner, in order to distract me as a bearer of threats, and defeat my intentions. He strove to impart a knowledge of these stones to me, and detailed all their properties and values, so that in the end I knew his whole boquet by heart, and could, quite as well as he, have demonstrated its virtues to a customer. It is even now before me, and I have since seen more costly, but not more charming or magnificent specimens in this sort. He possessed, moreover, a fine collection of engravings, and other works of art, with which he amused himself ; and I passed many hours with him, not without profit. Finally, when the Congress of Hubertsburg was

actually in session, he did for my sake more than was due ; and actually placed the dove and flowers in my mother's hands on the self-same day Peace was celebrated.

I received many similar charges to urge on painters to pictures which had been ordered. My father had confirmed himself in a notion,—and few men were free from it—that a picture painted on wood was vastly to be preferred to one that was merely spread on canvass. One of his great anxieties, consequently, was to possess good oak boards, because he well knew that it was on this important point that the more careless artists trusted to the cabinet-makers. The oldest planks were hunted up, which the joiners were obliged to go to work at and prepare with plane and glue, in order to be stored away for a year or two in an upper chamber, where they could get sufficiently dried. A costly board of this kind was committed to Painter JUNKER, that he might ornament it with a flower-pot, with the flowers drawn after nature in his most artistic and elegant manner. It was just about the springtime, and I was not backward in carrying him several times a week the most beautiful flowers that fell in my way ; which he immediately drew, and by degrees put the whole together with the utmost care and fidelity. On one occasion I had caught a mouse, which I took to him, and which he desired to copy as quite a pretty animal ; he did so very accurately, representing him gnawing an ear of corn at the foot of the flower-pot. Many other similar inoffensive objects, such as butterflies and cock-chaffers, were brought in and painted, so that finally, as far as imitation and execution were concerned, this was a very precious picture.

Nor was I a little astonished, as the good man formally declared one day, when the work was just about to be delivered, that the picture no longer pleased him ; while it was pretty well done in its details, it was not well composed as a whole, owing to the gradual manner in which it had been finished ; and that he had perpetrated a blunder in the outset, in not at least devising a general plan for the lights and shadows, as well as for the colouring, according to which the individual flowers might have been arranged. He examined with me the minutest parts of the picture, which had arisen before my eyes during a half year and

was in many respects pleasing, and managed to convince me perfectly of what he said, much to my regret. The imitated mouse he regarded as a mistake; for such animals, he said, are disagreeable to many people, and should never be introduced, when the object is to excite emotions of pleasure. As it commonly happens with those who are cured of a prejudice and imagine themselves a great deal more knowing than they were before, I had great contempt for this work of art, and agreed perfectly with the artist that he should get another tablet of the same size prepared, on which he might display his taste in a better formed vessel and a more artistically arranged nosegay, and manage to select and distribute his little living accessories in a more ornamental and agreeable way. This tablet also was painted with the greatest care; yet altogether from the previous imitations or from memory: though his long and assiduous practice came to his help. Both paintings were now ready, and we distinctly preferred the last, which was beyond all doubt the more artistic and striking of the two. My father was surprised with two instead of one, and left to choose between them. He approved of our opinions, and of the reasons of them, as well as of our good-will and activity; but determined, after considering both pictures one day, in favour of the first, saying nothing about the motives of his choice. The artist took back his second well-meant effort, but could not refrain from remarking to me peevishly, that the good oaken tablet on which the first was painted must have had its effect on my father's decision.

Now, that I am speaking of painting, I am reminded of a large establishment, where I passed much time, because both it and its manager were very attractive. It was the oil-cloth factory which painter NORTHNAGEL had erected; an expert artist, but in his disposition leaning rather to the industrial than the fine arts. In a large space of courts and gardens, all sorts of oil cloths were made,—from the coarset that are spread with a trowel, and used for baggage-waggons and similar purposes, through carpets impressed with figures, to still finer and the finest, on which sometimes Chinese and grotesque pictures, and sometimes natural flowers were copied,—and now figures and then landscapes were represented by the most accomplished workmen. This multiplicity,

to which there was no end, amused me vastly. The occupation of so many men, from the commonest labour, to that whose artistic worth could not be gainsayed, was extremely interesting. I made the acquaintance of this multitude of young and old men, working in several rooms one behind the other, and occasionally lent them a hand. The demand for these commodities was extraordinarily active. Whoever built or furnished an edifice, liked to provide for his lifetime, and this oil-cloth carpeting was quite indestructible. Northnagel had enough to do in managing the whole, and sat in his office surrounded by factors and clerks. The remnants of his time he employed in a collection of art, consisting chiefly of engravings, with which and the pictures he possessed, he drove occasionally a good traffic. At the same time he had acquired a taste for etching; he had etched a variety of plates, and prosecuted this branch of art even into his old age.

As his dwelling lay near the Eschenheim gate, my way when I visited him commonly led me out of the city to some bits of ground which my father owned beyond the walls. One of these was an orchard, the soil of which was put to use as a meadow, in which my father carefully tended the transplanting of trees, and whatever else pertained to their preservation; though the ground itself was leased. A far more entertaining occupation was furnished by a vineyard beyond the Friedberg gate, where rows of asparagus were planted between ranges of vines, and anxiously nursed. Scarcely a day passed in the proper season, that my father, whom we then mostly ventured to accompany, did not go out, and thus provide us joy and delight from the earliest productions of Spring to the last of Harvest. We got a smattering of gardening too, which, as it was repeated every year, became in the end perfectly known and familiar. But after the manifold fruits of summer and autumn, the vintage at last was the most lively and desirable: for it is a fact, that as wine gives a freer character to the places and neighbourhoods where it is grown and drunk, so the Day of Grape-gathering, while it shuts up Summer and opens Winter, diffuses an inconceivable cheerfulness. Joy and jubilation pervade the whole region. In the daytime, huzzas and shoutings ascend from every

hole and corner, and at night, rockets and fire-balls, now here, and then there, announce that the people, everywhere wide awake and bustling, would stretch out the festival to its last moments. The subsequent labour at the wine-press, and during the fermentation in the cellar, gave us also a sprightly employment at home, so that winter came on while we were hardly aware of its approach.

This rural estate delighted us the more in the spring of 1763, as the 15th of February in that year was celebrated as a festival day, on account of the conclusion of the Hubertsburg Peace, under the happy results of which the greater part of my life fled away. But before I advance, I deem it obligatory to call to mind several men who exerted a marked influence on my youth.

VON OLENSCHLAGER, a member of the Frauenstein family, a Schöff, and son-in-law of the above-mentioned Dr. Orth, a good-looking, comfortable, sanguine man. In his official holiday-cos-tume he could well have personated the most consequential of the French prelates. After his academical course he had employed himself in political and state affairs, to which objects his travels were also merely preliminary. He set great store by me, and often conversed with me on matters in which he was deeply interested. I was with him, when he wrote his Illustrations of the Golden Bull; when he managed to explain to me very clearly the worth and dignity of that document. It was the means of leading my imagination back to those wild and unquiet times, and I could not forbear representing what he related historically, as if it were present, by pictures of characters and circumstances, and often by mimicry; in which he took great delight, and applauded me till he excited me to a repetition.

I had from childhood fallen into the singular habit of learning by heart the indices of books, and the arrangement of their subjects, first of the five books of Moses, and then of the *Æneid* and Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. I did the same thing with the Golden Bull, and provoked my patron into peals of laughter, whenever I unexpectedly, but with great earnestness, exclaimed, *Omne regnum in se divisum desolabitur; nam principes ejus facti sunt socii furum.\** The

\* Every kingdom divided against itself, shall be brought to desolation; for the princes thereof have become the associates of robbers.—Tr.

worthy man shook his head as he laughed, and said significantly, "What times those must have been, when an Emperor thundered such words in the face of a whole diet of his Princes!"

Von Olenschlager was very charming in his intercourse. He received very little company, yet was strongly inclined to any intellectual entertainment. It was he that induced us children from time to time to get up plays, holding such exercises as particularly useful to the young. We gave the *CANUTE* of Schlegel, in which the part of the King was assigned to me, Elfrida to my sister, and Ulfo to the youngest son of the family. Thereupon we ventured to try *BRITANNICUS*, in order, along with our dramatic talents, to bring our language into practice. I took Nero, my sister Agrippina, and the son, Britannicus. We were more highly praised than we deserved, and fancied that we had done it much better even than for what we were praised. Thus I stood on the best of terms with this family, and am indebted to them for many pleasures and a speedier development.

VON REINECK, of an old noble family, able, honest, and stubborn, a meagre, saturnine man, whom I never saw smile. The misfortune befell him to have his only daughter run away with by a friend of the family. He pursued his son-in-law with the most vehement prosecutions; and because the tribunals would not drive his suit either swiftly or strongly enough, he fell foul of them; and there arose quarrel on quarrel and writ after writ. He retired to his house and its adjacent garden, lived in a roomy but melancholy basement, into which for many years no brush of white-washer, or even besom of chambermaid, had found its way. Me he willingly endured, and had especially commended to his son. He many times asked his oldest friends, who knew how to humour him, his men of business and agents, to dine with him, when he never omitted inviting me. There was plenty good to eat, and much better to drink. But his guests were exposed to the annoyance of a cracked stove, that let out the smoke on every side. One of the most intimate of these once ventured to remark upon this, and asked the host whether he could put up with such an inconvenience all winter. He answered thereupon, like a second Timon or Heautontimoroumenos: "Would to God this was the worst infliction of those who torment

me!" It was long before he allowed himself to be persuaded to see his daughter and grandson: the son-in-law never again dared to come into his presence.

On this brave but unfortunate man my visits had a very favourable effect; for while he liked to converse with me, and instruct me particularly on the affairs of states and nations, he seemed to feel himself relieved and cheered. The few old friends who still gathered round him, made use of me, consequently, when they would temper his black humour, or fain persuade him to any diversion. In fact, he now went out with us many times, and contemplated the country on which he had not cast an eye for so many years. He called to mind the old settlers, and told stories of their characters and actions, in which he showed himself always rigorous, but often cheerful and witty. We tried to bring him in contact once more with other men, but were near upsetting the whole scheme.

About the same age, if indeed not older, was one HERR VON MALAPERT, a rich man, who possessed a fine house near the Ross markt, and turned many a pretty penny in the salt-trade. He lived quite secluded: but during the summer season was a great deal in his garden, near the Bockenheim gate, where he watched and tended a plot of gilliflowers.

Von Reineck was likewise an amateur in this line; the season of flowers had come, and suggestions were made as to whether these two could not be brought to visit each other. We introduced the matter, and persisted in it till Von Reineck agreed to go out with us one Sunday after dinner. The greeting of the two old men was excessively laconic, almost pantomimic in fact, and they walked up and down the long pink-railings with true diplomatic strides. The field was extraordinarily beautiful, and the particular forms and colours of the flowers, the preference for one or the other, and their variety, gave occasion to some little talk, which promised to get interesting. The rest of us were rejoiced at this, the more perhaps because we saw some excellent old Rhine wine, fruits, and other good things, spread upon a table in a neighbouring bower. But these were not, alas! destined to cross our lips. Von Reineck unfortunately saw a pink whose head hung down; he took the stalk near the calyx very cautiously between his fore

and middle fingers, and lifted the flower so that it could be better inspected. Yet this gentle handling vexed the owner, who very courteously, but stiffly enough, and somewhat self-complacently, reminded him of the *Oculis non manibus*.\* Von Reineck had already let go the flower, but took fire at the words, and said in his usual dry and earnest manner, "There's no great harm in an amateur's touching or looking at a flower." Whereupon, he repeated the joke, and took the stalk again between his fingers. The friends of both parties—for some of Von Malapert's friends were present—were thrown into the greatest perplexity. They set one hare to catch another (that was the phrase we used when we wished to interrupt a conversation and give it another bent), but it would not do; the old gentlemen had become sulky, and we feared lest Von Reineck would repeat the act, when all would be over with us. Their friends kept them apart, occupied with one thing or another, while the mischief of it was that we had to break up and turn our backs on the inviting side-board.

HOFRATH HUSGEN, not born in Frankfort, of the reformed religion, and therefore incapable of public office; of the legal profession, which, though much in esteem as an excellent jurist, he had to practise quietly in the Frankfort and other imperial courts under assumed signatures, was about sixty years old when I took writing lessons with his son, and so obtained his acquaintance. His figure was large, tall without being thin, and broad without corpulency. You could not look, for the first time, on his face, which was pitted with pox-marks and wanting an eye, without apprehension. He wore always a perfectly white bell-shaped cap on his bald head, tied at the top with a ribbon. His morning gowns, of calamanco or damask, were thoroughly clean. He dwelt in an agreeable suite of basement rooms on the *Allée*, to which the neatness of every thing about him was adapted. The excellent arrangement of his papers, books, maps, &c., produced a favourable impression. His son Heinrich Sebastian, afterwards known by his various writings on Art, gave little promise in his youth. Good-natured but dull, not rude yet straight-forward, and without any special liking for instruction, he rather sought to avoid the presence of his father, as he could get all he wanted from his

\* Eyes, not hands.—Tr.



mother. I, on the other hand, grew more and more intimate with the old man, the more I knew of him. As he accepted only the most important Cases, he had time enough to occupy and entertain himself in other modes. I had not long frequented his house, and listened to his doctrines, before I saw that he had a bone to pick with God and the World. One of his favourite books was *Agrippa de vanitate Scientiarum*, which he commended to me emphatically, and so set my young brains in a considerable whirl for a long while to come. In the buoyancy of youth I was inclined to a sort of optimism, and stood on pretty good terms with God or the Gods; for the experience of a series of years had taught me that there was much to counterbalance Evil, that man speedily recovers from misfortune, that he is saved from dangers, and does not always go about breaking his neck. I looked with tolerance, too, on what men did and endeavoured, and found many things worthy of praise which my old gentleman could not by any means abide. Indeed, once when he had sketched the world to me, rather from the crabbed side, I mentioned that he meant to close the game with a trump-card. He shut tight his blind eye, as he was wont in such cases, looked sharp out of the other, and said to me with a snuffing voice, "But even in God I discover defects."

My Timonic mentor was also a mathematician, though his practical turn drove him to mechanics, in which, however, he did not himself labour much. A clock, which in those days was a very curious affair, as it indicated not only the days and hours, but the motions of the Sun and Moon, was one of the results of his skill. On Sunday, about ten o'clock in the morning, he always wound it up himself, which he could do the more regularly, as he never set foot in church. I never saw company nor guests at his house; and only twice in ten years do I remember to have seen him drawn out of doors.

My various conversations with these men were not insignificant, and each of them influenced me in his own way. Each one thought as much of me as if I had been his only child, if not more, and strove to increase his delight in me as in a beloved son, while he aspired to mould me into an exact likeness of himself. Olenschlager would have made me a courtier, and Von Reineck

a diplomatist ; and both, the latter particularly, would have disgusted me with Poetry and Authorship. Hüsgen wished me to be a Timon after his fashion, yet an able juris-consult, whose profession, as he thought, was necessary to defend oneself and friends from the mass of mankind, to succour the oppressed, and above all to requite the injuries of rogues ; though the last is neither practicable nor to be advised.

But if I kept diligently in the company of these men to profit by their counsels and directions, I was none the less furthered by the direct emulation of such as were only a little older than myself. I name here before all others, the brothers SCHLOSSER and GRIESEBACH. Still, as I came subsequently into a more intimate relationship with these, which lasted for years, I will only say for the present, that they were then distinguished in Languages and other studies highly esteemed in the academical course, they were held up as models, and every body cherished the expectation that they would take a prominent place either in Church or State.

As it concerns myself, I was also minded to produce something worthy of note, but in what way this was to be brought about was not clear. As we are apt to think rather upon the reward we shall receive than upon the services by which it shall be won, I will not dissemble, that if I indulged in any dream of success, it appeared to me most fascinating in the shape of that laurel garland which is woven to adorn the brow of the poet.



BOOK FIFTH.



## FIFTH BOOK.

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EVERY bird has its snare, and every man is led or misled in a way peculiar to himself. Nature, education, circumstances and habit all combined to keep me apart from the vulgar, and though I often came in contact with the lower classes of the people, particularly mechanics, it gave rise to no very intimate relationships. It is true, that I possessed boldness enough to have undertaken something unusual and even dangerous, and many times felt disposed to do so, but never got such matters fairly by the handle.

Meanwhile I was quite unexpectedly involved in a connexion which brought me near to a greater hazard, or at least kept me for a long time in perplexity and distress. My early alliance with the young fellow whom I have before named Pylades was maintained up to the time of my youth. We seldom saw each other, it must be confessed, because our parents did not stand on the best footing, but when we did meet the old raptures of friendship were renewed. Once we encountered in the alley which furnishes a very agreeable walk between the outer and inner gates of Saint-Gallus. We had scarcely returned greetings, when he said to me "I hold to the same opinion as ever about your verses. Those which you recently communicated to me, I read aloud to some pleasant companions, but not one of them would believe that you had made them." "Let it pass," was my answer: "if we can make them and enjoy them, they may think and say what they please." "There comes one of the sceptics now," added my friend. "We won't speak of it," I replied, "that can't mend the matter!" "But I shall not by any means," said he, "let the affair pass off in this way."

After a short and indifferent conversation, my all too generous comrade could not suffer it to drop without saying with some resentment towards his friend, "Here is the person who made those

pretty verses, which you would not give him credit for!" "He should not be offended at that," answered the other, "for we do him an honour when we suppose that more learning is required to make such verses than one of his years can possess." I replied with something immaterial, but my friend continued, "It wouldn't cost much labour to convince you. Give him a theme and he will make you a poem on the spot." I assented, as we were alone, when the other asked, whether I could produce a right clever love-letter in rhyme, in which a modest young woman might be supposed to declare her inclination for a young man. "Nothing easier," I answered, "if I only had writing materials." He pulled out his pocket memorandum, in which there were a great many blank leaves, and I sat down upon a bench to write. They walked about, in the meanwhile, but never let me out of their sight. I immediately brought the required situation before my mind, and thought how agreeable it would be if a handsome girl were really attached to me, and would reveal her sentiments either in prose or verse. I began my declaration without delay, and in a little while had executed it in a sort of flowing measure, somewhat between doggerel and madrigal, in such a way that the sceptic was overcome with admiration and my friend with transport. The desire of the former to possess the poem could not be resisted; the less so, as it was written in his calendar, and I therefore put the evidence of my readiness into his hands. He departed with many assurances of his admiration and respect, and wished for nothing more than that we should often meet; so we appointed a time to go together into the country.

Our party accordingly soon went to a spot where other young people of the same rank assembled. They were men of the middle, or, if you please, of the lower classes, who were not wanting in brains, and as they had gone through school, were possessed of considerable knowledge and a certain degree of culture. In a large and rich city there are many modes of gaining a livelihood. These got on by copying for the lawyers, and giving to the children of the common people a higher instruction than they are accustomed to get in the public schools. To more advanced children, who were about to be confirmed, they imparted religious lessons; then, again, they assisted factors and merchants in some

way, and were thus enabled to enjoy themselves frugally in the evenings, and particularly on Sundays and festivals.

On the way there, while they highly extolled my love-letter, they informed me that they had made a very merry use of it : viz., that it had been copied in a feigned hand, and, with a few pertinent allusions, sent to a conceited young fellow, who was now firmly persuaded that a lady to whom he had paid distant court was excessively taken with him, and sought an opportunity for closer acquaintance. They also confided to me that they longed for nothing more now than to be able to frame an answer for him in verse ; but that neither he nor they were skilful enough, so that they earnestly solicited me to compose the much-desired reply.

Mystification is and will continue to be an amusement of idle men, whether more or less intellectual. It is a venial wickedness, a self-complacent malice, much relished by those who have neither resources in themselves nor a wholesome external activity. No age is exempt from such prurientes. We had often misled each other in our childish years ; many sports turn upon mystification and trick, and the present jest did not go beyond the proper limits. I gave my consent, they imparted the particulars which the letter ought to contain, and it was finished before we reached home.

A little while afterwards they gave me a pressing invitation, through my friend, to take part in one of their evening feasts. The lover was himself to bear the expense, and desired extremely to thank the friend who had shown himself so excellent a poetical secretary.

We came together quite late, the provision was moderate, and the wine drinkable : but as it regards the entertainment, it turned almost entirely on jokes upon the aforesaid not very bright young man, who, after repeated readings of my letter, almost believed that he had written it himself.

My natural generosity would not allow me to take much pleasure in such a mischievous deception, and the repetition of the same subject soon disgusted me. I should certainly have passed an exceedingly tedious evening, if an unexpected apparition had not given it a new life. On our arrival the table had



been neatly and orderly arranged, and furnished with plenty of wine; and we had required no further service. At last, however, the wine gave out, and one of them called to the maid: but instead of the maid there came in a maiden of uncommon, and, considering the circumstances, incredible beauty. "What is it?" she asked, after having greeted us with a cordial 'good evening: ' "the maid is sick, and in bed. Can I serve you?" "The wine is out," said one: "now if you'll just get us a couple of flasks, it will be very sweet in you?" "Oh do, Gretchen,"\* said another, "it isn't a cat's leap from here." "Why not?" she answered, and taking two flasks from the table, hastened out. Her form, as seen from behind, was still more elegant. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, which a slender throat bound to her graceful neck and shoulders. Every thing about her was choice, and one could survey her whole form the more at ease, as his observations were not altogether attracted and fettered by those still quiet eyes, and that most lovely mouth. I reprov'd my comrades because they had sent the child out into the night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon comforted, as she had already returned, the victualler living just across the way. "Sit down with us," said one. She did so, but, alas, did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and speedily departed, first counselling us not to stay long, and above all not to get noisy, as her mother had lain down. It was not, however, her mother, but our hostess, of whom she spoke.

The form of that girl has followed me from that moment, through all vicissitudes; it was the first durable impression that female nature had ever made upon me; and as I could invent no excuse for going to see her at home, love led me to the church, where I traced out her seat; and there, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my full at her. When church went out I could not muster courage enough to accost her, much less to accompany her home, though I was perfectly in bliss, when she merely remarked me and returned my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her. They had persuaded the lover, whose secretary I had been, that his letter had been actually despatched to the lady, and his expectations were now

\* The diminutive of Margaret, *Marg-gret-kin*.—*Trans.*

strongly excited, that it would soon bring back a reply. This, too, I was obliged to write, and the waggish confederates entreated me earnestly, through Pylades, to muster all my wit and put forth all my skill, in order that this piece might be elegant and perfect.

In the hope of again seeing my charmer, I went immediately to work, and thought over every thing that would be in the highest degree pleasing if Gretchen were to write to me. I imagined that I had written out everything from her form, her nature, her manner, and her mind, in such a way, that I could not refrain from wishing that it were so in reality, and lost myself in rapture at the mere thought of her sending something similar to me. Thus I mystified myself, while I intended to impose upon others; while there was yet much joy and much uneasiness to spring out of the affair. When I was once more summoned, I was ready, promised to come, and did not fail at the appointed hour. There was only one of the young people at home; Gretchen sat near the window spinning, and the mother was busy about the room. The young man desired that I should read to him aloud, which I did, but not without emotion, as I squinted over the paper towards the beautiful girl; and fancying that I remarked a certain uneasiness in her motions, and a gentle flush on her cheeks, I enunciated what I wished her to understand particularly in a better and more emphatic voice. The cousin, who had often interrupted me with his commendations, at last entreated me to make some amendments. He hit upon places which, it must be confessed, were rather suited to the condition of Gretchen than to that of the young woman, who was of a good family, wealthy, and very well known and respected in the city. After designating the desired changes, and bringing me an inkstand, the young man took leave for a short time on account of some business, while I remained sitting on the side bench back of a big table, and essayed the alterations that ought to be made, on a huge slate, quite covering the table's surface, with a style that always lay in the window. They were in the habit of using this large slate to reckon upon, make memoranda, and even communicate with those coming in or going out.

I had been engaged for a while writing different things and rub-

bing them out again, when I exclaimed somewhat impatiently, "It won't do!" "All the better," replied the girl, "I wish it would never do! You should not meddle in such matters." She arose from the distaff, stepped towards the table, and gave me a severe lecture, but with a great deal of good sense and friendliness. "The thing seems an innocent jest; it is a jest, but it is not innocent. I have already lived to see many of these affairs, by which our young people, for the sake of such mere mischief, have brought themselves into difficulty." "But what shall I do?" I asked; "the letter is written, and they have only left it with me to be corrected." "Trust me," she replied, "and do not alter it; nay, take it back, put it in your pocket, go away, and try to make the matter straight through your friend. I will also put in a good word; for look you, as lowly a girl as I am, and dependent upon these kinsfolk,—who indeed would do nothing bad, though they often, for the sake of sport or profit, undertake a good deal that is rash,—I have withstood them, and would not copy the first letter, as they requested. They transcribed it in a feigned hand, as you will have to do with this, if you do not order it otherwise. And you, a young person of good family, rich, independent, why will you allow yourself to be used as a tool in a business which can certainly bring no good to you, and may possibly bring evil?" I was glad to hear her go on at this rate, for generally she took little part in the conversation. My liking for her grew incredibly, I was no longer master of myself, and replied, "I am not so independent as you suppose, and of what use is wealth to me when I cannot attain the most precious object of my life?"

She had drawn my sketch of a poetic epistle towards her, and read it half aloud in a sweet and graceful manner. "That is very pretty," said she, stopping with a most ingenuous air, "but pity that it is not to be put to some true use." "That were indeed desirable," I cried, "and oh! how happy must he be, who should receive from the maiden he infinitely loves, such an assurance of her affection." "There is much required for that," she answered, "and yet it is possible to many." "For example," I continued, "if any one who knew, prized, honoured, and worshipped you, should lay such a paper before you, what would you do?" I shoved the paper nearer to her, as she had previously

pushed it back to me. She smiled, thought for a moment, took the pen, and subscribed her name. I was beside myself with rapture, sprang towards her, and would have embraced her. "No kissing!" said she, "that is so common: but let us love if we can." I took up the paper and thrust it into my pocket. "No one shall ever get it," said I; "the affair is closed. You have saved me." "Then perfect the salvation," she exclaimed, "and hurry off, before the others arrive, and persuade you into pain and embarrassment." I could not tear myself away from her; but she asked me in so friendly a manner, while she took my right hand in both of hers and pressed it! The tears stood in my eyes; I thought her own eyes were moist; I pressed my face upon her hands and hastened forth. Never in my life before had I been in such a tumult.

The first propensity to love in an uncorrupted youth assumes, for the most part, a spiritual form. Nature seems to have designed that one sex should be awakened by the other through the senses to Goodness and Beauty. And thus to me, the sight of this girl, and my strong passion for her, had called a new world of Beauty and Excellence into being. I read my poetical epistle a hundred times through, gazed upon the signature, kissed it, pressed it to my heart, and rejoiced in the delicious confession. But the more my enthusiasm increased, the more painful it became to me, not to be able to visit her immediately and see and converse with her again; but I dreaded the reproofs and importunities of her cousins. The good Pylades, who might have composed the difficulty, I could not contrive to meet. Next Sunday, therefore, I repaired to Niederrad, where these associates were commonly used to go, and found them there; yet I was greatly surprised, when, instead of cold and repulsive looks, I was received with a joyful air. The youngest particularly was very friendly, took me by the hand, and said, "That was a sorry trick that you lately played us, and we were right mad at you; still your absconding with the poetical letter in your breeches has suggested a good thought to us, which otherwise might never have come. By way of atonement, though, you must stand treat to-day, and learn meanwhile the conceit we have, which will give you a good deal of pleasure." This address put me in no little perplexity; for I

had about me only money enough to refresh myself and one friend ; but to treat a whole company, and that too a company not always willing to stop within limits, was an utter impossibility ; and the proposal astonished me the more, as they had insisted before, in the most honourable manner, that each one should pay his own scot. They laughed at my distress, and the youngest proceeded, " Let us take a seat in the bower, and then you shall learn more about it !" We sat down, when he said, " As you had taken the love-letter with you, we talked the whole affair over again, and came to a conclusion that we had gratuitously misused your talent to the vexation of others and our own danger, for the sake of a wretched sort of malicious-pleasure, when we might have employed it to the advantage of all of us. See, I have here an order for a wedding-poem, as well as for some funeral verses. The second must be ready immediately, the other can wait eight days. Now, you make these, which is easy enough for you, and you will be able to treat us twice, besides rendering us your lasting debtors." The proposition pleased me in every respect ; for I had already in my childhood looked with some envy on this occasional species of poetry,—which began to get more and more in repute every week, and at respectable marriages came to light by the dozen,—because I supposed I could make such things as well if not better than others. Here an opportunity was offered to me to show what I could do, and especially to appear in print. It was not in me to decline. They acquainted me with the personal particulars and the relations of the family ; I went aside, made my plan, and produced several stanzas. Then I returned to the company, and as the wine was not shirked, the poetry began to halt, so that I could not deliver it that evening. " You have till to-morrow morning," they said ; " and now we will confess to you that the fee which we received for the Elegy is enough to get us another pleasant evening at another time. Come to us then ; and it's no more than right that Gretchen too should sup with us, as it was she exclusively that set us on this tack." My joy was indescribable. On my way home the remaining stanzas came to me, the whole was written down before I went to sleep, and the next morning carefully engrossed. The day seemed endlessly long to me : and scarcely was it dusk,

before I might have been found in the narrow little parlour beside the dearest of women.

The young persons, with whom I in this way contracted closer relations, were not properly mean, though they were ordinary people. Their activity was commendable, and I listened with pleasure when they spoke of the manifold ways and means by which one could gain a living, and above all when they told of rich men, still extant, who had begun on nothing. Others to whom they referred, as mere clerks, had rendered themselves indispensable to their employers, and finally come to be sons-in-law : while others had enlarged and improved a little shop for the sale of matches and the like, until they were now prosperous merchants and tradesmen. But they dwelt mostly upon this, that to young men, who were active on their feet, the trade of agent or factor, and the acceptance of all sorts of commissions and agencies from rich men needing assistance, must be both profitable and lucrative. We all heard this eagerly, and each one thought it something, that there was so much in himself, by which he could not only get along in the world, but acquire an extraordinary fortune. But no one listened to our talk more earnestly than Pylades, who finally confessed that he had an extraordinary passion for a girl, whom in fact he had engaged to marry. The worldly circumstances of his parents would not allow him to go to the University : but he had accomplished himself in writing, accounts, and the modern languages, and was prepared to do his best to attain a competence for his domestic purposes. The cousins praised him on that account, although they thought a premature committal on the subject of marriage improper, while they added, that acknowledging him to be a spirited and honest man, they still could not hold him the most competent person in the world for undertaking or conducting an affair of business. But as he, in order to his vindication, kept perpetually explaining what he thought himself fit for, and how he was going to begin, the others were also incited, and each one told what he was able to perform, do, or practise, what he had already accomplished, and what he had yet to complete. At last the turn came to me. I was expected to set forth my course of life and prospects, and while I was collecting my thoughts, Pylades said, "I insist upon it as a

proviso, if we all would stand on a level, that he does not bring the external advantages of his position into the account. He should rather narrate how he would proceed if at this moment he were thrown upon his own resources."

Gretchen, who had hitherto kept on spinning, now arose, and stationed herself in her usual place at the end of the table. We had already emptied several bottles, and I began to relate the hypothetical history of my life in great good-humour. "First of all, I commend myself to you," said I, "that you may continue the patronage of which you have just made a beginning. If you should thus gradually procure me the profit of all the occasional poems that are to be made, and we should not consume them in feasting, I will soon come to something. But then you must not take it ill if I dabble in any of your handicrafts. Wherefore, let me refer to what I have noted of your occupations to which I hold myself probably fit. Each one has previously rated his services in money, and I desire it too, that it may be helpful to me in preparing my establishment." Gretchen had listened to the foregoing very attentively, as her position, in fact, had been well chosen either to hear or to speak. Both her hands were clasped upon her folded arms, which rested on the edge of the table. Thus she sat a long while without moving anything but her head, which was never done except for some significant motive. She had several times put in a word, to help us out in one way or another, when our projects halted, and then resumed her usual silence and quiet. I kept her in my eye, and it may readily be supposed that my plan was not devised nor uttered without reference to her; and my passion gave to what I said such an air of truth and probability, that I was for a moment myself deceived, imagined myself quite alone and helpless in the world, and felt the highest happiness in the prospect of possessing her. Pylades had closed his confession with marriage, and the question arose among the rest of us, whether our plans went as far as that. "I have not the least doubt on that score," said I, "for properly a wife is necessary to every one of us, in order to preserve at home and enable us to enjoy completely what we rake together abroad in so many odd ways." I then made a sketch of a helpmeet, ac-

ording to my wishes, and it must have been singularly mismanaged, if she had not been a perfect similitude of Gretchen.

The elegy was spent, but the epithalamium was beneficently at hand : I had overcome all fear and care, and contrived, as I had many acquaintances, to conceal my peculiar evening entertainments from my family. To see and to be near the dear girl was henceforth an indispensable condition of my being. She had grown so familiar to me, as we were almost daily together, that it could not be otherwise. Pylades had, in the meantime, introduced his fair one into the house, and this pair passed many evenings with us. As man and wife in the germ, they did not conceal their tendernesses, while Gretchen's deportment towards me was only calculated to keep me at a distance. She never gave any one her hand, not even myself ; she allowed no approach ; yet she many times placed herself near me, particularly when I read aloud or wrote, and then laying her arm familiarly upon my shoulder, looked over the same book or paper ; but if I ventured on a similar freedom towards her, she withdrew, and would not soon return. This position was often repeated by her, as all her attitudes and motions were very uniform, but ever equally proper, graceful, and charming. But such a familiarity I had never seen her practise towards any body else.

One of the most innocent, and at the same time amusing, pleasure-parties in which I engaged with different companies of young people, was to take a place in the market boat for Höchst, study the strange collection of passengers packed away in it, and jest with or provoke one or another as pleasure or caprice prompted. At Höchst we got out just as the market boat of Mentz arrived. At a hotel near by there was a well-spread table, where the better sort of travellers, coming and going, ate with each other, and then proceeded, each on his several way, both boats going directly back again. We returned every time, after a comfortable dinner, to Frankfort, having made an excursion by water in a very large company at the cheapest possible expense. Once I had undertaken this journey with Gretchen's cousins, when a young man joined us at the table in Höchst, who was a little older than we. They knew him, and he got himself introduced to me. There was something prepossessing in his manner, though he was not



otherwise distinguished. Coming from Mentz, he went back with us to Frankfort, and conversed with me of every thing that related to politics, public offices and places, on which he seemed to be well-informed. As we were about to separate he commended himself to me, adding, that he wished I might think well of him, as he by and by hoped to avail himself of my good opinion. I did not know what he wished me to understand, though the cousins enlightened me some days after; they spoke favourably of him, and requested me to intercede with my grandfather, concerning a clerkship now vacant, which this friend might easily obtain. I excused myself in the outset, because I had never meddled in such affairs; but they stuck to me until I consented to do it. I had long since many times remarked, in these disposings of offices, which unfortunately were regarded as matters of favour, that the mediations of my grandmother or aunt had not been without their effect. I was now so advanced as to arrogate some influence to myself. For that reason, to gratify my friend, who declared himself under every sort of obligation for such a kindness, I overcame the timidity of a grandchild, and undertook to deliver a written application that was handed to me.

One Sunday, after dinner, as grandfather was busy in his garden, all the more because harvest was approaching, and I tried to assist him on every side, I presented my request and the petition, not without some hesitancy. He looked at it, and asked me whether I knew the young man. I told him in general terms what was to be said, and he acquiesced. "If he has merit, and is otherwise in good repute, I will favour him for both your sakes." He said no more, and for a long time I heard nothing of the matter.

Latterly I had observed that Gretchen spun no longer, but on the other hand was employed in sewing, and that too on very fine work, which surprised me the more as the days were shortening, and winter came on. I thought no further about it, only it disquieted me that several times I had not found her at home in the morning as formerly, and could not learn, without being impertinent, whither she went. Yet I was destined one day to an odd surprise. My sister, who was making ready for a ball, asked me to fetch her

some so-called Italian flowers, from a fashionable millinery. They were made in the convents, and were small and pretty; myrtle especially, dwarf-roses, and similar kinds, had a quite beautiful and natural look. I granted the favour, and went to the shop where I had already often been with her. Hardly had I entered and greeted the lady proprietor, before I saw a young woman sitting in the window, that seemed in her pointed cap and silk mantilla both young and pretty, and at the same time well formed. It was easy to recognize that she was an assistant, as she was busy in fastening a ribbon and feathers upon a hat. The milliner showed me a long box with peculiar and multifarious flowers; I looked at them, but glanced, as I selected, towards the young woman in the window; but how great was my astonishment to perceive an incredible similarity to Gretchen, and in the end to be forced to suspect that it was none but Gretchen herself. No doubt of it remained, when she winked with her eyes and gave me a sign, that I must not betray our acquaintanceship. But now my choosings and rejectings put the milliner into greater despair than the most dainty young lady could have done. I had in fact no choice, for I was excessively confused, and all the while delighted to linger, since it kept me near to the dear child, whose disguise annoyed me, though with all her disguise she appeared as enchanting as ever. Finally, the milliner lost all patience, selected for me an entire bandbox full of flowers, which I was to place before my sister and let her choose for herself. Thus I was, as it were, driven out of the shop, while she sent the box home by one of her girls.

Scarcely had I set foot in the house when my father caused me to be called, and communicated to me that it was now quite certain that the Archduke Joseph would be elected and crowned King of Rome. An event so important was not to be expected without preparation, nor allowed to pass with a mere gape of astonishment. He wished therefore to go through the diaries of both the last coronations, as well as through the capitulations of election, in order to mark what new condition might be brought forward in the present instance. The Diary was opened, and we occupied ourselves the whole day till quite in the night, though to me that sweet maiden, sometimes in her old house clothes, and

sometimes in her new costume, ever hovered around and among the various objects of the Holy Roman Empire. For this evening it was impracticable for me to see her, and I lay awake through a most uneasy night. The study of yesterday was the next day zealously resumed, and I found it possible only towards evening to visit my Fair One, whom I met in her usual house-dress. She smiled when she saw me, but I did not venture to mention anything before the others. As the whole company sat quietly together again, she began and said, "It is unfair that you do not confide to our friend here the determination that we have recently come to." She continued thereupon to relate that after our late conversation, in which the subject was as to how any one could best get on in the world, something was also said of the way in which a woman could turn her talent and labour to account, and most advantageously spend her time. The cousins had consequently determined that she should make an experiment at a milliner's, who was just then in want of an assistant. They had arranged with the woman, she went there several hours in the day, and was well remunerated; only when there she must, for propriety's sake, conform to a certain dress, which she left behind her every time, as it did not entirely suit her other modes of life and employment. I was set at rest by this declaration, though it did not quite please me to know that the sweet child was in a public shop, at a place which the fashionable world found a convenient resort. Still I remarked nothing, and strove to consume my jealous anxieties in silence. But the younger cousin did not long permit this reverie, as he once more brought forth a proposal for an occasional-poem, told me all the personalities of the subject, and desired me to prepare myself for the invention and composition of the verses. He had already several times spoken with me concerning the proper treatment of such a theme, and as I was voluble enough always in these cases, he very readily asked of me to explain the rhetoric of the thing, give him a notion of the matter, and make use of my own and others' labours for examples. The young man had some brains, though without a trace of poetry, and went so furiously into particulars, to get what information he could, that I exclaimed, "It seems as if you wanted to lay hold of my trade to steal away my customers!"

"I will not deny it," he replied, "as I mean no harm to you. It can only continue until you go to the academy, till when you ought to allow me a little profit." "Most cordially," was my rejoinder, and I encouraged him to draw out a plan, to choose the kind of metre adapted to the character of his topic, and to do whatever else seemed necessary. He went to work in earnest; but the result was not the most felicitous. I was in the end compelled to re-write so much of it, that it would have been easier and better for me to have executed it in the first place. Yet this teaching and learning, this communication and interchange of labour, furnished us no little entertainment: Gretchen took part in it and suggested many pretty conceits, so that we were all pleased, if not, indeed, happy. During the day she worked at the milliner's: in the evenings we generally met together, and our contentment was scarcely disturbed, when at last the commissions for occasional-poems began to give out. Yet it was a little painful once, when one of these was sent back under protest because it did not suit the purchaser. As it was precisely that one, however, which we regarded as our best, we consoled ourselves with the assurance that he must be a most execrable judge. The cousin, who was determined to learn something at any rate, resorted to the expedient of inventing themes, which always gave us amusement enough, but as they brought in nothing, our little stock had to be cautiously husbanded.

Our interest in that great political event, the choice and coronation of the Roman Emperor, grew deeper every day. The assembling of the electoral college, originally prescribed to take place at Augsburg, in October of 1763, was now transferred to Frankfort, and during the latter part of this year, as well as the beginning of the next, preparations went forward to usher in the important business. The very start furnished us with an unprecedented parade. One of our chancery officials on horseback, escorted by four mounted trumpeters, and surrounded by a guard of infantry, read aloud in a clear and emphatic voice at all the corners of the city, a most prolix edict, which announced the forthcoming proceedings, and exhorted us all, citizens no less than strangers, to a decent and suitable deportment. The Council was up to its ears in business, and it was not long before a Quarter-

master, despatched by the Hereditary Grand Marshal, made his appearance, in order, according to the old custom, to designate and make ready the houses of the ambassadors and their suites. Our dwelling lay in the Palatine district, and we were exposed to a fresh, but more friendly billeting. The middle story, which Count Thorane had formerly occupied, was now in the possession of an electoral cavalier, and as the Baron of Königsthal, consul from Nuremberg, had procured the upper floor, we were still more crowded than under the French reign. This fact served as a new excuse for my being abroad, and passing the greater part of the day in the streets, where I could take in all that was going on.

As the preliminary alterations and arrangements of the Council-chamber seemed to us worth seeing, as the arrival of the deputies one after another, and their first solemn ascent in a body, on the 5th of February, was not omitted, so we afterwards admired the coming in of the imperial commissioners, and their ascent, even as far as the Römer, which was made with great pomp. The dignified presence of the PRINCE of LIECHTENSTEIN made a good impression ; yet the adepts in such matters maintained that his showy liveries had been before used on a similar occasion, and that this Election and Coronation would hardly be like to equal in brilliancy that of Charles the Seventh. We of the younger sort were well pleased with what was before our eyes, thought it all very fine, and much of it perfectly astonishing.

The electoral-congress was fixed at last for the 3rd of May. New formalities again set the city in motion, and the alternate visits of ceremony on the part of the deputies kept us all the time on our legs. We were compelled, too, to keep a bright look out, not to go gaping round, but to note every thing closely, in order to give a proper report at home, and even to make out many little memoirs, over which my father and Herr von Königsthal deliberated, partly for our exercise and partly for their own information. The peculiar advantage of all this to me was, that it enabled me to keep a sort of living diary of all the outward acts of the Coronation.

The person who first of all made a durable impression upon me was the chief ambassador from Mentz, BARON VON ERTHAL,

afterwards Prince-Elector. Though his form was not a striking one, he was highly pleasing to me in his black gown trimmed with lace. The second ambassador, BARON VON GROSCHLAG, was a well-formed, easy, and reputable man of the world. He every where produced a most agreeable impression. PRINCE ESTERHAZY, the Bohemian envoy, was not large, though well-formed, and at the same time of a lively and eminently respectable deportment, without pride or coldness. I had a special liking for him, because he mentioned me to MARSHAL DE BROGLIO. Yet the form and dignity of all these excellent persons vanished, in a certain sense, before the prepossession that we entertained for BARON VON PLOTHO, the ambassador from Brandenburg. This man, noted for a certain parsimony, as well in his clothing as in his liveries and equipages, brought a great reputation with him from the seven-years' war, as a diplomatic hero. At Regensburg, when April, the Notary, was minded to insinuate that the late outlawry of his king was not without warrant, with the laconic reply, "What! he insinuate,—will he?" threw him, or caused him to be thrown out of the window. We rather thought it was the former, because it pleased us to think so, and we could readily believe it of the positive little man, with black, fiery, restless eyes. All regards were directed towards him, particularly when he alighted. It gave rise every time to a lively whispering, which wanted little to have broken out into a regular Viva or Bravo, so high ran popular favour towards the King, and to all who were devoted to him body and soul, no less among Germans of other parts than among those of Frankfort.

On one side these things gave me great pleasure; as all that took place, no matter of what nature it might be, concealed something significant. It indicated some kind of internal relation, the symbolic ceremonies vividly reanimating the old empire of Germany, almost choked to death under a load of parchments, papers, and books. But, on the other side, I could not suppress a secret misgiving, when in my father's behalf, I transcribed and remarked upon these transactions at home, that a majority of these powers were opposed to each other, to maintain themselves in equilibrium, while they were united only in so far as they designed to impose restrictions on the new Regent, even stricter

than those on the old. Every one valued his influence only to the extent in which he hoped to retain or enlarge his privileges, or secure his independence. On this occasion they were more attentive than usual, because they had already begun to fear the vehemence and designs of Joseph the Second.

Matters went roughly with my grandfather and other members of the Council, whose families I visited, they having their hands full with the reception of distinguished guests, complimentations, and the delivery of presents. The Magistrate had not a little to do, both in his general and individual capacity, in restraining, resisting, and protesting, as every one on such occasions desires to burden him with something, or extort something from him, and few of those that he appeals to standing ready to support him, or lend their aid. In short, all that I had read in the Lersner Chronicles of similar incidents on similar occasions, with a perfect admiration of the patience and perseverance of those old councilmen, stood once more vividly before my eyes.

Many vexations also arose from this, that the city was gradually overrun with people, both useful and needless. It was in vain that the prescriptions of the obsolete Golden Bull, concerning the Courts, were cited on the part of the city. Not only the Deputies with their attendants, but persons of rank and others coming from curiosity or for private objects, laid claims to Protection, and the question as to who should be billeted out, and who should pay for their lodgings, was not to be immediately decided. The hurly-burly constantly increased, and not they alone who had something to gain or lose by it were incommoded.

Even we young people, who could quietly contemplate the whole of it, ever found something which did not quite satisfy either our eyes or our imaginations. The Spanish mantles, the huge feathered hats of the ambassadors, and other objects here and there, had somewhat of an antique look ; but there was a great deal, on the other hand, so half-new or entirely modern, that the affair assumed throughout a motley and unsatisfying, and often awkward appearance. We were happy to learn, therefore, that great preparations were on foot for the Emperor and future King, who were on their way hither ; that the proceedings of the college of prince-electors, which had given the last capitulation

the go-by, were now going forward rapidly ; and that the day of election had been appointed for the 27th of March. Then, the procurement of the insignia of the Empire from Nuremberg and Aix was thought of, and next we expected the entrance of the Prince-Elector of Mentz, whilst the disputes as to quartering his company seemed as though they would never end.

Meanwhile, my clerical labours at home went on very vigorously, and I became aware of many little appeals (*monita*) which were delivered on all sides, and had reference to the new capitulations. Every rank desired to see its prerogatives guaranteed, and its consideration increased by this document. Many such notices and desires were shoved aside ; others remained as they were ; while the appellants (*monenta*) received the most positive assurances that the neglect should in no wise enure to their prejudice.

At the same time the Grand Marshals had to undertake an onerous as well as dangerous business ; the crowd of strangers was swelling, and it was no easy matter to keep it in subjection. Nor was there any unanimity prevailing as to the limits of the respective precincts of the Prince-Electors. The magistracy wished to relieve the citizens of burdens, to which they were not in duty bound, and thus night and day gave hourly occasion for complaints, appeals, contests, and misunderstandings.

The entrance of the Prince-Elector of Mentz followed on the 21st of May. . Then began the cannonading, with which for a long time we were more than once to be deafened. This festival was highly important in the present series of ceremonies : for all the men that we had yet seen, high as they were in rank, were still only subordinates ; but here we had a Sovereign, an independent Prince, the first after the Emperor, preceded and accompanied by a large and dignified retinue. Of the pomp which marked his entrance I should have much to tell, if I did not purpose returning to it hereafter, on an occasion, by the way, which no one could easily guess.

The same day, LAVATER, on his return home from Berlin, came through Frankfort, and beheld the spectacle. Now, though such worldly formalities could not have possessed the least value in his mind, this procession, with all its display and acces-



saries, must have been distinctly impressed on his lively imagination ; for, many years afterwards, when this eminent but singular man showed me a poetical paraphrase of, I believe, the Revelation of St. John, I discovered that the advent of Anti-Christ was copied, step for step, figure for figure, circumstance for circumstance, from the entrance of Prince-Elector Mentz into Frankfort, in such a manner, too, that not even the tassels on the heads of the dun-coloured horses were wanting. More would be said on this point, if I had reached the epoch of that strange kind of Poetry, by which it was supposed that the Myths of the Old and New Testaments were brought nearer to our contemplation and feelings, when they were completely travestied into the modern, and clothed with the vestments of the living age, whether gentle or simple. How this mode of treatment came into fashion, will be spoken of, perhaps, bye and bye ; yet I may here remark that it could not well be carried further than it was by Lavater and his imitators, one of these men having painted the three Holy Kings\* riding into Bethlehem, in such modern form, that the Lords and Gentlemen, whom Lavater used to visit, were not to be mistaken as the persons.

We will for the present also allow PRINCE EMERIC JOSEPH to enter the Compostello incognito, so to speak, and turn to Gretchen, whom I spied in the tumult, just as the crowd was dispersing, accompanied by Pylades and his mistress, the three now seeming to be inseparable. We had scarcely made our way to each other and greeted, before it was agreed that we should pass the evening together. I was on hand at the time appointed. The usual company was assembled, and each one had something to relate, or say, or remark—how this one had been most pleased with this thing and another with that. “But your speeches,” at last said Gretchen, “perplex me even more than the events of the day. I can’t square my notions of what I have seen, and should very much like to know what a great deal of it means.” I replied that it would be easy for me to render her this service. She had only to say what had particularly interested her. This she did, and as I was about to explain some points, it was found that it would be better for me to proceed in order. I not unskilfully

\* The Magi of the East.—Tr.

compared its solemnities and functions to a Play, in which the curtain was let down at will, while the actors played on, till it should be raised again, and the spectator once more be permitted to take part, to some extent, in the action. As I felt loquacious, and they allowed me to do as I pleased, I related the whole, from the beginning down to the very moment, in perfect order, not neglecting to render my propositions clear by the pencil and slate that stood ready for use. Except a slight interruption from the questions and corrections of others, I brought my theme to a close to the general satisfaction, while Gretchen, by her unbroken attention, had highly gratified me. She thanked me, and envied, as she said, all who were informed of the affairs of the world, and knew how every thing came about and what it signified. She wished she were a boy, and managed to acknowledge, with much friendliness, that she was indebted to me for a good deal of instruction. "If I were a boy," said she, "we would go to the University together to learn something or other." The conversation continued in this strain; she represented herself as determined to acquire French, of the absolute necessity of which she had become aware in the shop of the milliner. I asked her why she no longer went there; for during the last days, not being able to come out in the evening, I had often passed the shop in the day-time, for the pleasure of seeing her a moment. She explained that she could not expose herself while the present unsettled state of things continued. As soon as the city returned to its wonted quiet she intended resuming her work.

Then the discourse turned to the approaching day of Election. I contrived to tell, with great prolixity, what was going to happen, and how, and to support my demonstrations minutely by drawings on the table; for I had the Chamber of Conclave, with its altars, thrones, seats and chairs perfectly before my mind. We separated at the proper time, and in a peculiarly comfortable frame of mind.

For, a young couple that Nature has in any degree attuned to harmony, cannot attain a more beautiful union, than when the maiden is anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach. It gives rise to a well-grounded and most agreeable relation. She regards him as the creator of her spiritual being, while he sees

in her a creature that ascribes the perfecting of her nature, not to chance, nor to any one-sided inclination, but to mutual desire ; and this reciprocation is so sweet, that we cannot wonder, as in the cases of Abelard and St. Preux, that it should have given rise to such passionate attachments, and so much weal and woe.

Early the next day there was great commotion in the city, on account of the visiting back and forth which was now performed with greater ceremony than ever. But what particularly interested me, as a citizen of Frankfort, and gave rise to a great many reflections, was the taking of the oath of security (*Sicherheitseides*) by the Council, the Military, and the Body of Citizens, not through representatives, but personally, and in mass : first, by the magistracy and field-officers, at the great Hall of the Römer ; then in the great Square (*Platz*) near the Römerberg, by all the citizens, according to their respective ranks, gradations, or quarterings ; and lastly by the rest of the military. You could thus oversee at a single glance the entire commonwealth, gathered for the honourable purpose of pledging the security of both the head and members of the kingdom, and unbroken peace in the great events that were at hand. Next, the Electors of Treves and of Cologne arrived in person. On the evening before Election-day all the strangers were sent out of the city, the gates closed, the Jews confined to their quarters ; and the citizen of Frankfort plumed himself not a little that he alone remained as a witness of such an important solemnity.

All that had hitherto taken place was tolerably modern ; the high personages had moved about only in coaches ; but now we were going to see them in the primitive fashion, on horseback. The concourse and rush was extraordinary. But I managed to squeeze myself through into the Römer, which I knew as familiarly as a mouse does his little private corn-crib, till I reached the main entrance, where the Princes and Ambassadors, having first arrived in their showy coaches and collected in the upper hall, would return to mount their horses. The stately and well-trained steeds were covered with richly laced caparisons, and ornamented in every way. Prince-Elector Emmeric Joseph, who was a handsome, agreeable man, looked finely on horseback. Of the other two I remember little, except that the red Princes'

mantels, trimmed with ermine, which we had only seen in pictures before, seemed to us particularly romantic in the open air. The ambassadors of the absent Prince-Electors, with their gold-brocade, stitched in gold, and their Spanish dresses richly lined with gold lace, likewise did our eyes good; and particularly the huge feathers that waved so splendidly from their old-fashioned cocked hats. But what did not please me were the short modern breeches, the white silk stockings, and the fashionable shoes. We would rather have had half-boots—gilded as much as they liked,—sandals, or similar things, that would have presented a more consistent costume. Envoy Von Ploto again distinguished himself from all others by his deportment. He appeared lively and cheerful, and manifested no great respect for the whole ceremony. For, as his front man, an old gentleman, failed to leap immediately on the horse, and for that reason had to wait awhile in the great entrance, he could not refrain from laughing, till his own horse was brought forward, when he swung himself dexterously into the saddle, and was again admired by us as a most worthy representative of Frederick the Second.

Now the curtain was once more let down. I had, in truth, striven to force my way into the church: but that place was more inconvenient than agreeable. The voters had withdrawn into All-Saints, where prolix ceremonies usurped the place of more deliberative business. After long delay, pressure and bustle, the people at last heard the name of Joseph the Second proclaimed as the heir apparent to the Empire.\*

The throng of strangers in the city was constantly increasing. Every body went about in his holiday clothes, so that in the end none but dresses of entire gold were found worthy of note. The Emperor and King were already arrived at *Heusenstamm*, a castle of the Counts of Schönborn, where they were tendered the customary greetings and welcomes; but the city celebrated the important event by spiritual festivals of all the religious bodies, by high masses and sermonizings; the civil authorities, on their part, accompanying the *Te Deums* by the incessant firing of cannons.

If these public solemnities, from the beginning up to this time,

\* i. e. King of Rome, who was the appointed successor to the Emperor, under the old laws of the German Empire.—*Trans.*

had been regarded as a deliberate piece of art, not much to object to could have been found. All was well timed : the public scenes opened gradually, and went on increasing in importance ; the men grew in number, the personages in dignity, their circumstances, as well as themselves, in splendour ; and thus it advanced with every day, till the firmest and best-prepared eyes were bewildered.

The entrance of the Prince-Elector of Mentz, which we have refused to describe continuously, was imposing and magnificent enough to suggest to the imagination of an eminent man, the advent of one of the great prophetic World-Rulers ; nor were we a little dazzled by it. But now our expectations were on the stretch, as it was rumoured that the Emperor and future King were approaching the city. At a little distance from Sachenhäusen, they had erected a tent, where the entire magistracy were gathered, to extend the appropriate honours to the Head of the Realm, and to proffer to him the keys of the city. Further out, there was another splendid pavilion, whither the whole body of Electoral Princes and Ambassadors had repaired, their retinues stretching along the way, to fall into the procession one after another, as their turns came, when they should move again towards the city. By this time the Emperor reached the tent, entered it, and the Princes and Ambassadors, after a most respectful reception, withdrew, to facilitate the passage of the chief Ruler.

Those of us who staid in the city, to admire the show inside the walls and streets, better than it could have been done in the open fields, were excellently entertained for a while by the espaliers erected by the citizens in the streets, by the throngs of people, and the jests and impertinences to which it all gave rise, till the ringing of bells and thunder of cannon announced to us the immediate presence of Majesty. What was particularly grateful to a Frankforter on this occasion, was the appearance of the imperial city of Frankfort as a little sovereign, amid so many sovereigns and their representatives ; for her Equerry led the van, chargers with armorial bearings, among which the White Eagle on a red field looked finely, followed him, accompanied by attendants and officials, drummers and trumpeters, deputies of the council, and clerks in livery, all on foot. Next closed in the three companies

of well-mounted citizen cavalry, the same that we had seen from our youth, at the receptions of the Escorts and on other public occasions. We rejoiced in our participation of the honour, and in our hundred thousandth little part of Sovereignty, which stood before us at present in all its brilliancy. The respective trains of the Hereditary Grand Marshals, and of the accredited Envoys of the six secular Prince-Electors, marched after these step by step. None of them consisted of less than twenty attendants, and two state carriages; and several had even a greater number. The retinues of the spiritual Prince-Electors were ever on the increase: their servants and domestic officers seemed innumerable,—Elector Cologne and Elector Treves having over twenty state carriages each, and Elector Mentz quite as many. The servants, both on horseback and on foot, were clothed in the most splendid style, nor were the Lords in the equipages, both spiritual and lay, backward in appearing richly and worthily dressed, and adorned with all their badges of distinction. The train of the Imperial Majesty surpassed all the rest, as was fit. The riding-masters, the led horses, the cavalcades, the shabrocks and caparisons, attracted every eye, and the sixteen six-spanned gala-waggon, with the Imperial Chamberlains, Privy Councillors, Lord Chamberlains, Lord Stewards, and Masters of the Horse, closed this division of the line with great state, which, in spite of its magnificence and extent, was still only the van-guard of the whole.

But now the line concentrated, while the dignity and parade kept on increasing. For, in the midst of a chosen escort of their own domestic attendants, the most of them on foot, and a few on horseback, the Electoral Ambassadors and Princes came in person, in ascending order, each one in a most splendid state carriage. Immediately behind Elector Mentz, ten imperial footmen, one and forty lackeys, and eight heyducks, announced the presence of Majesty. The magnificent carriage, furnished on the back part with an entire window of glass,—ornamented too, by paintings, lacker, carved-work and gilding, covered with red embroidered velvet above and on the inside,—made it convenient for us to behold the Emperor and King, the long-desired chiefs, in all their glory. The procession was led a long roundabout way, partly from necessity, that the whole train might be unfolded, and

partly to display it to the immense crowd of people. It passed through Sachsenhausen, over the bridge, up the Fahrgasse, down the Zeile, and returned towards the inner city by the Catharine gate, formerly a gate, but since the enlargement of the city an open thoroughfare. Fortunately it had been remembered that for a series of years now the external grandeur of the world had expanded both in height and breadth. They had taken measure, and found that the present imperial state-carriage could not, without disturbing its carved work and other trappings, get through this gateway, through which so many princes and emperors had gone back and forth. The matter was debated, and they resolved to avoid an inconvenient circuit by taking up the pavements, and contriving a gentle ascent and descent. In this view they had removed all the projecting eaves from the shops and booths in the street, that neither crown, nor eagle, nor the little genii should receive the least shock or injury.

Eagerly as we directed our eyes, while the costly vehicles with their precious contents approached us, to the high personages inside, we found it difficult to turn our looks from the noble horses, their harness, and the dresses of lace; but we were most of all delighted with the wonderful coachmen and outriders, who were sitting on the horses. They looked as if they had come from some other nation, or even from another world, with their long black and yellow velvet coats, and feathered caps, after the fashion of the imperial court. Here the crowd became so thick that it was impossible to distinguish anything. The Swiss guard on both sides of the carriage, the Grand Marshals holding the Saxon sword upwards in the right hand, the Field-officers, as leaders of the Imperial Guard, riding behind the carriage, the imperial Pages in a body, and finally the guard of Halberdiers in black velvet frocks (*Flügeltröck*), all the seams laced with gold, and under these a red body dress and leather camisole, likewise profusely decked with gold! We got so distracted with seeing, marking, and pointing, that the scarcely less splendid Body Guards of the Princes were barely looked at; and we would doubtless have withdrawn from the window, if our own Magistracy had not closed in with their coaches of fifteen spans of horses, and the Clerks of the Council, holding the city keys on red velvet cushions, particularly attracted

our attention. That our company of city grenadiers should cover the rear, we conceived most honourable to us, and felt, as Germans and Frankforters, doubly honoured on this high nuptial day.

We had taken a place in a house which the procession had to pass again on its return from the Dome. Of religious services, of music, of rites and solemnities, of speeches and answers, of propositions and readings aloud, there were so many in church, chancel, and conclave, even till it came to the oaths in support of the Capitulations, that we had time enough to partake of an excellent cold cut, and empty several flasks to the health of our rulers, old and young. The conversation, in the meanwhile, as is usual on such occasions, reverted to the Time past, and there were not wanting aged men, who preferred that to the present, at least in respect to a certain human interest and impassioned sympathy that then prevailed. At the coronation of Francis First nothing had been so well-settled as now; peace was not yet concluded, and France, with the Electors of Brandenburg and Palatine, were opposed to the choice; the troops of the future emperor remained at Heidelberg, where he had his headquarters, and the insignia of the empire, coming from Aix, were almost carried off by the Palatines. Meanwhile, the negotiations were going forward, and neither side took to the affair with much heartiness. MARIA THERESA, though in the most blessed circumstances, came in person to see the coronation of her husband, which was at last carried into effect. She entered Aschaffenburg,\* and took a boat in order to repair to Frankfort. Francis, departing from Heidelberg, thought to meet his wife, but came too late, she having already gone. Unknown he threw himself into a little skiff, hastened after her, reached the ship, and the loving pair rejoiced over an unexpected meeting. The story spread immediately, and all the world sympathized with the noble pair, who, tender in their affection, and blessed in their children, had been so inseparable since their union, that once on a journey from Venice to Florence they kept quarantine together on the Venetian borders. Maria Theresa was welcomed into the city with great joy, she put up at

\* Now belonging to Bavaria, and forming part of the circle of the Lower Maine.—*Trans.*



the hotel of the Roman Emperor, while the great tent for the reception of her husband was erecting on the Bornheim plain. There he found only the spiritual Prince-Elector of Mentz, and the lay ambassadors of Saxony, Bohemia, and Hanover. The entrance began, and what of completeness and splendour it failed to possess was amply compensated by the presence of his beautiful wife. She stood upon the balcony of a well-situated house, and greeted her consort with cries of bravo and clapping of hands ; the people joining in, aroused to the pitch of enthusiasm. As the Great are but men, the citizen thinks them his equal, when he can love them, which he can best do when they appear to him in the character of loving husbands, tender parents, devoted brothers, and true friends. At that time they had wished and prophesied all happiness, and to-day they saw it fulfilled in the first-born son ; whom every body inclined to, because of his handsome youthful form, and upon whom the world set high hopes, because of the great abilities that he promised.

We should have become quite absorbed in the past and future if some friends who came in had not recalled us to the present. They were of those who knew the value of novelty, and had therefore hastened to announce it first. They were also able to tell of a fine human trait in those exalted personages whom we had seen go by with such grand parade. It had been concerted, namely, that on the way from Heusenstamm to the great Tent, the Emperor and King should encounter the Landgrave of Darmstadt in the forest. This old Prince, with one foot in the grave, wished to see once more the master to whom he had been devoted in his early life. Both were able to recall the day when the Landgrave brought over to Heidelberg the degree of the Electors choosing Francis as Emperor, and responded to the valuable presents received with protestations of unalterable constancy. These eminent persons stood in a grove of firs, and the Landgrave, weak with old age, supported himself against a pine, to continue a dialogue, which was not without emotion on both sides. The place was afterwards marked in an inoffensive way, and we young people sometimes wandered off to it.

Thus several hours had passed in the remembrance of the Old and the consideration of the New, when the procession, though cur-

tailed and compacted, once more passed before our eyes, and we were enabled to observe the individuals more closely, and retain them in our minds for the future.

From that moment on the city was in perpetual motion ; for until each and every one, whom it behoved, or of whom it was required, had paid his respects to the highest dignities, and exhibited himself in person, there was no end to the rushing to and fro, and the court of each one of the high Presences had to be repeated in detail.

Now, also, the imperial emblems arrived. But that no ancient usage might be omitted in this respect, too, they had to remain half a day till late at night in the open field, because of a dispute between Elector Mentz and the city. The latter gave in, the Mentzians escorted the insignia as far as the barricado, and so the affair terminated for this time.

In these days I hardly came to myself. At home I was absorbed in writing and copying ; every thing going on out of doors must and would be seen ; and so ended the month of March, the second part of which had been profuse of festivals for us. I had promised Gretchen a faithful and connected account of all that had lately happened, and of all that was to be expected on Coronation-day. This great day was approaching ; I thought less of what properly could be told, than of how it was to be told ; all that fell in my eye, or occurred in my chancery studies, was worked up rapidly for this particular and immediate use. At last I reached her residence quite late one evening, and anticipated no little pleasure in making out an explanation which should be much better than had been my former extemporaneous attempt. But a momentary incitement often brings us, and others through us, more joy than can be secured by the most deliberate purpose. The truth was, that I found pretty nearly the same company there, but among them some whom I did not know. They sat down to play, all except Gretchen and her younger cousin, who remained with me at the slate-board. The dear girl expressed most gracefully the delight which it had given her to pass for a citizen on Election-day, and though a stranger, to be allowed a sight of such singular spectacles. She thanked me most pressingly for having looked out for her, and been so attentive as to procure her, through

Pylades, all sorts of admissions, by my billets, notes, friends, and intercedings.

She willingly listened to me while I told about the jewels and emblems of the Empire. I promised her that if it were possible we should go together to see these. She made some jesting remark when she learned that the garments and crown would be tried on the young king. I knew where she was going to gaze at the solemnities of Coronation-day, and directed her attention to every thing imminent, and particularly to what might be minutely inspected from her place of view.

Thus we lost all sense of time ; it was already past midnight ; and I found that I had unfortunately forgotten the key of the house. It would be impossible for me to get home without exciting a good deal of remark. I communicated my embarrassment to her. "After all," said she, "it will be best for the company to remain together." The cousins and strangers had already had this in mind, because they did not know where they should pass the rest of the night. The matter was soon settled ; Gretchen went out to make some coffee, and after that brought in and lighted a large brass lamp, furnished with oil and wick, as the candles were burnt down.

The coffee served to enliven us for several hours, but the game gradually slackened ; the conversation ceased ; the mother slept in her easy chair ; the strangers, weary from travelling, nodded here and there, and Pylades and his darling sat in one corner. The younger cousin sitting opposite to us at the slate-board, had crossed his arms before, and slept with his head resting upon them. I sat in one corner of the window, behind the table, and Gretchen near me. We talked in a low voice : but before long sleep overcame her, she leaned her dear head on my shoulder, and sank into a profound slumber. Thus I sat, the only one awake, in a most singular condition, in which the gentle brother of death soon put me at rest. I slept on, and when I awoke it was already bright day. Gretchen stood before the mirror arranging her head-dress ; she was more lovely than ever ; and as we parted she cordially pressed my hand. I crept along a by-path towards home ; for, on the side towards the little *Stag-ditch*, my father had opened a sort of peep-hole in the wall, rather against the wishes

of his neighbours. When we wanted to escape his observation in coming home we avoided this side. My mother, whose mediation always came in time, had endeavoured to excuse my absence in the morning at breakfast, by alleging some early errand, and I experienced no disagreeable effects from this innocent night.

Taken as a whole, this infinite and manifold world which surrounded me, produced upon me a very simple impression. I had no interest but to mark closely the outside of its objects, no business except what I had been charged with by my father and Herr von Königsthal, which, in fact, gave me some insight into the inner working of things ; I had no liking but for Gretchen, and no other view than to see and seize events properly, that I might be able to repeat and explain them to her. Often while a train was going by, I described it half aloud to myself, to assure myself of all the particulars, and to be praised for my attentiveness and accuracy by my mistress ; for it was only as an incident that I regarded the applause or acknowledgments of the rest.

Indeed I was presented to many exalted and distinguished persons ; but partly, no one had time to trouble himself about others, and partly, the old did not know how they should entertain and try a young man. I, on my side, was not particularly skilful in adapting myself to people. Generally I acquired their favour, but not their approbation. Whatever occupied me was completely before me ; but I did not ask whether it might be also suitable to others. I was mostly too lively or too quiet, and appeared either importunate or sullen, just as men attracted or repelled me ; and thus I was held to be full of promise, yet withal eccentric.

Coronation-day came at last, on the 3d of April, 1764 ; the weather was favourable, and everybody in motion. They had procured me and several of my relations and friends a good place for overlooking the whole perfectly, in one of the upper stories of the Römer. We betook ourselves to the spot early in the morning, and gazed from on high, as with a sort of bird-perspective, at the arrangements which we had inspected more closely the day before. There was the lately-erected fountain, with two large tubs on the left and right, into which the double-eagle poured, white wine on this side and red wine on that, from its two

beaks. Gathered there into a heap lay the properties; here stood the large wooden tent in which we had several days since seen an entire ox roasted on a huge spit before a coal fire.\* All the avenues leading out from the Römer, and from other streets back to the Römer, were secured on both sides by barriers and guards. The great square gradually filled, and the waving and pressure grew every moment stronger and livelier, as the multitude pushed back and forth towards the spot where some new scene arose, or something particular was announced.

Withal there reigned a passable stillness, and when the storm-bells were sounded, all the people seemed struck with terror and amazement. Now what first attracted the attention of all who could overlook the square from above, was the train in which the Lords of Aix and Nuremberg brought the crown-jewels towards the capitol. These, as palladiums, had been assigned the first place in the carriage, and the deputies sat before them on the back seat, in a position of becoming reverence. The three Prince-Electors betook themselves forthwith to the Dome. After the presentation of the insignia to the Elector of Mentz, the crown and sword were immediately carried toward the imperial quarters. Meanwhile, further arrangements and manifold ceremonies occupied the chief persons, as well as the on-lookers, in the Church,—as we inferred from the information of others.

But before our eyes the ambassadors ascended to the Römer, from which the under-officers had to carry the canopy towards the imperial quarters. Hereditary Marshal COUNT VON PAFFINHEIM instantly mounted his horse; he was a very handsome, slender gentleman, whose Spanish costume, rich doublet, gold mantle, high feathered-hat, and loose flying hair, became him right well. He put himself in motion, and the ambassadors followed him on horseback towards the quarters of the Emperor, amid the sound of all the bells, and in greater show even than on the day of Election. I would like to have been there too, as on a day like this it was desirable to be in a dozen places at once. But we told each other what was going on in that direction. Now the Emperor is putting on his family vestments, we said, a new robe, made after the old Carolingian model. The Hereditary

\* A Barbecue, as it is called at this day in Kentucky.—*Trans.*

officers receive the insignia and set themselves therewith to horse. The Emperor in his robes, the Roman King in Spanish habit, immediately mount their steeds ; and while this was done, they had given us notice already of the setting out of the endless procession.

My eye was already wearied by the crowd of gaily-dressed attendants and magistrates, and by the splendid nobility who were wandering in ; but when the Electoral-envoys, the Hereditary officers, and at last, under a richly-embroidered canopy, borne by twelve Senators and Councillors, the Emperor on the left in romantic clothes, and his son a little behind him in Spanish costume, slowly floated along on their gaily-caparisoned horses, the eye was not enough for the sight. You wished for some magic charm to detain the scene but for a moment ; yet the glory passed on without stopping, and the space that was scarcely quitted filled again immediately with the billowing crowd.

But now a new thronging took place ; for another avenue, from the market towards the Römer gate, was to be opened, and a wooden way bridged over it for the train to bestride returning from the Dome.

What passed within the Dome, the endless ceremonies which precede and accompany the anointing, the crowning, the dubbing of knighthood, all this we were glad to hear told afterwards by others, who had submitted to a great many sacrifices, to be present in the church.

The rest of us, the meanwhile, partook of a frugal repast ; for during these festival days, we had to content ourselves with a cold cut. But, on the other hand, the best and oldest wine was brought forth from the cellars of all our families, so that in one respect at least we celebrated an ancient festival in ancient style.

But the most sight-worthy matter now was the Bridge, which had been made ready, and covered with red, yellow, and white cloth ; and we who had stared at the Emperor, first in his carriage and then on horseback, were now to admire him walking on foot. Singular enough, the last pleased us the most ; and we thought that he exhibited himself in this way, as in the most natural, so in the most dignified manner.

Old persons, who were cotemporary with the coronation of Francis First, related that Maria Theresa, beautiful beyond measure, beheld this solemnity from a balcony-window in the Fraunstein house, close to the Römer. As her consort returned from the Dome, looking very much like a ghost of Charles the Great in those singular habiliments, he had raised both his hands in jest and thrown her the imperial globe, the sceptre, and the curious gauntlets, whereupon she broke out in an immoderate fit of laughter, which served to delight and edify the crowd, who were honoured with a sight of true and natural marriage-relations in the most exalted couple of Christendom. But when the Empress waved her handkerchief and shouted a loud *viva*, in greeting of her spouse, the enthusiasm and exultation of the people rose to the highest, and their cheers of joy scarcely came to an end.

Now, the sound of bells, and the van of the long train that gently made its way over the many-coloured bridge, announced that all was done. Our attention was greater than ever, and the procession more distinct than before, particularly for us whom it directly approached. We saw the whole of it, as well as the whole of the populous square, as if in a ground-plot. Only towards the end of the display it became very confused; for the Envoys, the Hereditary Officers, Emperor and King under the baldachin, the three spiritual Electors, who joined each other, the black-dressed Senators and Privy-Councillors, the gold-embroidered canopy,—all seemed one solid mass, moved by a single will, splendidly harmonious; and stepping from the temple to the sounds of the bells, streamed towards us like a Heavenly Presence.

A politico-religious ceremony possesses an infinite charm. We behold earthly majesties before our eyes, surrounded by all the symbols of their power; but while they bend before the Heavens they remind us of our common nature. For the individual also can prove his relationship to the Godhead only by the fact that he subjects himself and supplicates.

The rejoicing, ever coming up louder from the market-place, spread itself likewise over the great square, and a deafening hurrah rose on the air, from thousands upon thousands of throats, and,

doubtless, from as many hearts. For this grand festival was to be the pledge of a continuous peace, which would really prosper all Germany for many a year.

Several days before, it had been made known by public proclamation, that neither the Bridge nor the Eagle over the fountain were to be exposed to the people, and must not, as at other times, be touched. This was done to guard them from the injury inevitable to such a storming of men. But in order to conciliate the genius of the people to some extent, certain appointed persons went behind the train, loosed the cloth from the bridge, wound it up like a flag, and hurled it into the air. This gave rise to no disasters, yet to some laughable mishaps; for the cloth unrolled in the air, and, as it fell, covered a larger or smaller number of persons. Others taking hold of the ends and drawing them together, pulled all the enclosed to the ground, wrapping and annoying them till they tore or cut themselves through, and every body bore off a corner of the fabric made sacred by the footsteps of Majesty.

I did not long contemplate this rude sport, but hastened from my high position, through all sorts of little steps and gangways, down to the great Römer stairs, where the mass, as distinguished, as it was majestic, seen from the distance, was about to foam upward. The crowd was not great, since the avenues to the council-house were well garrisoned, and I had by chance obtained a place directly above the iron balustrades. Now the chief personages ascended past me, their followers remaining behind in the arched passages, and I could observe them, on the three different landing-places of the steps, from all sides, and at last in their very presence.

Finally both their Majesties came up. Father and son were clothed alike as twin-brothers. The family vestments of the Emperor, of purple-coloured silk, adorned profusely with pearls and stones, together with his crown, globe, and sceptre, were very fine to look at; for every thing was new, and the imitation of the antique exceedingly tasteful. He carried himself, too, quite at his ease in his robes, and his true-hearted, dignified face, indicated at once the Emperor and the Father. The young King, on the contrary, in his prodigious folds of drapery, dragged along with



the crown-jewels of Charles the Great, as if he had been in a disguise, and when he looked towards his father he could not refrain from laughing. The crown, which they had had to line a great deal, stood out from his head like an overhanging roof. The dalmatica, the stole, as well as they had been fitted and sewed up, presented by no means a very prepossessing appearance. Sceptre and imperial globe excited some admiration ; but you could not deny that you would, for the effect of the thing, much rather have seen a strong and full-grown form invested and adorned with the dress.

Scarcely were the gates of the Great Hall closed behind these figures, when I hurried to my former place, which, already occupied by others, was only given up to me again from necessity.

It was precisely the right time that I took possession once more of my window ; for the most notable affair of all that was to be publicly seen, was just going on. All the people had turned towards the Römer, and with reiterated shouts given us to understand that Emperor and King, in all their vestments, were showing themselves to the populace from the balcony of the Great Hall. But these were not alone the spectacle, since another singular drama was acted before their eyes. First of all, the handsome slender Hereditary Marshal had mounted his steed ; he had laid aside his sword ; in his right hand he held a silver-handled vessel, and a tin-spatula in his left. He rode towards the great heap of oats within the lists, sprang in, filled the vessel to overflow, smoothed it off, and carried it back again with a fine air. The imperial stable was now provided for. Then the Hereditary Chamberlain rode likewise towards the same point, and brought back a basin with ewer and towel. But more entertaining for the spectators was the Hereditary Carver, who came to fetch a bit of the roasted ox. He rode, with a silver platter, through the barriers, to the wooden-kitchen, and came forth again with a covered dish, which he took to the Römer. Next in the series, the Hereditary Cup-bearers went to the fountain to get wine. Thus, at last, the imperial table was furnished, and every eye waited upon the Hereditary Treasurer, who was to throw about the money. He too mounted a noble horse, to whose sides, instead of holsters, several splendid bags embroidered with the arms of the Elector-

Palatine, were suspended. Scarcely had he put himself in motion, when he groped in the pockets, and generously scattered on all sides gold and silver coins, that glittered in the air like a shower of metallic rain. A thousand hands were every moment tossed upwards to seize the gifts; but hardly had the coins fallen when the crowd tumbled over each other on the ground, and struggled violently for the pieces which lay on the earth. As this agitation was constantly repeated on both sides while the Giver rode forwards, it afforded the on-lookers a most diverting sight. It went the liveliest at the close, when the bags themselves were cast off, and every body tried to catch these highest prizes.

Their Majesties had retired from the balcony, and another offering was to be made to the populace, who, on such occasions, would rather steal the gifts than receive them tranquilly and with gratitude. The custom prevailed in more rude and uncouth times, of surrendering to the people the oats, the fountain, and the kitchen, as soon as the Hereditary Marshal, Cup-bearers and Carvers had taken away their respective portions. But this time, to guard against any casualty, it was meant, as far as possible, to preserve order and moderation. But the old malicious jest of cutting a hole in any body's sack, as soon as it was filled with oats, was revived, with many other sallies of a similar kind. And about the roasted ox a serious battle, as usual, was waged; though here they could only contend in the mass. Two guilds, the butchers and the wine-porters, had so stationed their gathered hosts, that one or the other must carry off the monstrous roast. The Butchers believed that they had the best right to an ox, which they had prepared for the kitchen, without spoiling a single part; the Wine-porters, on the other hand, laid claim because the kitchen was built in the neighbourhood of their guild-house, and because they had carried the day the last time, the horns of a captured steer still projecting from the latticed gable-window of their building as a sign of victory. Both these companies had very strong and able members; but which of them conquered this time has slipped my memory.

But as a festival of this kind must always close with something dangerous and frightful, it was really a terrible moment when the

wooden kitchen itself was made a prize. The roof of it swarmed instantly with men, no one knowing how they got there, the boards were torn loose, and pitched down, so that any body, particularly at a distance, must have supposed that each one killed several of those thronging round. In a trice the hut was uncovered, and certain individuals hung to the beams and rafters, in order to pull out the mortices; many, indeed, still swung back and forth, after the parts below had been sawed off, and, the whole skeleton fluctuating, threatened precipitous ruin. Tender persons turned their eyes away, and every body expected a great disaster; but we were told of no accident of any sort, and the whole affair, though impetuous and violent, passed off happily.

Every body knew now, that the Emperor and King would return from the cabinet, whither they had retired from the balcony, as they were about to feast in the Great Hall of the Römer. We had been able to admire the arrangements made for it, the day before; and my most anxious wish was to cast a look in upon them to-day. I repaired, therefore, by the usual route, to the great stairway, which stands directly opposite the door of the Hall. There I gazed at the distinguished personages who, for this time, acted as the servants of the imperial rulers. Forty-four Counts, all splendidly dressed, passed me, carrying the victuals from the kitchen, and the contrast between their rank and their occupation might well be bewildering to the mind of a boy. The crowd was not great, but, considering the little space, sufficiently perceptible. The hall-door was guarded, while those only who were authorized went in and out. I saw one of the Palatine officials, whom I asked whether he couldn't take me in. He deliberated a while, gave me one of the silver vessels he bore,—which he could do the rather as I was prettily clad: and thus I reached the sanctuary. The Palatine buffet\* stood to the left, directly by the door, and with a single step I placed myself on the top of it, behind the barriers.

At the other end of the Hall, immediately beneath the windows, on an elevated throne and under the canopy, sat the Emperor and King in their robes; but the crown and sceptre lay at a little distance behind them on a gold cushion. The three spirit-

\* A kind of cupboard.—*Trans.*

ual Prince-Electors, their buffets behind them, had taken a place on one of the throne steps ; Elector Mentz opposite their Majesties, Elector Treves at the right and Elector Cologne at the left. This upper part of the hall was worth seeing, and even agreeable to look at, and it excited the remark that the spiritual Princes kept as long as possible with the Rulers. On the contrary, the magnificently ornamented, but depopulated buffets and tables, of all the secular Prince-Electors, made you think of the incongruity which had been continually arising for centuries between them and the imperial chiefs. The ambassadors had already withdrawn to eat in a side-chamber ; and if the greater part of the Hall consequently assumed a sort of spectral appearance, that so many invisible guests should be so magnificently attended, so an unfurnished table in the middle was still more sad to look upon ; for there stood so many empty covers, while all those who had a right at any rate to sit at it, had, for appearance sake, in order not to renounce their honours, on this greatest Day of Honour, kept away, if, indeed, they were to be found at present in the city.

My years, and the multiplicity of objects, did not allow me to make many reflections ; I used my utmost endeavours to seize the whole with my eyes, and when the dessert was carried off, that the ambassadors might re-enter to make their court, I sought the open air, and contrived to refresh my good friends in the neighbourhood, after a day's half-fasting, and at the same time prepare them for the illumination in the evening.

This brilliant night I purposed celebrating in a most delightful way ; for I had agreed with Gretchen, and Pylades and his mistress, that we should meet somewhere after nightfall. The city was already resplendent in every hole and corner when I met my Dear One. I offered Gretchen my arm, we sped from one quarter to another, and found ourselves perfectly happy in each other's society. The cousins at the outset were also of our company, but were afterwards lost in the multitude of people. Before the houses of some of the ambassadors, where magnificent illuminations were exhibited, (the Elector-Palatine distinguished himself pre-eminently) it was as clear almost as day. Lest I should be recognized, I had masked myself to a certain extent, which Gretchen took in good part. We admired the various brilliant

representations, and the fairy-like structures of flame by which each ambassador strove to outshine the others. But the establishment of Prince Esterhazy surpassed all the rest. Our little company were in raptures with both the invention and execution, and we should have been completely satisfied to enjoy this alone, if we had not met the cousins, who spoke to us of the glorious brightness with which the Brandenburg Ambassador had decked his quarters. We were not in the least troubled because we had to make the wide circuit from the Rossmarkt to the Saalhof; but we found that they had played a wretched jest upon us.

The Saalhof, towards the Maine, is a regular and pleasing structure, but the part in the direction of the city is old, irregular, and unsightly. Small, without correspondence either of form or size, neither in a line, nor yet with the windows placed at equal distances, the doors and gates wholly unsymmetrical in their arrangement, a ground-floor mostly turned into shops, it forms a most perplexed outside, which no one would ever think of observing. But now they had followed this accidental, irregular and badly constructed architecture, every window, door, and opening was surrounded by lamps, as would have been done in any well-built house; and thus the most wretched and ill-arranged of all façades was quite incredibly placed in the clearest light. One might have amused himself with this as with a jest of Pagliasso, though not without scruple, since every body recognized something intentional in it: but as people had before glossed over the former external deportment of Von Plotho, so much prized in other respects, and as they were now greatly attached to him, they admired him as a wag, who like his King, would place himself above all ceremonies. So we gladly returned to the Fairy Kingdom of Prince Esterhazy.

This eminent envoy, to honour the day, had quite deserted his own quarters, which were not favourably situated, and in their stead had caused the great esplanade of linden trees on the Rossmarkt to be decorated with a portal of coloured light, and behind that with a still more magnificent prospect. The entire enclosure was marked by lamps. Between the trees there were pyramids and spheres of light, upon transparent pedestals; from one tree to another were stretched glittering garlands, on which

suspended lights swung to and fro ; and in several places bread and sausages were distributed among the people, while there was no want of wine.

Here now the four of us, with our arms locked, walked up and down in the greatest felicity, and I, by Gretchen's side, fancied that I wandered in those Elysian fields, where they pluck from the trees crystal cups that immediately fill themselves with delicious wine, and shake down fruits that change into every dish that you may desire. At last the fancy suggested the appetite, and escorted by Pylades, we found a neat and well-arranged eating-house ; and as we encountered no guests, everybody dragging about the streets, it was all the better for us, so that we passed the greater part of the night in the most cheerful and happy feelings of friendship, love, and inclination. When I had accompanied Gretchen as far as her door, she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first time that she had ever granted me that favour ; and it was the last ; for, alas, I was destined never to see her again !

The next morning, while I was yet in bed, my mother entered in the greatest trepidation and anxiety. It was easy to see when she felt that anything troubled her. "Get up," she said, "and prepare yourself for disagreeable news. It has come out that you frequent very bad company, who have involved you in a most dangerous and wicked business. Your father is beside himself, and we have only been able to get from him, that he must investigate the affair by means of a third party. Remain in your chamber and await what may happen. Councillor Schneider will come to you ; he has an order from the authorities, as well as from your father ; for the matter is already prosecuted, and may lead to a very bad issue."

I saw that they took the affair as much worse than it was ; yet I felt myself not a little disquieted, lest my late peculiar relations should be detected. My old mediating friend finally entered, with the tears standing in his eyes ; he took me by the arm and said, "Ah ! it goes to my heart to find you in such a strait. I never supposed that you could run astray so far. But what will not wicked companions and bad example do ; and thus a young inexperienced man can be led step by step into crime." "I am

conscious of no crime," thereupon I replied, "and have frequently no bad company." "The question is no longer one of defence," he interposed, "but of investigation, and on your part of upright confession." "What do you want to know, then?" said I on the other hand. He seated himself, produced a paper, and began to question me: "Have you not commended N. N. to your grandfather as a candidate for the \* \* place?" I replied in the affirmative.—"Where did you become acquainted with him?"—When I was out walking.—"In what company?"—I started: for I would not willingly betray my friends.—"Silence will not do now," he continued, "for all is sufficiently confessed."—What is confessed then? said I.—"That you have been misled by this man and others of his fellows,—in fact, by \* \* \*." Here he named three persons whom I had never heard of nor seen: which I immediately explained to my inquisitor. "You pretend," he resumed, "that you don't know these men, and have yet often attended their meetings."—Not in the least, I replied, for, as I have said, except the first I do not know a single soul of them, and have never been in their house.—"Have you not often been in \* \* \* street?"—Never, I replied. This was not entirely conformable to the truth. Once I had accompanied Pylades to his Sweetheart, who lived in that street; but we had entered by the back gate, and remained in the summer-house. I therefore supposed that I might permit myself the little subterfuge, as I had never actually been in the street itself.

The good man put more questions, all of which I denied: for I knew nothing of what he wished to get at. At last he seemed to become vexed, and said, "You repay my confidence and good-will very badly; I am here to save you. It cannot be denied that you have composed letters for these people and their accomplices, have furnished them writings, and so been accessory to their wicked attempts; for it is nothing less than forged papers, false testaments, and counterfeit bonds, and similar things that we now have to do with. I come not only as a friend of the family, I come in the name and by order of the magistrates, who, in consideration of your connexions and youth, would spare you and other young persons who were lured into the net." It struck me that among the persons he named none of those with whom I had

been intimate were found. The circumstances were not the same, though somewhat alike, and I still hoped to be able to shield my young friends. But the wary man grew more urgent. I could not deny that I had come home late many nights, that I had contrived to have a night-key made, that I had been seen at public places more than once with persons of low condition and suspicious looks, that some girls were mixed up in the affair ; in short, everything was discovered but the names. This gave me courage to persist steadfastly in my silence. "Do not let me go away from you," said the honest man ; "the affair allows of no delay ; immediately after me another will come, who will not grant you so much elbow-room. Don't make the matter worse by your obstinacy."

I represented very vividly to myself the good cousins, and particularly Gretchen : I saw them arrested, tried, punished, disgraced, and then it went through my soul like a streak of lightning, that the cousins, though they always observed perfect integrity towards me, might have possibly joined in the business—at least the oldest, who never pleased me—for they came home later every night, and had little to tell of a cheerful sort. Yet I withheld myself from any acknowledgment. "I am personally," said I, "unconscious of evil, and can rest satisfied for my part, but it is not impossible that those with whom I circulated may have been guilty of corrupt and even illegal practices. Let them be tried, found out, committed, punished, if so be ; I have nothing to reproach myself with ; and will not accuse those who have deported themselves towards me in a friendly and kind way." He did not let me proceed, but exclaimed with some agitation, "Yes, they will be found out. These villains met in three houses. (He named the streets, he pointed out the houses, and, unfortunately, among them was the one I was used to go to.) The first nest is broken up, and by this time the two others must be. In a few hours the whole will be clear. Spare yourself by frank confession, a judicial inquiry, a confrontation with the rest, and the towns'-talk over the graceless affair."—The house was known and marked. Further silence was useless ; indeed, the innocence of our meetings would be of greater use to them than to me. "Sit down," I exclaimed, fetching him back from



the door ; " I will tell all, and lighten your heart and mine ; only I ask henceforth no doubt of my truthfulness."

I told my friend the whole story from beginning to 'end, quite unmoved and possessed ; but the more I recalled the persons, objects, events, and brought to mind how so many innocent joys, so many serene delights, were to be deposed to before a criminal court perhaps, the more my painful sensibilities awaked, till at last I burst forth in tears and gave myself up to unrestrained passion. The family-friend who hoped that now the real secret was coming to light (for he regarded my distress as a symptom that I was about reluctantly to confess something monstrous) sought to pacify me, that he might discover the whole as he was charged. This he did only in part, but far enough to enable me to go on by piece-meal with the narration of my history. Though satisfied of the innocence of the transactions, he still doubted to some extent, and put further questions to me which excited me afresh, and transported me with pain and rage. I asserted finally that I had nothing more to say, and knew well that I need fear nothing, for I was innocent, of a good family, and well-reputed ; but that they might be just as guiltless without having it recognized, or being in other respects befriended. I declared at the same time, that if they were not spared with me, no notice taken of their follies, and their faults pardoned, if any thing in the least harsh or unjust was done to them, I would do myself an injury which no one could prevent. In this, too, my friend tried to pacify me ; but I did not trust him, and when he quitted me at last, was still in a terrible state. I now rebuked myself for having told him the matter, and brought all our relations to light. I foresaw that our childish actions, our youthful inclinations and confidences, might be quite differently interpreted, and that I might, perhaps, involve the excellent Pylades in difficulty and render him very unhappy. All these images, pressing vividly one after the other upon my soul, spurred and sharpened my distress. I did not know what to do in the depths of my sorrow, I cast myself at full length upon the floor, and moistened its boards with my tears.

I knew not how long I had lain so, when my sister entered, but she was startled by my gestures, and did all that she could to

raise me up. She told me that one of the magistrates had waited below with my father for the report of the family-friend, that after they had been closeted together for some time both of them went away, that they talked to each other with apparent satisfaction, and had even laughed, and that she believed she understood them to say : it is very well, there's nothing of consequence in this. "Indeed," I continued, "indeed there is nothing important in this for me, for us ; for I have done no wrong, and if I had, there are those who would know how to help me through it : but they, they," I cried, "who will stand by them !" My sister tried particularly to comfort me with the argument that if the more distinguished was saved they would also cast a veil over the offences of the more lowly. But all was of no avail. She had scarcely departed when I abandoned myself again to my grief, and ever recalled, alternately, the images of affection and passion and of present or possible misfortunes. I imagined one tale after another, I saw only unhappiness following unhappiness, and did not fail in particular to make Gretchen and myself excessively wretched.

The family-friend had ordered me to remain in my room, and have nothing to do with any one but the family. It was just what I wanted, for I desired of all things to be alone. My mother and sister visited me from time to time, and were not deficient in supplying me vigorously with very good consolation ; indeed, on the second day they came, in the name of my better-instructed father, to offer me a general amnesty, which I gratefully accepted ; but the proposal that I should go out with him and inspect the imperial jewels, which were now exposed to the curious, was stubbornly rejected, and I asserted that I had nothing to wish either from the world or Roman Kingdom, till I was informed how the distressing affair, which for me had no further consequences, had turned out for my poor acquaintances. They had nothing to say on this head, and left me alone. Yet they made me several visits the next day to get me out of the house and excite a sympathy in me for the public ceremonies. In vain ! neither the great gala day, nor what happened on an occasion of so many elevations of rank, nor the public table of the Emperor and King, could move me a whit. The Prince-Electors might

come and wait on both their majesties, and these might return the visit; they might hold their last electoral assemblage, to despatch the business in arrears, and to renew the Electoral-union;—nothing could call me forth from my passionate solitude. I left the bells to sound the rejoicings, the Emperor to repair to the Capuchin church, the Electors and King to depart, without taking one step on that account from my chamber. The final cannonading, as immoderate as it was, did not arouse me, and as the smoke of the powder dispersed, and the sound died away, so all those glories vanished from before my soul.

I experienced no satisfaction but in chewing the cud of my misery, in its thousand-fold imaginary multiplications. My whole inventive faculty, my poetry and rhetoric, had concentrated on this single diseased spot, and threatened, precisely by means of this vitality, to involve both soul and body in incurable disorder. In this melancholy condition nothing seemed to me desirable—nothing was more to be wished. Yet an infinite yearning seized me at times, to know how it had gone with my poor friends and sweetheart, what had been the result of a stricter scrutiny, in how far they were implicated with the offenders, or proved to be guiltless. All this I painted to myself in manifold minuteness, but never failed to hold them as innocent, though unfortunate. Sometimes I longed to rid myself of the uncertainty, and wrote vehement, threatening letters to the family-friend, that he should not withhold from me the issue of the affair. At other times I tore them up again, lest I should learn my unhappiness the more distinctly, and drive away those consolations of fancy, which were alternately my torment and my support.

Thus, I passed both day and night in the greatest unrest, in raving and lassitude, so that I felt happy at last, when a bodily disease seized me with considerable vehemence, and they had to call in the help of a physician, and strive to quiet me in every way. They generally supposed that could be done, while they assured me upon honour, that all who were more or less involved in the guilt had been treated with the greatest forbearance, that my nearest friends were as good as innocent, and had been let off with a slight reprimand, and that Gretchen had removed from the city and was now once more at her own home. They lingered

the most over this last point, and I did not take it for the best ; for I could discover in it that this was not a departure of her own accord, but rather a shameful banishment. My bodily and spiritual condition was not improved thereby ; my distress seemed now to have first begun, and I had time enough to torment myself by giving the last touches to this strange romance of sad events, and an inevitable catastrophe.







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